





Henry C. Brokmeyer

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“The Errand Boy,” “A Foggy Night at Newport,” “Letters on Goethe’s Faust,” Translations
of Hegel’s “Logic,” “Phenomenology” and “Psychology” and
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
DON'T LOSE THE LOSS.....	7	HIS OWN PREACHER, LAWYER, DOCTOR AND COOK	67
LABOR A BADGE OF IGNOMINY?.....	9	WHAT DETERMINES A CITY'S FUTURE.....	68
THE RESOURCES OF THE HUMAN RACE.....	10	ALL NEGATION NOT NEGATIVE.....	71
MAN'S CONDUCT UNDER DIFFERENT CONDI- TIONS.....	10	COST OF TRANSPORTATION.....	72
THE CAUSE OF IMMIGRATION.....	11	WHY STREAMS CUT PECULIAR CHANNELS.....	72
MOLDERS OF KETTLES, PUBLIC OPINION AND SOULS.....	12	REVOLUTIONS WROUGHT BY IMPLEMENTS.....	73
THOSE WHO HAVE MADE MAN'S LIFE HUMAN.....	14	PROTECTION OF YOUNG WILD TURKEYS.....	74
A VIEW OF THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI.....	14	MAN'S ELEVATION THROUGH THE PRINTED PAGE	75
CHEMISTRY IN THE FOUNDRY.....	16	THE ECONOMY OF NATURE	76
WHY HOMER ABIDES.....	17	THE SIMPLE FRONTIER LIFE.....	77
A MAN WITHOUT HOUSE, HOME OR FAMILY.....	17	CARVING CIVILIZATION OUT OF THE WIL- DERNESS	80
THE UTILITY OF DEBT.....	18	BREAKING THE PRAIRIE	81
CULTURE ABOVE MONEY MAKING.....	19	WHAT PIONEERS PAID FOR GOOD LAND.....	83
CORPORATIONS AND WEALTH ESSENTIAL.....	20	AMERICAN AND FOREIGN WAGES.....	84
INVENTIVE GENIUS IN THE SHOP.....	21	POLICY OF THE STOICS RECALLED.....	86
ARISTOTLE'S "ORGANIC NATURE".....	22	KILLING GAME JUSTIFIED.....	87
THE "ILLIAD".....	23	PRIMITIVE BUILDING OPERATONS.....	89
PLATO'S "REPUBLIC".....	24	INDUSTRY VERSUS IDLENESS.....	90
MEETS AN OLD FRIEND UNEXPECTEDLY.....	25	CULTIVATING WHEAT AND GRAIN.....	92
NOT A PROHIBITIONIST.....	26	BREAKING THE SABBATH.....	94
"INDIAN MOUNDS".....	27-41	"WIND LAND" EXPLAINED.....	95
THE FERTILE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.....	28	"THE GOLDEN RULE".....	96
THE MARVELOUS MIND OF MAN.....	29	LAND TOO RICH TO GROW TREES.....	98
VULCAN	30	THE BUCK WHEN SUPREME.....	100
LABOR UNIONS AND REPRESENTATIVE GOV- ERNMENT	30	CHRISTIAN CHARITY IN PRACTICAL LIFE.....	101
SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.....	32	CHILDREN OF THE WORKING CLASSES.....	103
THE NEED OF LEGISLATIVE LOBBYISTS.....	33	BUILDING ROADS, SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.....	105
DISTRIBUTION OF PRODUCTIVE ENERGY.....	34	WHAT DETERMINES WILD ANIMALS' COLOR.....	106
THE MECHANIC'S ROMANCE.....	35	PRODUCING SELF-GOVERNING CITIZENS.....	107
APPLICATION OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES.....	36	AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN	108
HOW TO MAKE FISHING GOOD.....	39	THE REAL HERO.....	111
A PECULIAR MARRIAGE SERVICE.....	41	GOD HAS NO FAVORITE RACE	111-112
HAPPIEST EVENT IN THE LIFE OF MAN.....	43	THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.....	113
IMMIGRANTS AND THEIR LANGUAGE.....	44	A TRUE WOMAN.....	114
THE "STINGIEST MAN".....	45	AN EMPLOYER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.....	114-115
STRIKING AND LANDING BASS.....	47	A REMARKABLE DREAM.....	117
"FIRST A CAGE AND THEN A BIRD".....	48	THE HABITS OF STREAMS.....	118
REPUBLICS AND MONARCHIES.....	49	CARRYING ELECTIONS WITH MONEY.....	119
JUSTICE DEFINED.....	50	"ALL MEN BORN FREE AND EQUAL?".....	121
HOW TO STRING A FISH.....	51	"AN EYE FOR AN EYE AND A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH"	123
THE MEANING OF WORDS.....	52	WATERWAYS	124
LOVE AND JUSTICE CO-EQUAL.....	53	COMMERCIAL LITERATURE.....	126
DOMESTIC LIGHT AND SHADOWS.....	54	THE BIBLE NOT THE ONLY SACRED BOOK.....	126
THE CONTEMPLATION OF ETERNAL TRUTH.....	55	THE TRUTH REPLACES MIRACLES.....	127
WHY HEGEL SHOULD BE POPULAR.....	55	RELAXATION FOR A BUSINESS MAN.....	128
"MAN KNOW THYSELF".....	56	MOSQUITOES NOT THE CAUSE OF MALARIA.....	129
LOGIC AND KNOWING.....	57	SHOOTING DUCKS.....	131
SELF-CONSCIOUS INTELLIGENCE.....	58	CANADA GEESE AND SWAN.....	132
THE PHILOSOPHERS OF THE WORLD.....	59	MAKING RAILS AND FENCES.....	134
THE LAW GOVERNING GAME.....	61	INDIRECT TAXATION.....	136
THE CAUSE OF ABORIGINAL WARFARE.....	62	PREPARING FOR GAME.....	137
HUMBOLDT ON VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE	63	LOVE LETTERS.....	138
DARWIN'S THEORY AS TO WELLS.....	64	THINKERS AND SEERS OF OUR RACE.....	139
SPINOZA	65	PITCHING TENTS.....	140
APPEARANCE OF FRIEND H., A JOURNALIST.....	66	CITY MEN IN THE WOODS.....	141

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
HOW ANGLERS SHOULD TREAT FISH.....	142	NATURE'S DAINTIES IN DIFFERENT WRAP- PERS	183
HUNTING GAME BY ITS MAST.....	143	HOW TO DESTROY RIVER BANKS.....	191
FOREGONE CONCLUSIONS UNRELIABLE.....	145	FIRST HOUSES OF A PIONEER SETTLEMENT.....	193
SPIES A DEER.....	146	WHAT MAKES A MAN AND CITIZEN.....	195
TRAILING A WOUNDED ANIMAL.....	147	ORDER CREATES A GOOD IMPRESSION.....	197
WHO FIRED THE SHOT?.....	149	PLAN FOR DEVELOPING TOWNS.....	198
LOCATING A TURKEY ROOST.....	150	BOUNTIFUL GARDENS.....	199
KILLING A LARGE FISH OTTER.....	151	"THE NEWS OF THE DAY".....	201
MANY BUSINESS MEN MONOMANIACS.....	152	EASTERNERS IN THE WEST.....	202
A RAKING FIRE.....	153	OPPOSITES AT COLLEGE AND LATER.....	203
MAKING A LIVING IN THE FOREST.....	154	THE THREADS OF CIVIL SOCIETY.....	204
A COZY CAMP.....	155	READING THAT IS VALUABLE.....	205
A MOTHER'S PRESENCE ESSENTIAL.....	156	MR. LOCKE DISAPPOINTING.....	205-206
LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.....	156	HEGEL'S PECULIARITIES.....	206
FOLLOWING A DOG'S TRACKS.....	157	BEAUTIFUL EYES AND MISDIRECTED AT- TENTION	207
MEANING OF A DOG'S BARK.....	158-186-187	WINNING A CHILD'S HEART.....	208
THE LOST HUNTER FOUND NEARLY DEAD.....	159	THE EAST INVESTS IN THE WEST.....	209
MANEUVERING FOR AN EAGLE.....	160	DEPENDENCE OF HUMAN, ANIMAL AND VEG- ETABLE LIFE.....	210
WOODS DANGEROUS TO THOUGHTLESS PER- SONS	161	MISUSE OF GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS.....	211
"OH, FOR ONE MAN OF GENIUS!".....	162	ORIGINAL ORNAMENTATION OF STOVES.....	213
HOW TO TREAT A CHILD.....	163	HOW SHE WAS CLEVERLY SURPRISED.....	216
PREPARING VENISON.....	164	CAPACITY OF DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.....	217-218
THE HUNTER'S PULPIT.....	165-170-171	GOETHE'S "FAUST".....	219
TRACING A DEER BY AUGURY.....	167	MAN'S ABILITY TO KNOW TRUTH.....	220
BIRDS' SENSE OF SIGHT.....	168	A WOODPECKER'S REMARKABLE FEAT.....	220-221
"SIP" TREES A WILD CAT.....	169	MAN-MADE STATES AND CHURCHES.....	222
HOW GAME PROTECTS ITSELF.....	170	A SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS.....	223
GATHERING NUTS.....	170	TRANSMISSION OF A GREAT TRUTH.....	227
THE LAWS OF THE WILDERNESS.....	172	HUMAN THOUGHT.....	229
GRATITUDE	173	AMMONIUS SACCAS AND SOCRATES.....	230
HOW TO LOAD A GUN.....	174	THE EMANATIONISTS	230
PECULIAR PRANKS OF "PAT'S" POSSUMS.....	175	EVOLUTION	231
THE GREAT HORNED OWL'S SCREECH.....	177	THE ONE LIFE OF GALILEE.....	232
DEER AND WOLF COME TO GRIEF.....	177	THE FUNCTION OF GOVERNMENT.....	233
GOOD POTATOES.....	179	CIVILIZATION BASED ON PHILOSOPHY.....	233
A MAN AT HOME AND IN BUSINESS.....	180	DESCARTES' DEMANDS.....	234
NEVER KILL A DOE.....	181	THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.....	236
THE BEAUTIES OF LITERARY STYLE.....	182	DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER.....	237
INDEPENDENCE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION.....	183		
VARIOUS ANIMALS "PLAY POSSUM".....	184		

PREFACE

The author of the *Mechanic's Diary* was averse to the publication of his works until after his death, which occurred July 26, 1906. His reason was that he did not write for popular approval, but to present the truth, as he was able to discover it. He believed that the publication of the truth would hurt no man, but not courting public controversy, he concluded to pass his days in peace and let the future take issue with his deductions, if it would.

The *Mechanic's Diary* is one of the first of Gov. Brokmeyer's works to be published. "Notes of Thoughts and Happenings of the Day as They Occurred in the Life of a Molder in the Mississippi Valley Fifty Years Ago" was the author's description of the *Mechanic's Diary*. Although metaphysical in part, the *Diary* is interspersed with entertaining and valuable observations on forest and stream and nature in general, a world of which the author made a careful study all his life. The comments on political, social, religious, scientific, economic and educational questions, although made in the middle of the nineteenth century, under the existing conditions, are peculiarly timely and interesting at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The form of expression is at times unusual. The author was a unique character, however. Besides, this is a mechanic's diary. Moreover, the author presents faithful pictures and expressions of some of the early settlers of the Mississippi valley, chiefly German. The views of "Mr. B——," the principal character, on literary style explain the form of expression of the *Diary*:

"They (the "Notes" of the *Diary*) show sincerity and self-reliant insight that are always attractive. Then, the crudity of style, and want of method, are themselves features that will make them acceptable reading to many persons who do not appreciate the beauties of form," remarked Mr. H——.

"That is the very thing I wanted to ask you about," said Mr. B——. "I have been trying for some time to find out in what those beauties consist; but the fellows who seem to know keep the secret mighty close. They point to this author, and to that, and when I look at the works, they're as different as a buck in the blue is from the same in the red or gray. All that I have been able to formulate for myself is that as the buck changes his coat with the season—or rather has it changed for him in order to remain in harmony with the prevailing tint of his surroundings, so the different authors, and the same authors treating different themes, seem to change the forms which they employ to harmonize with the subject which they treat, or with the mental atmosphere into which they introduce the reader. I have thought, sometimes, that I noticed that when they succeeded in permeating the form completely, so that it is all of a piece—thought and expression, form and content, as we find it frequently in Homer, Sophocles, Calderon, Dante, Goethe and Shakespeare—they were happiest. But these men are poets; they create. They see the divine in human life, and body it forth in forms which themselves must necessarily be divine, if true. But if the texture of a sack ought to be fine in proportion to the grain you want to store in it, it seems to me, anything might do to hold the happenings and thoughts as they occur in the life of a molder of pots and kettles."

"Especially if that molder claims to be related, through his craft, with the dwellers of Olympus! When his eyes gleam from his grimy face and blanch at nothing, from the poets and philosophers of world history to the doctors of divinity and managing editors of the day, it seems to me, Henry, that such matter should be expressed in language born of leisure and reflection, and not in the crude phrases inspired by fatigue and physical exhaustion. There are sentences that are as tired as the hand that wrote them, and nodding expressions, with the eyes half closed in sleep. Still, it will be a valuable source of entertainment to you when you want to look back at the struggles, the feats and trials of a life that will be symptomatic of the mass of human exertions in the valley," replied Mr. H——.

To those interested in Gov. Brokmeyer's translation of Hegel's "Logic," "Psychology," "Phenomenology" and his "Letters on Goethe's 'Faust,'" the *Mechanic's Diary* may furnish some light, although the metaphysical observations are but incidental in the *Diary*.

THE EDITOR.

A MECHANIC'S DIARY

St. Louis, May 1, 1856.

To-day I bought this book, in which I intend to note down, from time to time, such happenings as may seem to have some meaning for the future. I do this because I find myself tempted to discredit my own memory now and then, when I recall the last twelve years of my life, with the ups and downs, the successes and failures, as they occurred.

The first thing that I will put down is the fact that I have to-day selected this city for my future home. I have traveled over the country from the state of Maine to the state of Louisiana, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the buffalo pastures upon the Eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and if there is a center of population that has as fine a country tributary to it as the city of St. Louis—East, West, North and South—it has escaped my observation. Here if anywhere industry, economy and honest conduct must mean success—unless we have to believe that the world is but an annex of hell, as some people seem to think. I heard this expression for the first time to-day, in a crowd that had gathered in front of the banking house of P. B. & Co.: "The world is an annex of hell and St. Louis is located upon a choice quarter section!"

Well, the banking house has failed, and as I bought exchange on it in the East, in order not to carry any considerable amount of money about me on my trip out here, and failed to exercise due diligence in presenting my paper for payment—I can sympathize with the poor fellow. When, twelve years ago, I landed upon the wharf of the city of New York, after a seven weeks' voyage across the Atlantic, I was seventeen years old; had twenty-five cents cash in my pocket, and a knowledge of three words of the English language in my head. I had not relative, friend or acquaintance upon the continent. To-day I landed upon the wharf of the city of St. Louis. I have a full dollar left for every cent I had then. I know the language of the country, and a considerable portion of the country itself. I am master of three trades, with splendid health!

"Quarter section of hell!" Nonsense! The devil doesn't build cities, and this city is being built. The devil doesn't transform the wilderness into a home for civilized man. This is done by industry, economy and honesty. What the devil has the devil to do with that? I am fixed. Here I stay. This is my home. I have lost what I had. Well, I will try and not lose the loss—the lesson it has taught me.

May 2, 1856.

To-day I made a discovery! I went out this morning to look over the Northern part of the city, but somehow I could not see well. My mind kept gyrating—always turning back to the loss which I had sustained. All at once some one asked me the

question, or it seemed as if someone asked: "What do you think those fire-proof walls and steel safes are for in our banks? Why are their walls so thick and their doors so heavy?" To prevent the public from seeing how empty they are, of course, said I to myself. For I was really alone—and this was the discovery I made.

After dinner I went down to French Town, the Southern part of the city, where I found a large tannery and currier shop. Here I met my old friend and shop-mate, James Robertson. It is remarkable how very little it takes to make a man a hero to his fellows! No sooner had we shaken hands, with the most exuberant feelings of happy recognition, than Mr. Robertson called his shop-mates together, and gave me a formal introduction. This done, he went on:

"Now, gentlemen, I must tell you how my friend, here, finished his apprenticeship at the end of his first year of service, some ten years ago, in the swamp of the city of New York. We were skiving calf-skins one morning, side by side, when the boss, Mr. F. C. K——, came down to the shop, and nosing around, examined Henry's work. When he had gone through the pile he remarked to me: 'I think, Jim, your Dutch cub is doing remarkably well. He is going to make a workman of himself some day, if he keeps on doing the way he is now.'

"'Make a workman—make a workman!' said I, 'he is no slouch of a hand now.'

"'That makes you feel pretty big, Harry, doesn't it?' said he to Harry.

"'No,' replied Harry, 'I know when I am doing a man's work. But I do not know why I have to do a man's work for a boy's pay.'

"'You don't,' said he. 'You have forgotten then the articles of indenture which you signed, have you?'

"'No, I have not. But I signed that paper under the belief that it would take me three years to learn the trade, as you told me.'

"'Well, it is too late to crawl now; a bargain is a bargain, Harry.'

"'With a boy? And that boy deceived in regard to the facts of the bargain?'

"'Be careful there, Harry. I charge you twenty-five cents for every hole you cut in that skin!'

"'Is that all?' said Harry.

"'And whack, went another hole.

"'That is fifty cents,' said the boss.

"'By this time I saw the boy's eyes afire—his dander was up.

"'Now it is seventy-five'—

"'Whack, another hole. 'And now it is a dollar;' and so he went on, counting and cutting a hole, almost with every stroke of the knife!

"'That will do, Harry,' said the boss. 'That is ten holes—two dollars and a half for the skin.'

"Is it?" inquired Harry, as he leaned the knife against the buck, reached down for his trimming knife, and deliberately cut the ten holes into one.

"There!" said he, "and now it is twenty-five cents—which you are welcome to deduct from my wages!"

"Gentlemen, you ought to have seen Mr. F. C. K——. His face was as white as a fresh-haired, black goat-skin. Harry, as he straightened up, put the trimming knife between his teeth and untied his apron. After looking at Harry the old man rushed for the door, but before he closed it behind him, he turned around and said:

"Young man, keep your apron on. Do the work of Mr. Robertson and you shall have the pay of Mr. Robertson."

"This, gentlemen, was the end of Harry's apprenticeship."

With this story, which as to facts is literally true, we adjourned to a neighboring beer house, and there I learned that with five dollars to spend for liquor, any man can be a hero, for at least some hours. Nor is the feeling unpleasant while it lasts—the only trouble is it doesn't last.

May 3, 1856.

To-day was Sunday. I took dinner with Mr. Robertson, as I had promised him yesterday. It was a happy meeting. The eldest children remembered me, although they had grown out of my recollection. From childhood to youth, from girlhood to womanhood—what a change! Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, was particularly happy. She related, details of our former acquaintance, when she, then nine years old, was my chief reliance for assistance in whatever trouble I encountered in acquiring the English language. She remembered some of the puzzles which I had presented for solution, but treated everything with such an air of modest grace, such tact, that the most sensitive could not have been offended, however ludicrous the circumstance related. The cares of the household seem to devolve upon her.

"Mother is not strong, and there are a good many of us," she remarked casually.

I noticed that everybody, the members of the family and neighbors, that happened in, called her Elizabeth, her full name, not "Betty" or "Lizzy," as is customary. I thought this quite characteristic of the respect which her appearance and demeanor silently exact.

After dinner, Mr. Robertson and I had a great time exchanging our experiences since we parted in New York. I related how I went to Newark, New Jersey; learned tanning and shoemaking; how with these acquirements I sought a favorable market for my skill, first in the West and then in the South; how I prospered and how I was finally compelled to sell out my business, on account of the climate; how I spent the last three years at school in New England, for the benefit of my mental, no less than my physical health, and I told of the little financial mishap, on my return to the West, that rendered it necessary for me to look for a job, in order to get a new start.

In return he related his wanderings from New York to Indiana, from Indiana to Ohio, and thence to St. Louis, where he found wages better and living cheaper than anywhere he had been. In the meantime his family had grown up. His eldest son, John, a twin brother of Elizabeth, had learned his father's trade, and was of material assistance in maintaining the family. His home was humble, but everything in it was neat and clean. The children were well dressed, and better behaved. I spent a very happy day.

May 4, 1856.

Met Mr. Hall, whose acquaintance I made the other day, aboard the steamboat, in coming from Cincinnati. He had just graduated from the medical college at that place and was returning home to practice his profession. He felt very happy on our trip, but to-day he was inclined to be blue. He told me that he had exhausted his means, and that upon looking around he found that it would take a great deal of money to start an office and establish a practice. He then related to me that he was a molder by trade; that he had earned the money to educate himself for a doctor, in the foundry, and that he saw no other way to get a start in his profession than to return to the shop and dig it out of the sand heap.

I laughed at the air of disappointment with which he spoke, and after he told me that he could earn from five to six dollars a day at his trade, I told him that I would go with him and we would work together.

"But you are not a molder."

"No, but I can learn."

"Well," said he, "I don't know but what it would be easier on me to have you with me, if I have to return to the shop. You could help me on my floor, until you can run a job on your own account."

This thing, spoken rather lightly, deserves consideration. At the trades of which I am master, I can earn from ten to twelve dollars a week. The difference between ten and twenty-five, or twelve and thirty is too great, especially when the expenses involved are the same, to be passed by without investigation.

May 5, 1856.

Went down to the foundry, stove works, to look around. Learned from the foreman that Hall stands high as a mechanic, and is respected as a man.

"Has had an open job with us for ten years, and can go to work to-morrow if he wants to," said he.

I also saw that several of the molders had assistants, such as the doctor had mentioned, so that his plan is nothing new or strange.

May 6, 1856.

To-day has been a busy one. Have decided to become a molder. Have been over town with Doc., buying tools, trowels and such things as we need. Then went to see Mr. Robertson to decline a job, tendered me through him, in his shop, which I had partly agreed to accept. The old friend gave me a long lecture about becoming an apprentice again, at

my time of life, and the like. The truth is, he considers a currier of skill, such as he undoubtedly is, very close to the head of the class, and would resent it if any one were to insinuate that there might be possible some other position in society more desirable, not to say more honorable, than that of a first-class mechanic. Friend Hall, on the other hand, seems to think that labor is not merely inconvenient, but even degrading—a badge of ignominy, of punishment, placed upon man by an offended deity.

What a strange misconception of man's existence there is involved in that picture of idleness called Paradise—a loafer's retreat! Labor a curse! Labor, physical exertion, guided by intelligence, the incarnation of thought into matter, that imbues the world of physical necessity with rational purposes of freedom; that distinguishes man from the brute, by rendering himself independent, instead of a slave to obdurate, dumb necessity!

Give me an occupation for which I am adequate in strength and skill, or rather in strength—for skill it is mine to acquire—and let who will live on alms, on the bounty of another! Nor do I ask this occupation as a gift. It is mine, because I am a man. It was created by the labor of my race—the race of man, of whom I inherit “by all bonds of law.” Strength and skill, simple adequacy, are the evidence under which I claim.

Another hallucination, traceable to quite a different source, is somewhat prevalent among persons of the disposition of friend Hall, and that is, that everybody's task in life is easy but his own. The reason for this, I am inclined to think, is that other people's burdens do not pinch our shoulders.

The other day I observed a pair of puppies at play upon a large pile of chips. Every now and then one would pick up a chip and run, or pretend to run off with it, when instantly the other would give chase and do his utmost to snatch the chip from him. There were wagon-loads of chips, chips by the thousand, chips on every side of them, and under their feet, any one of which was as good a chip, or better, than the one in dispute, and all to be had for the mere picking up, without fuss or quarrel. But no, it was that particular chip that had the value for both, and it alone. How much of this puppyhood disposition attaches to our nature, I am not prepared to say. But that it is an element of a cheerful manhood, and to be cherished as such, is a proposition that I do not believe. Well, to-morrow will teach me something new.

May 7, 1856.

My hands are very sore to-night. I cannot hold the pen to write.

May 15, 1856.

Have not been able to note down anything the last eight days; my hands were so sore at night. Doctor molds pots and the flasks are heavy. The strain upon the fingers became very painful, so that I could scarcely unbutton my clothes at night, or button them in the morning. But use and warm gloves at night have relieved me. I begin to see

daylight. My muscles are adjusting themselves to the strain, and in a few days more I will be relieved of pain.

May 16, 1856.

We put up a six-dollar job to-day and Doc. thinks that in the course of a week we will be able to push it up to eight or nine. I use the riddle and shovel and to-day commenced with the rammer. Doc. does the dressing of the molds, draws the patterns, closes the flasks and pours off the job. When this is done I shake it out, temper the sand and cut it for next day's use.

May 17, 1856.

Have rested nearly all day; supple as a cat; not a sore spot about me; every muscle alive and content in its place. Went out in the afternoon to look for a room. Found what I want. It fronts South and East, is on the fourth floor and costs me six dollars a month, unfurnished. This is expensive, almost extravagant; but unavoidable for the time being. I must have pure air; I must have privacy; air to breathe while I am asleep and privacy during hours of rest or leisure, when I belong to myself and not to my physical necessities. The Southern and Eastern exposure is the only desirable one in this climate, where the oppressive temperature during the summer months is invariably accompanied, if not caused by a South or Southeast wind; and is much ameliorated thereby, if a person can take advantage of it. I have bought a table, a chair and a cot from the landlord and move into my new quarters to-morrow evening. My supply of furniture is not exactly calculated for extensive entertainment, but ample for the accommodation of the company that is welcome.

May 18, 1856.

Seven dollars to-day, and I rammed my first flask. Doc. dressed it for me and it ran well! No scrap upon the floor.

“Rather a clean job, Doctor,” said the foreman in passing.

“Yes, considering.”

“Considering what?”

“Well, my Berkshire rammed some of the flasks and I felt a little doubtful about them.”

“He! Oh, well, I reckon it is not the first work he has done on the floor. He has too much sense in his fingers to be an entire green-hand.”

I looked at Hall, as much as to say, “Don't betray me,” and he said: “Yes, he does very well.”

Sense in the fingers, sure enough, and will in the muscles sums up the entire secret of all practical skill.

“Berkshire,” a new title, a slang nick-name for a man who attempts to learn a trade by working as help with a journeyman molder. A mechanic's way of saying that such a one is trying to hog into the craft, or rooting into it, so to speak, instead of entering through a regular apprenticeship!

May 19, 1856.

Shook out an eight-dollar job to-night. Poured off my first flask; hit it. The worst is over. Doc. says I earned three dollars to-day; not so bad. Drew the

pattern and put it back to smooth the facing and drew it again without injuring the mold.

May 20, 1856.

To-day was a great improvement upon last Wednesday. The work is no longer painful and opens up its logical rhythm. I see the successive steps, their relation to the end to be accomplished, and their sequent interdependence one upon the other. Here, as in every other mechanical operation, I find success depends upon a strict obedience to the simple law—"Never crook your finger in vain;" "Never make two motions to do what can be done with one."

Obedience to this law distinguishes the workman from the bungler and the factory from the shop. Such an arrangement of the different processes and the raw materials that enter into the production of the finished article as will render obedience to this law possible to every employe engaged is the achievement of the organizing genius of the establishment, who in our day is paid in ready cash a paltry fortune, instead of the admiration and even devotion of his fellow man, which he received in former ages. He surely deserves this, no less than the inventor of new tools, or the discoverer of new processes, whose achievements are guaranteed to them by letters patent. How general is the capacity to appreciate, and even to appropriate, and how seldom the capacity to originate! I wonder whether this is not the reason that in ancient times the creative, the originating capacity, was regarded as superhuman, as divine—so conspicuously illustrated in the works of Homer. Of course, we must not understand this capacity to appreciate the results of originating genius as the ability, or even as a general willingness to recognize them as legitimate proprietary interests. On the contrary, there seems to be a tendency in our nature to regard the creations of genius as common property. And such no doubt they are, in a certain sense. They are of general and even of universal interest to mankind, but this does not make them common property. They are the results of individual exertion and as such, primarily individual property. If we deny this, then we deny to the highest manifestation of human activity the motive for exertion, accorded to every other, even to the humblest. Primarily private property, they are nevertheless of universal interest, and of more importance than any ordinary products. From this side they go beyond private property, and constitute a common good, transmitted from generation to generation as an inheritance of much prize, free and without price for all who will possess themselves of them. They constitute in their aggregate the resources of the human race.

It is the general opinion of the shop that in our establishment everything is "handy;" the organization is perfect; everything is admirable except the proprietor, the organizer.

May 21, 1856.

We struck for nine dollars to-day and made it. At noon, while Doc. rested, I molded up a flask by

myself, and when the iron came I poured it off, too. It turned out all right, but I had forgotten the ears—an earless pot. Endless banter from the boys—of course. I wanted to break the thing and throw it into the scrap pile, but the foreman happened to come along and prevented me.

"You take the pot home. I make you a present of it."

I thanked him, took my pot to the mounting department, drilled a hole on each side, where the ears ought to have been, put in a handle, and returned with the pot swung on my arm. This caused more banter.

"Earless pot; deaf pot; can't hear itself sing; sure to boil over on that account; when will you apply for a patent; invention by accident"—and the like.

But I am proud of my pot all the same; as serviceable to me as any pot of its size.

May 22, 1856.

There is something strange in the behavior of a body of men, confined more or less to the same space. Some twenty odd of us are at work in sight and hearing of each other, and whole days pass, sometimes, without a word being heard beyond the ordinary civilities. Then again there are regular field days of banter, more or less good humored, with a lively sprinkle of blackguarding thrown in gratis. How these days come, what causes them, no one can tell. All we know is, some one makes a remark, apparently without occasion. It is in a tone of voice a little above the ordinary—courting, as it were, publicity, or challenging reply. An answer follows from this or that side, and the thing is a-field. Soon you hear peals of laughter, and everyone seems in duty bound to add something to the entertainment. The day closes with the liveliest feelings of good fellowship pervading the shop. Thus we separate in the evening. Next morning we meet; everything is dull, sullen, ill-humored, with a don't-come-near-me air on every face. Of course, we have heard of a rainy day affecting the humor of a lonely sojourner in a village; but is it a fact that bodies of men are affected in their conduct towards each other by the meteorological conditions that surround them? Does a cloudy, murky sky without predispose to moroseness, a murky mental condition within, or a bright sunny atmosphere to good humored, cheerful hilarity? If we compare the typical characters, developed under a Southern sky, with the same class produced in the fogs of the North, we are compelled to attribute considerable value to this extra-human element in man's conduct; nor is it quite certain but what the divination of the ancient generals before going to battle, which we regard as unadulterated mummery, may have had some justification in facts the observation of which has escaped us. One thing is certain; there are days when personal collisions, hand-to-hand fights—and such was ancient warfare—will result from the same causes which some other day will be treated by the same parties with indifference, or turned into an idle jest.

"My heart, sir, burned with the love of liberty, and that was the reason I sought this land of the free and the home of the brave!" exclaimed Mike upon the floor to the left of us, while discussing the cause of immigration of this country with Jake, who worked upon the floor to our right. Mike had straightened up; as he made the remark, he executed the appropriate gesture, or intended to do so, by bringing his right hand with a graceful movement in contact with the left side of his breast. Unfortunately for him, his hand touched his body a little too low down, and instantly Jake improved the opportunity.

"Nonsense, Mike! Nonsense! That is not your heart. That is your stomach! No doubt, something hurt you. But it was the craving of your stomach for grub, instead of your heart burning for liberty that brought you to this country. I leave it to the Doctor, here," pointing to Doc. Hall, "whether that is not your stomach which you pointed out as the thing that hurt you."

A general peal of laughter, which fairly set the waves of dust floating upon the beams of yellow light that streamed through the grimy windows a dancing with mirth, was the answer of the shop. I enjoyed the hit. But the most amusing part was to watch the quirks and turns, the dodges resorted to by Mike, to obtain credence for his feigned motive. Honest hunger, the universal birthright present of nature to every son of man, was a motive too low in his estimation, a motive that has made him a good molder, and as such, a substantial acquisition to any community of sane beings, must be disowned, and in lieu of it, a motive is avowed which if true could only make him an acquisition to some community of Bedlamites. "No, sir; I will never consent that you shall think so low of me! I never did and never will entertain the true. What! Accuse me of being a true man!"

I need not to add that this was one of the bright days of the shop.

May 23, 1856.

The humor continues.

"I say, Earless!"

"What! Is it Fritz?"

"How do you like him? Your name? How do you like to be Earless?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Fritz, there are few happenings in life but what I manage to squeeze some comfort out of them, and so it is with my new name. I would rather be called an earless Dutchman for a blunder I made myself than a lop-eared Dutchman, by the grace of an ignorant populace."

"And it is proud you are of your new name, is it?" said Mike.

"I really don't see why not, Mike. The fact is, I do not recall any occasion when the actual loss of ears would have been a great inconvenience since I have been in the shop, except on one occasion, and that was yesterday, when you told us, with that burning eloquence, what brought you to this country."

"Hurrah for our Earless Berkshire!" hallooed Jake
 "Well, Jake, I will tell you in confidence; of course, I don't care of its going any farther, that your Berkshire did not lose his ears by the teeth of a yellow cur." (Jake being a light sorrel.)

"Next," cried the Doctor.

"I move you, sirs, that the Berkshire have the privilege of treating the shop, and hereafter the rights of a regular apprentice," cried Mike.

"Second the motion," cried Fritz.

"So do I," echoed Jake.

The motion carried unanimously, and I stood bilked out of a keg of beer, which was drunk to-night, it is not necessary to add, with the best of humor. When they got through, I said: "Gentlemen, as this was a treat of the shop, intending to intimate that it was a forced contribution, I claim the privilege of inviting you to another keg, to be drunk Monday night, on my account."

"That was a poser, Henry," said the Doctor, on our way home. "That keg of beer for Monday night knocks the wind out of the last grumbler in the shop."

"Well, I propose to earn some money in that shop, and one way or another they could make it disagreeable for me. The good will of the humblest is not to be despised. And then, I was betrayed, on the spur of the moment, to say a thing wholly unbecoming for me, and it is but right that I should pay some smart money for the smart-aleckism which I was weak enough to display. There is an unconscious appreciation of propriety of conduct in an assembly of men, which will influence them in their action in a manner they themselves do not know, and the fact should not be lost sight of by him who has to deal with them."

May 24, 1856.

Another Sunday. The discovery of Jake that hunger is the cause of European emigration to this country will not let go of me—sticks to me. Hunger, physical want, want of nurture, a mere privative, a negative to produce an affirmative result. "There is nothing in the effect that is not in the cause," they say in metaphysics. But here there is a cause with an effect precisely the opposite of the cause. Hunger seeks, produces food, and is thus cause. But food, the effect, gratifies, annuls hunger, its own cause. The annulling of its own cause, however, can only result in an annulling of itself, and the process of nurture starts anew—or rather continues its self-perpetuating round. Want spurs exertion to create means. The means supply want, annul it, but in so doing they exhaust themselves, and want reappears. This is the economic process—not a mere restatement, in more general terms, of the process of nurture, as it may appear to be at first glance, but an elevation of that process into the domain of intelligence. For it is intelligence that generalizes hunger into want; recognizes it as a negative, a need; converts exertion into labor, by directing it to produce the greatest amount of means with the least outlay of exertion. In this the law of economy,

intelligence minimizes the negative, the need, the power of necessity, to its lowest terms. It claims the world for its home, and directs that there, where the natural conditions are the most favorable, that there, and there alone, does it recognize exertion as labor rationally applied. From this it is plain that emigration is an economic necessity, a part of the process by which rational intelligence elevates itself above the necessity of physical nature.

Well, hunger brought me here, whatever agency it may have had in bringing other people. Nay, for that matter, to what else but hunger have I to account for my presence, not merely here, but in the world itself? I came into it hungry. The only reality about me, when born, was hunger; all else was mere possibility, that might and might not become real. But hunger was a bawling reality. Whence then did this reality come, if nature had no need of swallowing itself, no need to digest itself into intelligence? Nature furnished eyes that saw not; ears that heard not; a palate that tasted not; a nose that smelled not—the whole a living unit of sensitivity, that was nothing and wanted everything. To see I had to learn and thus earn it; to use my ears, nose, palate I had to do the same. I had to do this and without me it could not be done. Hunger alone was without me, without my causation; came of itself, naturally, that is—by nature.

But upon what does this hunger, thus caused by nature, feed if not upon nature? Nature then is both in one the appetite and the bread the appetite feeds upon; and the result of this self-digestion of nature, of this process, is the ideality. It is the hunger of nature for ideality, the want, the need thereof, that brought me here.

But that which constitutes the want, the need of another is that upon which the other depends. It can not do or be without it. This is the very meaning of need. It follows then that nature, the real, depends upon the ideal, its own product; and while I am here, the product of the processes of nature, these processes are not without me.

But I, as a product of nature am not ideality. I was born an individual, a bawling want, and ideality does not bawl! I was born an individual, the mere possibility of ideality, and it is real, absolute ideality that nature wants, that nature depends upon. To realize this possibility, to elaborate my individuality into true ideality, into universality, into harmony with that which constitutes the want, the need of nature, that upon which nature depends, this is the problem of life before me.

I had almost forgotten to note down that I took dinner to-day with Mr. Robertson and promised Miss Elizabeth that I would do so frequently in the future.

"O, not frequently, but every Sunday," she insisted. She is certainly a very attractive person. Her face is of the best Scotch type, intellectual, without any hint of boldness. Her eyes, a dark hazel, rather large and prominent, but not excessively so, light up her clear complexion with a gleam of bright-

ness. The lines from her head to her shoulders are of exquisite grace, and those from the chin to the bust are beautiful. Her movements are smooth, undulating, and her voice is sympathetic, without lacking the full clear notes of frankness. When I leave her it is with the impression that I have known her always. She is perfectly transparent to me, and I could confide to her the innermost thoughts of my soul with real, with genuine pleasure. I have never met a human being before that impressed me as she does.

May 25, 1856.

An eight-dollar job, and two flasks to spare. These I molded, one during dinner hour, and one after the Doctor quit. Both turned out good—nor do the pots lack ears. This thing then is done. I can mold pots, and can do it without pain. Of course I cannot, as yet, put up as many in a given time as Hall can. But speed will come of its own accord, and sooner too than some people may expect; for I watch for weak points, points where the highest skill is required, and these I practice with every opportunity. My main endeavor is to realize the exact thing to be done, and this once in possession of my mind, it soon reaches the hand, the fingers.

Another thing quite as important to my purpose became apparent to-day—the effect of the treat which I promised, and gave to my shopmates this evening. It has made me one of them.

When they had drunk out half the keg, nothing would do but I must make them a speech. Nagged on, no doubt, by the Doctor, they kept calling and yelling until I kicked over a box that was standing against the wall, in the corner, stepped on it, and as near as I remember said:

"Gentlemen, molders: I thank you most heartily for the welcome extended to me upon this, the occasion of my initiation into your craft as an apprentice. I am a mechanic; master already of more than one trade; but such is my appreciation of the excellence of your calling, the honorable, that all important function which it performs in the affairs of man, that I regard as naught my trade of a currier, a tanner, a shoemaker—so long as I have not acquired and am master of the skill of a molder.

"For what is the statesman of immortal fame, but molder of a nation's character? What is the prophet priest, the man holy among man, but a molder of human souls? What is the editor of the daily newspaper, the so-called mighty engine of modern civilization, but a molder of public opinion? What is the teacher, the pedagogue, but a molder of youths; and what are all of these different branches of our craft, when compared as to the skill involved, the cleanliness of the raw material employed, and the satisfactoriness of the results achieved—what are all of these, I say, when compared in these respects with the molder of pots and kettles,—not to mention our worthy brother the machine molder, who furnishes sinews of iron and joints of steel to the productive industry of the age?

"Be pleased to look but for one moment at the raw material of the statesman. A mass of human beings, not a people, destitute of a government, weltering, an inextricable, confused heap! Lust bestial, unrestrained, greed bottomless, shoreless! Anarchic filth, weltering down the declivity of time! A lurid stream of lava, devastation in its aspect, and in its path sterility and utter desolation! Anarchic filth, the unspeakable of man! Then look at the scintillating stream of pure well-tempered metal descending, obedient to your call, from the cupola! You receive it in your ladles. Under the guidance of your skill, it glides into the molds prepared, fills every crevice and cranny, assumes the form born in your mind, solidifies and is a thing of worth and use to man.

"Again, behold him called the Holy among his fellows, his raw material the innermost center of man's being! Be pleased to look at his pattern—warped, blistered, scratched, cracked! Nay, look close, or you will take it for some indifferent piece from the scrap pile of humanity. He extols the blisters, the scratches, the cracks. Don't heed him! They are not of the original, but of his handling. The original pattern was and is divine. He calls himself its doctor—doctor of divinity, and never blushes at the arrogant presumption. Away with it to the scrap pile, to the cupola, to the smelting furnace of thought! Let it be recast into its native symmetry of divine perfection! Say you so, my friend?

"Alas, he is no longer a member of our craft, he is no longer a molder of men's hearts. He has turned cobbler—doctor of divinity. His divinity is in bad health, subject to spells of colic, threatened even with lockjaw, now and then—needs doctoring! A thousand different doctors busy, each claiming that he has the veritable pattern, the veritable infant God in his lap—busy pouring paragoric, soothing syrup, and such like nostrums, down its throat, by the spoonful! What a sight for mortal man!

"But where, I ask you, is the workman molder who would consent to use a pattern like that? Where the strait can no longer be distinguished from the cheekpot, the skillet from the griddle, the griddle from the stove-cover; the beautiful side doors of a number eight Charter Oak from the front, or the top-plate of that stove from the bottom?

"And now look at him there, the molder of public opinion! His original, the village gossip! See, from what obscure beginnings comes human greatness! I can not say 'Behold his raw material.' It is an invisible, intangible existence. A confused hum of rumors, made up of dubious guesses, well-defined hallucinations, with now and then the notes of some hysterical shriek distinctly audible. Science reports that it feeds upon its own exuvia, and that it furnishes the only well authenticated instance in nature where the excrementitious matter expelled exceeds in quantity the food consumed. But popular belief has it that its chief nourishment is derived from insects, or worms, or some hybrid organization between the two, bred in its own dung-heap. This

latter it is observed to work over and over again, with great assiduity and persistence, in search of its favorite food. It may be surmised that this continual occupation with its own filth has misled the scientific observer in his conclusions. But whoever may be right, in this contention, the popular believer, or the scientific observer, the fact of its peculiar occupation is not called in question by either, and it is because this occupation is under his guidance, and conduct in chief, that he calls himself a molder—a molder of public opinion.

"But, gentlemen, is it not obvious from this hasty glance at the more remote branches of our craft, that the first lacks a respectable raw material; the second, a well kept, well preserved pattern; and that the third has neither the one nor the other, but a mere pretense in their stead? The truth is, they are not molders in good standing. They are mere rhetorical, metaphorical interlopers, seeking to robe themselves with the respectability of our craft, by glibness of tongue, instead of skill of hand, purity of heart and sturdiness of will. They enslave their minds to pamper their bodies. With them the highest serves the lowest, the noble the ignoble. Like the ox grazing on the meadow, their brains are carried on a level below their stomachs; while the true molder causes the body to feed the body, to square its own accounts, and reserves his mind untrammelled for the sunny heights of contemplation, far above the mists and fogs of grabgame alley."

May 26, 1856.

Last night I moved into my room. What quiet, what rest, what privacy! Six hours sleep, a perfect blank—and this rest after the day with its labor, this privacy after the chatter and clatter of hours—it is a perfect heaven on earth. In the shop an utterance is seldom heard that is more than empty noise. How strange it is that the more strictly we are compelled by our vocation to conform our action to a given norm, the more eagerly we seek compensation, as it were, in capricious mental vagaries. But here no voice intrudes save the voice of those who speak for and to our race; and their lips, grown noiseless with time, speak with the solemnity of silence, through the printed word, to the spirit within, that hears without ears; the voice, most evanescent of perishable things, transformed by the spirit of man into imperishability, because it is freighted with the ever abiding.

In moving up I was amused at the disappointment shown by the landlord, who assisted me when I opened my trunk. From its weight he had reasons to believe that it contained valuables, but when he saw me take out a lot of books, rather the worse for wear, he did not even deign a second glance at my treasures. Well, I have them arranged handily upon a set of shelves, which I put up in a flat dry goods box, that cost me twenty-five cents. It stands on end, against the East wall of my room, a few feet from the Southeast corner, to the right of my cot. At the head of the latter, against the South wall, I have fixed a bracket for my lamp, and here, reclining

on my couch, when fatigued, I am in touch, physically at least, with those who have made man's life human. On the upper shelf I have Thucydides, Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, "The Republic of Plato," with the dialogues called Critias, Parmenides, "The Sophist" and the "Metaphysics" of Aristotle. On the second shelf I have the works of Goethe and Hegel, complete. On the third, I have Shakespeare, Moliere, Calderon, and on the lowest shelf I have Sterne and Cervantes.

In the shop we had a pleasant day. We crowded the floor with flasks to its full capacity. I molded three of them, out of which I lost one, but as the Doctor lost two, and there was an unusually heavy percentage of scrap throughout the shop, my misfortune may not be attributable altogether to the want of skill or care. The boys all claim that the iron was bad. Still the percentage of my loss was too great to be attributed to that cause alone. I must pull myself together, restrain myself, not permit my mind to philander about, but stay at home with my work, until habit and routine bring me liberty to skylark with impunity.

May 27, 1856.

A splendid night's rest, and the air in my room delightful. I retired early last night and awoke with the first blush of morning in the East. The view from my East window at break of day is very interesting. Less than a quarter of a mile distant the eye rests upon the Mississippi, sweeping by at right angles to the line of vision. At first nothing is seen but the mighty stream, growing more distinct and gradually wider and wider, as the light increases with the approaching day—until a mile or more away, I think I see the farther shore. But no! See! It is but a clump of trees, an island and beyond, and beyond, and still farther beyond there is water, and water, and more water, until, with still increasing light, the eye sweeps the whole expanse to the Eastern bluff—from eight to twenty miles distant. And there, in the beyond, while gazing, and musing upon this mighty mass of irresistible force, placidly gliding down its self-prepared path, there on its Eastern shore arises the sun, with light and life for a new day. It was his approach, then, that revealed the stream, in all its grand proportions, to my sight. But what is it, what is this stream?

The Mississippi? With so and so many miles of navigable water, running in such and such directions, with such and such an average velocity per hour, etc., etc.; has a discharge of so and so many billions of cubic feet of water an hour, or second at flood tide, and so and so many at low water—and the like? All this is well and more than welcome. It gives me the relation which the river sustains to man, and his needs, but it does not answer the question asked—what is the river?

Figuratively speaking, it is nature's waste pipe, draining the excess of precipitation over and above evaporation, that takes place upon the area enclosed by its water-shed, back to earth's reservoir,

the ocean, whence these very rays that reveal the stream to my sight have drawn every drop of the vast flood, by kindling the meteorological process of the sky. Yes, that sun that reveals that stream to the outer eye, creates that stream for the inner eye, and it takes both the outer and the inner to ask and to answer the question. For the inner eye the sun creates that stream, all streams, and with them the chain of causation that stretches from the first rude labors of erosion, where mountain is ground into plain, and plain is furrowed into mountain, and the home of the flora and the fauna is prepared, up to the very birth of intelligence in man—the very birth of the inner eye, that transfigures the external, the many, the apparent heterogeneous, into one interdependent, harmonious totality.

In the shop the quality of the iron furnished yesterday became a theme of discussion. I learned that good iron, in molders' phrase, means an iron which at a given temperature, such as the furnace, called a cupola, is calculated to produce, possesses a high degree of fluidity. As a result of this quality, the iron when poured into the mold fills the latter completely, while a less degree of fluidity leaves parts of the mold unfilled and, as a consequence, holes in the plate, or pot to be cast. The degree of fluidity necessarily varies with the size and form of the article to be produced. Another element of success is the degree of tenacity which the metal possesses after it sets, or cools into solidity. If the article to be produced has the form of a thin sheet, like stove-plate or hollow-ware, the metal must possess a high degree of tenacity, or the plate or pot is liable to crack during the process of cooling, or mounting, or in subsequent use, or handling. Fluidity in its molten, and tenacity in its solid state are, therefore, the qualities sought in the metal used. But these vary with the different ores and with the different processes employed to obtain the metal from the ore; and while mere inspection will reveal to the experienced eye the general degree of these qualities present in a given piece of pig-iron, there is still room for deception and mistake, which the practical test reveals at the expense, sometimes quite heavy, of both the establishment and the operatives. The shop loses the fuel, labor, wear and tear on the implements involved in smelting the metal, and the molder his labor, as he works by the piece. After learning these details, I was innocent enough to suggest to the doctor that these losses might, or ought to be obviated by the proper tests. As Jake heard the remark he called out to Mike:

"What do you say to that, Mike? Isn't that the same advice which one of your neighbors in the old country gave to his son—never to go into the water until he had learned how to swim? Never put iron into a cupola until you know what it will be when it comes out?"

"It is our neighbor, you mean, Mr. Jenkins, the orange man, and his lad, Willie, that got drowned by taking his father's advice—the very advice you mentioned," retorted Mike.

"You did not hear Mr. Jenkins when he gave that advice, did you, Mike?" I asked.

"Indeed I did not," said Mike. "But I heard of the man who dragged the dead boy out of the pond. And why do you ask?"

"I always thought, Mike, that the father told his son not to go into the water beyond his depth, until he had learned how to swim. But the reporter of the story left out the qualifying phrase—beyond his depth—and so turned a piece of wholesome advice into an absurdity."

"Sure, and what made you think the reporter a liar by omission?" asked Mike.

"Because he was an Englishman, talking about an Irishman," I answered, "and I never believe a man when he talks about another whom he has wronged!"

"God have mercy upon the poor natives! The Dutch and the Irish are pulling together!" said Jake.

"'Tis Christian like in you, Jake, to pray for the souls of the poor savages, the natives, after you have murdered them."

And so it went on, by the hour, in the best of good humor. After they had become quiet, I asked Jake:

"Do you really think that the boy could not have learned to swim in two feet of water, where there was no danger of drowning, as well as in ten?"

"Suppose he could—who was talking about that?"

"Well, I was. I was thinking, you see, that we could ascertain the quality of a lot of pig-iron, uniform in character, as well from an ounce as from a ton, and that we could do this without any danger of loss."

While making this remark, I had not observed that the foreman was within hearing distance. He was examining the scrap of yesterday with great care and finally asked the Doctor what he thought of the iron, adding that it was a new lot and seemed to be below the standard. The Doctor thought that the iron was of good strength, but would require more Scotch pig to make it run, unless the fault lay with the cupola man. This the foreman thought could not be, as he himself had given more than usual attention to the furnace, for the very reason that they had charged with untried metal.

May 28, 1856.

Had a visit from friend McIntosh, formerly a classmate of mine at ——— college. He is a Creek Indian, of mixed blood—grandson of the present chief, ——— McIntosh. He is some years younger than myself, and a splendid fellow. He was very much surprised to find me in a shop; proposed that I quit at once, pack my trunk and go home with him. I explained my situation as far as I could, that is, as far as I could make him understand it; for he has no conception of human life, as I well remember from our intimacy at school. After much sparring the upshot was that I promised to come out to see him, during the summer vacation, in July or August, when the shop shuts down for repairs. "That is," I added, "if I can hit upon some way of traveling not beyond my present means." This he thought he could arrange quite readily—he would

himself come for me, and bring me back, too, if I insisted upon coming back. I was not prepared for this. I had treated his proposition only in a half serious way and, to my surprise, found him in bitter earnest; so that I stood engaged with him for the journey before I had given the matter a moment's deliberation. I have agreed to let him know, as soon as the fact can be ascertained, when I will be at liberty, and he will come. He attracted me at school because he seemed to be alone, and when I had made his acquaintance, in a casual way, he struck me as a new thing, as a boy entirely different from the rest of the students, and even from the human beings at large that I had met in life. Not one of the motives that usually control our conduct, and the effectiveness of which we take for granted, in every day intercourse, had the slightest hold upon him. The professors, their good or bad opinions, were entirely indifferent; society ladies, their smiling approval, a blank; the applause of his fellow students, or even their respect, nothing; in short, he was a mystery that attracted me with all the power of fascination. In all his studies he was above the average, except in mathematics. As a speaker, a declaimer, he excelled. It was the difficulty which he experienced in mathematics, in which he saw neither sense, nor use, as he told me, that brought us nearer together. As it was a favorite study of mine, I took pains to show him some practical uses of the science, and when I had aroused his interest, or curiosity, from that side, I devised help to assist him to a start. The first thing that struck, that aroused interest, was the assertion that with a moderate knowledge of the science, a man could determine with absolute certainty the distance that intervened between him and any object visible, however great that distance might be, without going over and measuring it, with a rod or chain.

"From here to the moon?"

"Yes."

"Across the river?"

"Yes."

"To a hill on the prairie?"

"Yes."

"Tell how far it is from our house to the Conchata Moun. , without going over the ground?"

"Yes, to a foot—more accurately than with foot rule or surveyor's chain!"

This aroused him, and although it took months he succeeded, and it is the only attainment of which he is proud. Since then he has been a friend of mine, and has staggered and alarmed me more than once at the outbursts of feeling against persons who, he conceived, had wronged me. With the caprice of a child he combines the cunning and executive ability of a man—if we can call acting from impulse, with utter disregard of any consequences, executive ability—executing ability would be perhaps the better expression. But I must wait and see him in his life, the life his people have created for him; and then I will be able to understand him. See in how far he is rational, how far he is adequate to the condi-

tions which that life imposes. Into my life he does not fit, that is plain enough. But what is my life with its conditions to him?

I put in only half a day in the shop on account of this visit—must make up for this during this and the next week.

May 29, 1856.

A full job and good iron. Had a great time answering questions about my visitor of yesterday. In the evening, while cutting sand, the foreman told me to call at the office before going home. I did so and found the proprietor of the foundry, Mr. F——. He asked me where I had worked last. Said that he understood I had made the remark some days ago that we ought to find out the quality of the iron by tests in a small way before we used it in the shop. He would like to know whether I had seen this done in other shops and how the tests were made. I told him that I had never worked in a foundry before, but that I was acquainted with analytic chemistry, and knew as a fact that all the metallurgic operations in Europe were conducted by the light derived from that science; that not an ore was handled in the reduction works before its character had been ascertained by an analysis, and its proper treatment determined; that I naturally concluded that this could be done with the iron we used; nay, that it was not necessary to make an analysis; but a furnace of sufficient capacity to reduce a pound or two of metal, and that could be built and operated by any furnace man would be sufficient, in the way of outlay, to determine the facts and save the loss. He listened very kindly and asked whether I had any chemical apparatus. I told him that I had not, beyond a few tubes and vessels, fit only to make some simple qualitative tests, by the wet process; that the apparatus to make a quantitative, or determinative analysis was expensive. Then by way of explanation I gave him a brief statement of the circumstances that landed me in his shop as an apprentice. He seemed to be interested and was kind enough to ask whether I thought that a man of my acquirements was only fit to drudge in a sand-heap. This affected me in such a way that I answered him in a somewhat higher tone of voice.

"Mr. F——, to me that occupation is best that pays best, and that, at the same time, leaves my mind unoccupied."

"Of course, of course, my man, in such a matter every man has a right to follow his own choice."

Saying this he arose from his chair, which I took to mean that it was time for me to leave—which I did, after bidding him good night.

May 30, 1856.

Was met this morning by the foreman in an unusually friendly manner. He told me, with an air as if it were a message from heaven, that the old gentleman, meaning the proprietor, seemed quite interested in me; had directed him to give me a chance, and that he intended to have a floor for me in a few days; thought he would give me a job of

griddles, to which he would add some skillets, in a month or two. I thanked him heartily, spoke about it to the Doctor, who congratulated me on my good luck, and pushed my work with a light heart. Our floor was full by eleven o'clock and we had two hours and a half to wait for iron. Of this time I took advantage by helping Mr. Keff, who is running a job of griddles. As the foreman passed the floor and saw this, he smiled a-kind of knowingly—but said nothing. Of course, if I have to run such a job, in a day or two, it is but natural that I should try to get the hang of it, beforehand. But there is nothing in it. The job is the simplest in the shop, unless it be stove feet and grates. Still, it belongs to the hollow-ware class, and can be made to pay well.

Sunday, May 31, 1856.

Took dinner with Mr. Robertson, according to promise. Told Miss Elizabeth of my success in the shop and my intended trip to the Territory. The first gave her great pleasure, and this seemed to make it more desirable to me, too, than it looked before I told her. But the trip to the Territory she thought unwise.

"Why, I shall not see you for a whole month, or six weeks, Harry!" said she, with a kind of reproach in her voice, and such a kindly look, that if I had not promised Mac in dead earnest, I believe I would back out, just to please her. Well, I will send her a long letter when I get out there, and that will make her happy.

Mr. Robertson himself took my success in the shop as a matter of course. In his opinion, a man who can keep a smooth edge on a currier knife can do anything; and there is something in that fact, to the extent at least, that a person who has a trained hand for one mechanical operation will acquire another with less trouble than one who has not.

Before Mac left the other day I brought him up here, into my room, to show him the river in all the magnitude of a flood-tide. He almost embarrassed me by asking when I intended to move in, and shook his head when I told him that I had moved in already.

"Why, of course, I might have known that, because here are your old friends," he said, looking over my library. "They are to you what the prairie is to me in the summer; the forests in the winter, and the streams and lakes the year round. I would not give one day of life on the prairie, in May or June, for a thousand years in the best library in the world, but I should like to have a man like Homer with me, especially around the camp fire, at night. You know what I have thought? You remember, a discussion sprang up at school, as to who wrote Homer. I have thought that these poems were camp fire stories."

What do you think of that, as an Indian's answer, to a question of erudition?

"I think it quite likely, Mac," said I, "that the song sang itself into shape in some such way. One thing is certain to my mind, the poem was never

written by a man who said to himself: "Come, let us go, too, and write an epic!"

"A book of that kind writes itself. Speaking generally, a book that does not write itself is hardly worth reading, and one that does is never finished. Every reader, actual reader, will see the thought, the truth that sought to embody itself, sought to obtain expression more fully, in ampler proportion, verification and application than the author, for the simple reason that the process of embodiment of that thought has not stopped short with the final punctuation mark upon the last page of the book. That process abides, is the abiding. Through it, truth reveals itself more and more clearly, from time to time, to the mind of man, to the control of his affairs. It reveals itself. It, the thought, truth in subjective form, possesses the man, the individual and compels him into utterance. Inadequacy to the task will mar his book, but if he is really possessed of the truth, and not a mere hireling who works for wages, strut, peacockism, and the like, his utterances will be considered, however imperfect, nay, though they be but mutterings. In a dark night, with a starless sky overhead, the eye rests with pleasure even upon a glow-worm—so eager is it after light!"

"These are old times over again! I will come for you; be sure and be ready when I come." And we parted.

June 1, 1856.

Found my floor prepared this morning when I reached the shop. The foreman has treated me kindly. He has transferred Jake, with his own consent, to the new shop, and given me his floor, right along side of Doc. Hall. This is a great advantage, as he can assist me, in case of need, without my running about. I covered the floor over half full and saved every flask. This is a very good beginning, but I must do better. I will see what an early start will do in the morning, and so—to bed.

June 2, 1856.

Put up a three-dollar job, and had an hour's rest at noon. But I started as soon as I had light enough to work by—an hour and a half to two hours ahead of the rest. This is a great help, and I find that I am not as tired as I was last night. So I will make an early start the rule, and if our grub boss, as the boys call the man with whom we take our meals, grumbles, we will try and make some other arrangements. The foreman cautioned me not to rush things too much.

"You are not made of steel, and I will not charge you rent if you don't fill the floor every day this month."

I thanked him, and told him "that labor hurts no one—certainly not me. It gives me rest that I have to earn with labor to enjoy thoroughly"—but to bed.

June 3, 1856.

A great day—every flask up by twelve o'clock, and to show that I had some grit to spare, I molded a pot for the Doctor during the dinner hour. But

after I had poured off, shaken out and cut my sand by six o'clock, I felt like I ought not to have done it. I was very tired and am so still.

June 4, 1856.

Put up my job with ease and comfort—mainly because I knew that I could do it. Another thing that seems to be an assistance is a cup of coffee, which I drank to-day, during the noon hour. I got it from an old French lady, who lives close to the shop. An excellent article. I read, years ago, that it is an anti-fatigue and therefore never use it, either in the morning, when I am not fatigued, or in the evening, when I need fatigue in order to give me rest. But at noon, when half of the day's labor is done, and the part most exacting upon the physical strength is to begin, I thought it might possibly be an advantage; and as a result, I do feel less exhausted to-night than since I commenced work in the shop. The most exhausting effects produced upon the system are attributable to the excessive amount of moisture lost by perspiration, during the pouring off, and the subsequent work of the day, when the temperature of the shop is necessarily very high. The loss of this moisture produces thirst, nature's demand to replace the unusual waste, and water is consumed, it is no exaggeration to say, by the gallon. This is no sooner swallowed than it pours through the skin in streams, so that at night I feel a goneness, a washed-out, laxness—something like, I imagine, a dish-cloth that is wrung out and hung up to dry on a thorn bush might feel if it had sensation. This feeling is moderated perceptibly to-night, and it may be owing to the coffee. At least it will do to watch.

June 5, 1856.

Paid out my last dollar to-day and went into debt, twenty-five dollars, to the Doctor; that is to say, if buying a thing that does not perish, that I do not eat, drink or wear out, and paying for it, in part, with borrowed money, can be properly called going in debt. I bought a lot, fifty feet by one hundred and twenty-five feet, the Southeast corner of city block No. — for two hundred and seventy-five dollars, with an option, for ninety days, upon the adjoining fifty feet front—at two hundred and fifty dollars. I made the first payment of ninety-one dollars and sixty-five cents, and gave two notes, for like amount, payable in one and two years from date, or sooner, at my pleasure, with six per cent interest from date until paid. It was to make this payment that I borrowed the twenty-five dollars. This is the first step to give reality to my resolution to make this city my home, and although not a very long one, it already makes me feel like I had stuck root into the place. A man without house, home or family is not a citizen anywhere, in the real sense of the word. He resembles a liberty pole, that prospers alike in all soils and is identified with none. It bears aloft the insignia of freedom, with great show of straight, perpendicular, self-reliance; but that ensign is not its product. It produces nothing,

neither foliage for shelter nor fruit for nurture; barren pole, the skeleton of a tree—a barren pole!

This debt which I contracted may be of use to me, a spur to exertion, a crutch to assist frugality how to get along, how to learn to walk. It will also dispense with those thick-walled vaults that contain vacancy, abundant emptiness, and those costly safes, with cast steel sides and doors, with machine locks that lock up the nothing within, so successfully, from the profane eye of the public. In addition to these advantages the purchase will make me a participant in the silent accumulations which result from the aggregate endeavors of a community, especially where it enters upon a new area of action—called the enhancement of values. It is remarkable that this accumulation should always be in strict proportion—natural conditions equal—to the amount of industry, frugality and justice that prevail in the locality itself, and in the country tributary to it. Or rather, is it not justice alone that is the fountain of well-being for man? Where are industry and frugality themselves born, if not under the fiat of justice, that guarantees to me my own, the result of my deed, the work of my hands? Will I go down to the shop in the morning and toil until night unless that toil turns into a present resource for me? Will I do it, knowing that my earnings, the result of my deed will be taken from me, either by fraud or force, without recourse, on my return home? Certainly not! It is justice, then, its actual presence, and the confidence which it inspires in me, in its power to guarantee to me the result of my deed, that is the source of my industry and frugality. Justice itself produces nothing, but without it nothing can be produced. It is the source of industry and economy, and industry and economy are the source of wealth, individual no less than collective, and these are the sources of the enhancement of values of real property, wherever they are practiced.

June 6, 1856.

Job all right; almost ceased to be a burden. Can cover the floor without any more fatigue than a night's rest dissipates. Have lost nothing in strength and health, even this week, which of course has been exacting on my physical frame. Find the cup of coffee at noon of service. Drink it cold with cream and sugar. It seems to double the effect of rest at that hour. Feel remarkably refreshed when the afternoon labors begin.

Had a talk with the foreman about my purchase of lots, which was all over the shop in less than an hour after I closed the transaction; talk of women's tea-parties, or sewing-circles for tittle tattle, idle wagging of tongues—the shop is worse than all the gossiping sisterhoods that ever assembled for exercise, and there is not a woman in, or in hearing distance of it.

The foreman, however, spoke quite sensibly; approved my plan of handling my savings, but was doubtful about the locality where I had purchased—as to its desirableness, future prospects, etc., and thought that I had better not avail myself of the

option, as I might do better, perhaps, elsewhere in the city. I thanked him for his advice, but explained that I had taken the option upon the adjoining lots, with the view of enhancing the value of the corner, in case I should be able to make the additional purchase, as it would give me a double front, and hence a double chance of availing myself of the growth of improvement, either on the street running North and South, or the one running East and West.

"I had not thought of that," said he, "but it is a good idea, and as you seem to have thought the matter over, it is likely that you had a good reason for choosing that locality, too."

"None," said I, "except that I have noticed that railroads are causing great changes in the commercial centers, in the East, where I have been, and that they have made values where none existed before. The economic law seems to be that they must either reach the heart of the business centers of the cities, where they enter, or they will create business property convenient to their termini. I have looked the city over with a view to this and made my selection accordingly, and while it does not suit me exactly, it is the best I see at present, and feel confident that my earnings, which I propose to put there, will not be idle—will earn me something."

"But why doesn't it suit you?"

"My true plan was to buy me a twenty-five foot lot, as convenient to the center of the city, or its business, as possible; pay for it as I earned the money; then build a small house upon it, fronting the alley, and move in. Then commence the improvement of the front of the lot with a house, such as my means and prospects, together with the demand for houses would justify. This would make me my own creditor, my own landlord, in the shortest possible time; and render it unnecessary to trust other people with my earnings, or pay them wages for taking care of it, or pay rent for houses built with my own money. But as I have no family, I thought that I would wait with that plan, and in the meantime save and secure what I can, by putting it where nobody will notice it for some years to come, perhaps, but where it is not going to waste, at least.

"By no means, Henry," said he. "And let me tell you, the saving and investing it, with the forethought you have shown, is itself worth more than many times the money you will have paid for the property, even if you should lose every cent of it. But the true plan for every mechanic to follow is, as you say, to get himself his own home first. If every man in this shop would adopt that plan, we could raise the wages ten per cent and make money by the operation," he said, and passed on.

I was surprised at this, because I had not supposed that the man ever thought of anything beyond the simple routine of his daily duties. But that is the way! We are prone to think that the world is a mystery to everybody but ourselves, when in reality every man who exercises practical control, beyond mere drudgery, does so by virtue of thought

and by the extent to which that thought has rendered his surroundings luminous to him.

June 7, 1856.

Sunday. Took dinner with Mr. Robertson, or rather, with Miss Elizabeth, as she insists. Had a very pleasant time in showing her my pass book, which figured some sixteen dollars, exclusive of Saturday's job, earned during the week. Saturday's work is taken up on Monday morning, and will bring the amount close to twenty dollars. She showed me the book of her father and brother, which together showed a credit only a few cents above the amount, and of this John had earned more than half. This gave her something of a triumph over her father and brother, which she enjoyed, however, without the usual "I told you so," but by merely intimating that her confidence in my judgment, when I concluded to learn molding instead of sticking to the currier-shop, as they wanted me to, was justified and this, in deference to their feelings, she expressed to me privately. I took the opportunity to explain to her the real motives that led me to adopt that course.

"I can not," said I, "devote my mind exclusively to the business of making money; and yet I must acquire a competence for old age. This I regard as a duty, and the opportunity of doing so, without enslaving my mind, a high privilege. I could make money in the tanning and shoe business, as I have done before, provided I could give my mind to it as I did then, but that is impossible now. With my present mental habits I can not allow my physical wants to take precedence. I cannot and will not enthrone them as the exclusive arbiters of my conduct, my time, my life. Not because I regard it degrading or unbecoming for a man to acquire a competence, or even wealth—far from it; the reverse of it. Let him who can devote himself to it, heart and soul, be convinced that he too has a worthy task. But that task is not mine. I can not devote my whole mind to it and without that, success is not attainable. Without that I am a journeyman, whose skill has become habit and whose physical labor alone enters the market.

"Had I returned to the currier's shop, with my knowledge of the business, as well as of the trade, how could I have prevented being absorbed by cares, with which as a journeyman I have no concern, for the reason that from them I can draw no profit? In my present situation I sell my labor and have no further care. In the morning I go to the shop, where I find everything ready for my reception. I enter upon my work with no one to hinder, dictate or hector; my mind occupied with such a theme as it sees fit to pursue, or as may present itself worthy of its attention. My labor done, the product is counted, put to my credit in that book, and at the end of the week my pay is forthcoming. I have no concern with the condition of the market, either of the raw material that enters into my product or of the product itself. Nor yet does the financial condition of the world, that is, the normal or abnormal condition

of trade, demand attention. Yet all these questions, and a hundred others are inseparably connected with the operation of the factory as a business venture, and the endless sources of anxiety to him who has the burden, the responsibility for success or failure upon his shoulders, as the phrase is, that is upon his mind, day in and day out, for they are questions of probability, where the best answer obtainable is but a guess, and yet the conditions are inexorable.

I then related to her my purchase of lots, and how I proposed to pay for them; also my present indebtedness to a shop mate, which, however, I proposed to wipe out before our next dinner—that is, a week from today. She listened with great interest, and the sympathy with which she entered into my projects for the future was very gratifying to me. It is so pleasant to find a human being to whom I can talk in full confidence, after twelve long years of utter isolation among strangers.

June 8, 1856.

Resume my reading in the morning, before I leave for the shop. I find it an excellent practice to put a page, or paragraph, of Aristotle, Plato or Hegel to soak—that is, transfer it to my memory in the morning and take it with me to my work. During the jostlings of the day it usually works itself into clearness of meaning, so that when I look at it again at night and trace its connections, all obscurity has vanished.

It is true that he who labors to accumulate wealth, or a fortune, as it is usually called, is engaged in a rational occupation. The adverse doctrine, in the sense in which it is quoted, as a rule of life, "Take what you have and give it to the poor"—is absurd. Suppose I take these twenty dollars which I received today and give them to the man who has nothing, who is poor. All right; say I have done so! What then? He now has the twenty dollars and I have nothing—that is, I am poor now. Ought he not, then, obey the rule too? Ought he not to give me—that is, hand back the twenty dollars? Are we not whence we started?

But, how about the world in which this command was uttered? Was it not the Roman world? A world shrunk into the universal despotism, unlimited in power—a world of pure caprice? Might it not be wise, with Neros and Caligulas in the field, to be lightly burdened with this world's goods, the Roman world's goods, that belonged to the despot, goods, world, and all? But that world has perished, and perished not by accident.

Who builds the factory, with its machinery—the factory, the machinery, the implements of the industry of the world, of this world, the world of today? Are they not accumulated wealth? They multiply the productive capacity of the individual from three to a hundred fold, and his comforts of life in the same proportion, nay, greater! Are they not the incarnation of the laws of nature, the will of the Creator, which thus rules on earth, in the affairs of man, as it does in the heavens the planetary systems round about!

But may it not be that wealth might be accumulated artificially by the political means called corporations, and the pursuit of it, as a special vocation be avoided? This method overlooks the point that it is the ability to accumulate that begets the ability to control and it is this ability alone that renders the existence of the accumulation possible. If then it is rational that man should meet his wants in a rational manner, that is, with the least outlay of exertion; that he should enjoy with cheerful satisfaction the largest degree of comfort which his exertions thus applied will realize for him, then these implements and organizations that facilitate this realization are essential to the rational existence of the human race. But if these implements and organizations are essential, then the accumulations of wealth are essential, and with them the ability upon which they depend, and this is attainable by practice and by practice alone, like every other ability possessed by man. For in this world, the world of today, man is what he achieves, no more, no less. This is the measure of his manhood, for it is the measure of his freedom. What man achieves as man, that is what he is. That is the human life, with its resources which he has founded, and I as an individual will wield those resources, participate in their blessings in proportion as I share the purposes of man, the purposes of the race, and these depend primarily upon its conviction.

Had a friendly chat with Mike during the noon hour. He asked me what I thought of the Molders' Union. I told him that I had not given the matter any thought, as I supposed I would have time enough to examine into it before I would be qualified to enter the organization. To my surprise he intimated that perhaps, as a special case, he could manage to have me admitted in the course of a week or two—that I was this, that and the other thing, and above all, quite popular with the members. Really, he himself was of the opinion that under the circumstances of the case, the boys ought to be proud of the chance—and more of the like sort. It struck me that this was putting it on a little thick, too much so for it to be genuine metal, and resolved in my own mind to be a little careful. I was confirmed in this course when I learned that the only reason for the existence of the organization, in Mike's opinion, at least, was that bad man, the proprietor of the foundry—a person whom I regarded as quite an essential factor in my economic arrangements, and from whom I have received nothing but kind words and prompt pay. I finally told Mike that I would leave the matter in his hands, but that I must have definite information in regard to the objects, together with the means to be employed for their attainment before I could unite with any organization whatever.

"Up to this time," said I, "I belong to but one organization, the state, and all my endeavors are directed to understand its meaning, the duties which it imposes and how to conform my conduct to them. If you will get me the constitution and by-laws

of the union I will examine them, and if they contain or require nothing that conflicts with my duty as a citizen, I will be ready to join, at any time that I am qualified, or I will act in harmony with them, to the furtherance of any interest that may be thought worthy, though not as yet a member."

This seemed satisfactory. He promised to get me the documents which I had requested, and we went on with our work.

Found, in shaking out, several of my flasks injured by what seemed to be loose sand. Asked the Doctor about it and he told me that it was owing to the sand being too old, and kindly showed me how much new sand to add to the pile, in order to give it the necessary ad. or cohesiveness.

June 9, 1856.

A fine day. Sand worked well and I had a complete job. Not a scrap of scrap, which seemed to please the foreman as much as it pleased me myself. At noon I had a visit from Jake, who spoke to me, accidentally of course, upon the same subject that Mike broached yesterday. He thought what fine times the boys would have at the meetings after I became a member. They would have somebody that could make a speech with the best of them, and so on, more on the same text. I have learned since that the union is quite strong in the shop; that it started among the whisky-soaks, the improvident hand-to-mouth fellows and has gradually extended, until quite respectable workmen, like Mike and Jake were roped into the ranks; that they were now used as decoys, and the probability was that the shop would fall under their control.

June 10, 1856.

My job runs itself. It requires no further attention, but hard work. The foreman promised sometime ago to substitute skillets for griddles as soon as I might be ready, so I told him today that I would take a dollar's worth, or as many as were convenient. The same amount of labor on skillets will bring me more money, as it requires more skill to run the job. He told me: "Yes, I will have them put on this evening"—and I thanked him.

"Doctor," said he, "your cub, if he keeps on will soon run No. 8 fronts, the old pattern."

"He has brass enough to undertake it now, if you pay him, so that he can make wages on them," said the Doctor.

I learned that the pattern in question was a very difficult one to run, on account of its lightness, but I went with him to look at it; and he told me that he regarded the pattern good for nothing.

"Not because it is too light," said he, "but it is uneven; why I can feel it," sliding the pattern up and down between his finger and thumb. "But I can not make those fellows acknowledge that it is a botch."

"I will soon find that out beyond cavil!"

"How?"

"Just wait a moment," and I stepped over to my tool box and got the calipers. With them I located

the exact spot and the difference of the thickness in question. He looked at the little implement, asked its name and then told me that I had done him a service.

"I always have trouble with my pattern makers, molders and finishers. Whenever they make a botch they swear that the fault is not in the pattern, but in the molder. No matter how clearly I am convinced that the pattern is uneven, they will stick to it that it is perfect. Let me see—have you ever seen one larger than this, large enough to test a bottom plate with, I mean."

"You can find them of all sizes, but if they have none large enough in store, we can make one, or you can order one from the factory."

"How did you happen to bring this thing with you to the shop?"

"One of my No. 10 patterns did not run to suit me; and after I had tried everything the Doctor suggested, I concluded the fault lay in the pattern; and as I could not detect any inequality with my fingers, I thought of the calipers. I found upon trial that the pattern was heavy on one side and of course it did not run well on the other. But after treating the heavy side to a dose of emery paper, it runs all right."

"Did you tell anybody about it?" he asked.

"No. I supposed every molder knew how to determine and remedy so simple a defect in his pattern and of course did not want to expose my ignorance."

"Henry, the molder has nothing to do with the pattern, but to use it as it is furnished him. We pay extravagant prices to a set of lazy, thriftless scamps to make, mold and finish these patterns; and when we find fault with their work, they insult us for opening our mouths. I have more trouble with them than with all the molders and laborers in the shop put together, and all because, while I know what I want, I do not know how to make it myself, am at their mercy, and they know it. But just let them try to impose upon me now."

"Please don't say anything about it to any one. I want to get even with those fellows."

Of course I promised.

June 11, 1856.

Rushed my griddles, but worked more slowly on the skillets. It took me nearly until pouring-off time to put up the floor, and I had no chance for rest during the noon hour. Still the cup of coffee helped me through, without any feeling of over-fatigue. Lost but one skillet, and a three dollars and a half job was housed. Told the foreman after pouring off that if it suited him I would commence Monday with skillets alone. He promised to have them put on and the remaining griddles removed.

"How did you find the skillet patterns—all right?"

"Yes, I think so, but I have not tested them as yet, thoroughly."

June 12, 1856.

A clean job, with some rest at dinner. Foreman

asked me to call at his office when through. Found him alone with the pattern for the bottom plate of No. 6 cooking stove upon his table.

"Now Henry," said he—"I want you to show me how to use this thing so that I can demonstrate any unevenness in this pattern, if there is any, and also where it is."

"Have you any tallow? Beef or any kind will do."

"No, but I can get some."

"Get it and give the pattern a light coating of it. When the grease has cooled, rule off the surface into inch squares, with a sharp stick or blind pencil. Then pass the calipers over these lines both ways, being careful to keep the lower limb pressed against the bottom of the plate. Of course, if the instrument is set for the heaviest parts of the plate, when it comes to a light or thin spot, the upper limb will not touch the plate and will leave the lines drawn in the grease untouched, but upon every other part it will wipe them out. This will show the extent of the defect and its locality."

"That is capital," said he. "Tomorrow evening I will have everything ready for you and we will give it a trial." June 13, 1856.

Treated the plate as I had indicated, and found upon applying the instrument that it had a thin place, oblong in shape, extending more than three inches in one direction and something over two in the other. One end of this defect was located within an inch of one of the gates, the place where the iron is poured in, and therefore a very serious defect, as it would act as an obstruction to the flow of the metal. Upon testing further I found that this space was to an appreciable degree below the standard thickness of the plate, thus precluding the possibility of obtaining uniformity by reducing the thickness of the heaviest portion. I therefore declared the pattern worthless. When I got through, he reached into a closet, brought out a casting and placed it upon the top of the pattern. I recognized at once that the casting had been made of the pattern we had examined, and was not surprised to find a hole in it, corresponding in size and shape to the thin place revealed in the pattern by the instrument. He took a blind pencil and drew the outlines of the hole in the casting upon the greasy surface beneath; then removing the casting, he compared the lines thus drawn with the ones ascertained before and found that they did not vary a quarter of an inch at any one point.

"That will do, Henry," said he. "I have had more trouble with that worthless botch than I can tell. It came very near costing me the good opinion of my employer. You see it is difficult to get good pattern-makers out here in the West, and we have to put up with almost anything. It has been a perfect dread to me whenever a new stove was talked of. The worry with the new patterns is unendurable. And it makes no difference how careful I am to put them into the hands of the best man, there is always a dispute as to who is in fault—for it never happens

but what some of the pieces are botched. Don't say anything about this and come in here Monday evening, when you get through."

Sunday, June 14, 1856.

Ate dinner with Miss Elizabeth Robertson. Reported my week's work and had a pleasant time. In the course of our talk she asked me how I proposed to spend the Fourth of July.

"In my room—reading, I suppose."

"How would you like to go with a small party of friends into the country?"

"That would be capital, provided I had the selection of the friends."

"But would you not leave that to me?"

"On condition."

"And that is?"

"That you will not forget to select yourself, and for the rest, the smaller the party the better."

She then explained to me that she had a friend who had recently married; that her husband owned furniture wagons, had teams and outfit himself for the excursion, and had invited her to get up a party for the occasion.

"It consists," said she, "of yourself, Mr. Lemberg and his wife, my brother John, sister Mary and myself."

"But why do you put the whole crowd between us, between you and me?"

"Don't you see? I do that to be near you! Just try it and sit in a circle. First, there is yourself, then Mr. Lemberg, then Mrs. Lemberg, then John and Mary, and then, right beside you, myself."

"Under such circumstances I will go, but you must remember and keep your place during the trip."

"Why, Henry, every lady knows how to keep her place, don't you know?" And so the banter ran. I am going to be of the party, but the place where we will go has not as yet been selected.

Today I examined the result of an experiment which I started some weeks ago. In reading Aristotle last winter, I came across his definition of 'organic nature,' and determined to see whether it would coincide with experience. To test this I took as spring approached a cigar box and filled it with mold, in which I planted an acorn, a hickory nut and some seeds of the sugar maple. I have watered and nursed the box carefully in the sunlight for the last month, and this morning I found three of the plants up, in recognizable size—an oak, a maple and hickory nut tree.

The external conditions under which these three plants were produced are the same. It is the same earth, the same moisture, the same temperature and the same sunlight, supplied to these plants at the same time, to the same amount or degree. Still the acorn produces from these, or under these conditions, an oak, the sap of which is astringent, sour. The maple seed from the same conditions produces a maple, the sap of which is sweet; and the hickory nut, a hickory tree, with a sap different from either, and with a foliage highly aromatic, while neither

oak leaf nor maple possesses any aroma whatever. They are specifically different, the one from the other, and yet are produced from or under the same conditions. All the conditions are identical, except the seeds. The seeds are different, and it is this difference in the seed to which alone I can look as the source of the difference in the results. It is the acorn which possesses the power to select the elements which it elaborates into the oak, from the same cubic foot of ground from which the maple seed selects the elements, under the same conditions of light, temperature and moisture, which it elaborates into the sugar-maple. It selects, it, the acorn, the seed selects, takes and rejects—selects what suits its purpose, and that purpose is the organization of the oak, the tree. It selects, appropriates and rejects, and thus organizes this purpose, this ideality into a reality. It is this purpose that guides the selection, superintends the organization, and thus antedates, precedes itself as oak, or tree, in the ideal form of purpose, as acorn or seed.

But this corresponds with the definition that the organic is a condition of being that is before it exists—self end, self perpetuation—in which product and producer are identical. The oak resumes itself into ideality as acorn, and thus realizes itself into existence as the oak. It also explains the transmission of characteristics from parent to offspring, in the higher sphere, the sphere of animal life. There it has been observed as a fact that well defined characteristics, both physical and mental, of the male parent reappear in the offspring; and that, too, under conditions which preclude the possibility of an ideal communication of them through the psychological organization of the female parent, as in cases where color of hair and other external characteristics, that depend for their appreciation upon sight, are transmitted where the mother is blind; and mental characteristics, where the two parents are total strangers, and never meet after the transmission of the germ from the one to the other.

Under the view of Aristotle, which is but an accurate expression of the result of the experiment in hand, this germ, the spermatozoon, is the ideal embodiment of the individual to be developed. It builds and superintends the building of its own reality, its physical body. It is before it exists. It selects, appropriates and rejects the elements supplied by the female organization, the nurse, in such proportion and manner as it requires for its purpose, subjects them to that purpose, and that purpose is itself—its own existence as a reality. There is no mystery, then, in the fact that well-defined individual characteristics reappear in the offspring, notwithstanding all physical avenues of transmission between parent and child are closed, outside of the ideal resumption of the individual, outside of the spermatozoon, the germ itself. I was right then when I thought that the need of nature is ideality. To it she subjects everything. But does she reach it? In life she becomes internal, exists for herself. But still there

is externality present, even the germ, in the sphere of life, is extant, spacial. Its ideality is not perfect; this is reached alone in consciousness. Here the shibboleth of nature—that no two objects shall occupy the same space at the same time—vanishes and with it true ideality is born, true ideality, which comprehends all, time and space included, all together and itself.

As such all it looks at itself in consciousness, is its own mirror, and in the act of looking begets what it looks at. What else is there to look at? The all is the all. Whence does it come? It is the all; for it there is no becoming. It itself is the becoming out of ideality into reality, and out of reality into ideality, as prefigured even by the oak and maple, but realized only in the spirit of man.

June 15, 1856.

A pretty stiff pull. Commenced at four o'clock this morning and by slow but steady work filled the floor by half-past one. This gave me three-quarters of an hour's rest before the iron was ready, and when I shook out, without scrap, I forgot that I was tired, for it is a four and a half-dollar job, as I told the foreman, when I met him in the office—as he had requested me to do, on Saturday evening. But when he answered by handing me a check for one hundred dollars, signed by Mr. F——, the proprietor, for services rendered the foreman in connection with pattern inspection, as he expressed it, I fairly forgot the hard day's work and honestly believe I could have done it over again.

"I explained the whole thing," said the foreman, "to Mr. F——, and showed him the ingenious manner in which you made the examination record itself upon the pattern. He looked it over and remarked: 'This is a service that we can not accept for nothing,' drew a check and asked me to hand it to you, with his best wishes for your future success."

I thanked and told him that I had not thought of any pay for the little trick. "But if Mr. F—— finds it of value," I said, "it is not for me to depreciate it, any more than to depreciate my work upon the floor of the shop."

I then asked him permission to take one of the bad patterns over to my room, as the thought had suggested itself to me that I might perhaps find some way of making them serviceable, with a very small outlay.

"Certainly, Henry, I will send this one over, if you like."

I told him I would prefer the No. 8 front, as being smaller, and would take it with me myself, so as not to attract any unnecessary attention.

"Whichever you like," said he, "and if you succeed you can make money out of it. But how is it possible to bring the pattern to a uniform thickness when the thin spot is below the standard, and you can not work the balance down without rendering the whole pattern worthless?"

"From what little I know of chemistry, Mr. W——, I think it likely that I will be able to find a sub-

stance that can be applied in a fluid or semifluid state, some such way as we apply paint, or varnish, and that upon drying or hardening will possess all the rigidity of iron itself. With such a substance I will bring the thin spot up to the standard and the plate to the uniform thickness required. I think I will be able to do this in such a manner as to render the pattern serviceable and satisfactory."

"If you do, Henry, you keep the matter to yourself. There is money in it, and you know everybody is not as just and liberal as Mr. F——. Most men think it no wrong to avail themselves of the products of another man's mind, without as much as even a 'thank you,' when they would consider it robbery to take the products of his labor without pay."

I thanked him again and bade him good-night. The truth is I am tired. The check and the success with my new job on the floor have wiped the fatigue from my mind, but my sinews and muscles are tired nevertheless.

June 16, 1856.

Put up my job with more ease, but it is a stiff day's work yet; fully as much as even I care about standing up to. Hired a man to cut my sand, in order to get time to go up to the real estate office to pay one of my notes. Got off three dollars for cash and asked him how much he would take off the other, the two-year note, if I paid it within a month from today. He offered to take off six dollars, but finally agreed to take off nine. If nothing happens it will be paid within that time, for I learned today from Mr. W—— that the shop will run until the first day of August. I also paid Doc. Hall his twenty-five dollars and am ahead of my obligations a full year. Had a talk with Mike about the documents he promised me. He finds it difficult to get hold of them—so he told me.

"No hurry, take your time," said I. Feel remarkably fresh tonight. It must be that sand cutting which I shirked. If the man does it well, I will hire him by the week. I think it will pay.

In my reading I finished the annual review of the "Illiad." How strange that every instance of creative activity, whether of intellect or of will, is regarded as divine by the poet. Not a resolution is formed or plan of action is conceived but a god steps in, either to suggest, approve or control. This gives to the poem the air of having a double action—of deriving its motive power from two distinct sources, one human and the other divine. No wonder the philosophers who lived after and learned of Socrates that the creative power, so far as it relates to human affairs, resides in man—that man is this double in one, the creative and receptive—the receptive by which he takes up the external within him, into his own ideality; the creative, bodying forth that ideality, fraught with his purpose, into reality—no wonder that these men should stand antagonistic to Homer. This is especially the

case with Plato, who excludes the book from his "Republic," that is, rejects it as a source of culture.

But the "Republic" of Plato itself has remained a dream, or rather was superseded by the culture of man when it was written. For it is a perfect embodiment of the then existing institutional life of Greece, which had already given birth, in the conviction of Socrates, to the principle of individual freedom, which was to supersede it upon the stage of action. That Plato, as the immediate disciple of Socrates, and the disciple, too, who elaborated the conviction of the master out of its impure form—that the demon is within man—into the clearness of thought, up to the very objectivity of the idea itself—that he should be antagonistic to the externality of Homer is but natural. But that he failed to recognize the perennial content in these poems can only be attributed to the fact that he himself failed of the self-determination of the idea—as Aristotle charges—and failing of that he failed to recognize the thought embodied because of the form.

Alexander is reported as having carried the "Iliad" with him in his expeditions, borne in a casket richly jeweled. This high appreciation by the great pupil of Aristotle, not disciple, but pupil, whose whole character had been developed under the immediate care of that philosopher, of a book rejected by Plato, cannot be regarded as accidental, but finds its explanation in the higher principle and the greater self-reliance to which thought had matured. With self-determination as the ultimate principle of the universe, thought has arrived at totality, and therefore at true objective internality, and not merely the subjective internality that predicates concerning an external. Thought is what is—the perennial, the eternal, and every determination thereof embodies or prefigures this, its nature. It is the internal for which the external is evanescent. It plays with form, for it itself is the substance, and the one substance in and of all forms.

Plato does not arrive at self-determination and therefore fails of true internality. He arrives at the idea by negation—all else is insufficient before the tribunal within; but the law under which the "all else" becomes is not revealed. He does battle for the supremacy of this tribunal—all externality is naught—but writes the "Republic," where this tribunal is carefully closed to the public at large. He starts with the supremacy of conviction and ends with a state that rests upon the assumption that conviction is naught and external authority the only salvation. He systematizes the externality of Homer into a perfect state and exiles Homer from its jurisdiction. Himself master of poetic form, with a distinct consciousness of its relativity, he fails to generalize this knowledge beyond his own case, takes the language of the imagination for the language of thought, and finds that the poet speaks unbecomingly of the Divine.

If the poet says that Jupiter sent a lying dream or vision to Agamemnon to induce that general to

go to battle, that makes Jupiter the author of a lie, and of all the slaughter that follows, provided we take this poetic statement for literal prose. But if we realize for ourselves the condition of the army, and see the commander-in-chief in the dilemma into which his own conduct had betrayed him—either to fight, or see his army destroyed by dry rot—and then say that his ambition to maintain himself in his position as commander-in-chief, without laying aside the petty tyrant, led him to the fatal conclusion to fight in order to divert the minds of the army from his own misconduct—there is nothing objectionable in the statement, and yet sovereign power, supreme authority and the lust for it, was the inspirer of the lie—that he could conquer with a disorganized, dispirited army, whose best fighters were sulking in their tents—and that is all the poet says, but he says it as a poet.

Again, if we listen to Juno, when she reproaches her high spouse with conduct derogatory to her—to her, high born no less than himself—sister and spouse of the highest, who has swept Greece from side to side, her steeds foaming with lathers of sweat, to gather this army together, in order to wreak vengeance upon the polygamous wretches, the polluters, the very robbers of the sacred hearth—the family hearth, her own one specially in this universe—the scene may fail to inspire us at first glance with that divine harmony, so fondly dreamed of, as prevailing in the upper spheres. But if we subpoena the fact before us that we have here the two institutions, supreme authority, sovereignty and the family face to face, that the latter claims co-ordinate rank, both by virtue of origin and by virtue of the function which it performs—the army is her product, pre-ordinate or subordinate; then, if we arrive at the conclusion that after all, however important the family and its claim of co-ordinate rank may be, it is obvious that before it can wreak vengeance upon its desecrators, obtain assured existence for itself in this world of reality, it must have not merely a crowd to swear allegiance to it, but the crowd must be organized into an army, and that requires a commander, a true sovereign man, in fact, and not a petty tyrant, who mistakes caprice, his particular will and purpose, for the general will and purpose, we see that we made a mistake, in fact—misled no doubt by the grace of the pleader, the splendor of the eye, etc.—when we assented to the proposition that she produced the army. She, Juno, the family produced the crowd, the many, and there her function ended. To transform that crowd into an army requires a general purpose, not merely in an inchoate, vague, unconscious form, that may or may not be present in the minds of the crowd, but in an out-spoken, clear, definite embodiment in a will that wills it, not itself, but it, this general purpose. From this new center the organization proceeds that transforms the crowd into an army, and this once in hand, let desecrators beware. Let the desecrators of the family hearth beware; not merely of the family hearth, but any and all desecrators, of hearth, field,

meadow, barn, stable and cornerib—the family hearth, with all that maintains its sacred fires. Let them beware; their Hectors shall bite the dust.

I say if we come to this conclusion, the poet does no more. We only translate his poetry into our prose, his Olympus into our homesteads, with Mercury and every attendant bodily present. Nay, my very craft, with its soot and grime hastily wiped away—see, was it not there, a little awkward to be sure, but of the company of the immortals? And has it not proved this its immortality up to date?

Of course, in the Platonic "Republic," where there is neither husband nor wife, neither parent nor child, there is no family hearth, no craft to feed its sacred fires. There no debate can arise such as Homer saw and form such a republic; he is rightly exiled. What could such a republic learn from Homer, or from any one? It was perfect, lacking only one thing—inhabitants! But a republic without inhabitants needs no book.

With Homer the poet, the inner, the ideality, determines itself. What then? Through this determination the internal becomes external, the pure ideality reality. But this reality is itself ideal, and externality of form merely. It dwells on Olympus—the middle region, conceptive thought—midway between the pure ideality of thought and the world of reality. To reach the latter its externality must be reinternalized into the pure ideality of thought, and through it be born again before it obtains the reality which we call family and state. The first determination of ideality we name imagination, fancy, and the like—the creative Muse of the poet, not the conscious man. The second is reason, self-conscious intelligence, which reinternalizes the external, comprehends the process and thus co-ordinates and subordinates the parts of the whole into members of an articulate totality. The first birth is with the poet; the second, with the man of thought and action. This is the process which eventuates in a world of mediation and implements, through which the individual becomes general, individuality becomes universality without ceasing to be individual. It was the becoming of this world of mediation that Homer saw and sang; and for man no higher song can be sung. Jupiter and Juno have passed away, but authority supreme, the head of the state, and motherhood, the head of the family, remain and will remain as long as Plato's "Republic" remains without inhabitants. They remain and today hold in the hollow of their hands the resources of the human race.

June 17, 1856.

My job went on nicely—but somehow I could not get rid of Homer. Vulcan, maker of implements, was with me all day, until he was suppressed by the apparition of a man—Mr. Jochen Hanse-Peter, who used to work for my father when I was a boy at home. Some ten years ago I sent him a ticket that brought him across the Atlantic; but I had neither met nor heard from him since he landed upon these

shores. He had learned recently from one of my shop-mates, whom it appears he furnishes with potatoes and other farm products, that a man of my name worked in the foundry, and came to see whether I was the very man whom he had expected to greet before any other when he landed in a strange country, or whether his disappointment, still remarkably vivid before his mind, was to continue indefinitely.

After he had looked at me for some time from the end of the floor with great attentiveness he turned away, but was startled, almost beyond self-control, when he heard my voice calling him by name. He turned back, rushed up to me and stood shaking my hand without uttering a word. Finally he said: "Henry, is this you or is it not?"

I told him: "Yes, Jochen, it is I; but I have grown from a boy to a man, while you have remained as you were when you carried my bundle for me a whole day and half a night's journey on my way to Bremen, when I left home."

He then explained what it was that startled him so on hearing my voice.

"I recognized it as your father's voice, Henry, and I knew that he is dead, and that affected me a kind of queerly."

Well, we had a happy half hour, but of course I had to break off to get through with my job. He left and returned at five o'clock, as I told him I would be through with my day's work by that time. He then came up with me to my room. When we got here he handed out a handful of money, put it on the table and told me to pay myself for the ticket which I sent him ten years ago. After quarreling for an hour or so over the amount due me, he resigned himself to the payment of fifty dollars, the principal, with six per cent simple interest. According to his idea it would not have been out of the way if I had taken half of his farm.

"Didn't I make it all because you helped me? What would I have had now at home—not that? (Passing his open right hand over the open palm of his left, with a quick outward motion.)

"What would, what could I have had? Not that! And today I have my four horses; yes, and two stallions at that, in my own stable, with plenty of land to work them on. I have cows, hogs, sheep, goats, geese, turkeys, chickens, ducks—my own house, home and farm, and all paid for. No, Henry, you must let me do something, too!"

And so it went.

"What would Feeka say if I didn't do something. She knows it. She never saw you, but she knows. I told her. A hundred times we have talked about it. If we could just see you once at our home; to show you our boy, that we had christened Henry Conrad, after you; and our little girl, whom we had christened Henrietta, because they told me that is the she for Henry."

To stop him I promised to come and see him at his home.

"I only live a cat's jump from town," he broke out anew, "over in the bottom. I come into town in the morning with my load, and after I have sold out I am home again at night. You see I married Duestering's Feeken eight years ago, coming fourth of July. She had some land from her father and I had the work in me to make the land into a farm. Then I bought a piece that lay along side, and there is another forty adjoining that looks mighty handy. But then, unhatched chickens require no coop—as your father used to say. 'Tis time enough to holler big red apples when you have them in your basket, as he used to say."

And so it poured, a gushing stream, and would have kept on until morning, but the fatigues of the day became master of the situation, in spite of the fluency of friend Jochen.

June 18, 1856.

The trick of hiring my sand cut at night has a remarkable effect upon the feeling of exhaustion that used to plague me for an hour or two after my day's work was done. I am as fresh almost in the evening as I was in the morning. The twenty-five cents a day, or one dollar and a half a week, is well spent, or rather not earned. The man does it as over-work. He is what they call a "bugger-lugger" around the shop; collects scraps, keeps the gangways clean, swept, sprinkled, brings flasks, follows boards, or clamps to the floors and does such like jobs, for which he gets paid by the week. After the bell rings at 6 p. m. his time is his own and he uses it to increase his earnings. He does his work well, and it is a greater relief to me than the amount of labor involved would indicate. But I suppose it acts something like the last straw in the camel story.

Received a letter from Mr. McIntosh today and answered him that the shop will shut down on August 1. Had another call from Jochen. He has discovered that I can go home with him at night on his wagon and come back in the morning in the same way, without expense or loss of time.

"You see, I leave home in the morning with cock-crow and am on the ferry with the first peep of day. It gives me a much better chance to sell and more time to make bargains. Feeka sends her best regards and said I must tell you to come, and Henry and Henrietta told me to bring uncle home. Now you get ready, sonny, and I will call around with the wagon by 5 o'clock."

I begged off until tomorrow evening.

June 19, 1856.

After changing my clothes I found Jochen at the door with his wagon, prompt as clock-work. He expressed surprise at the change in my appearance.

"Now, sonny, that is something like! That is the way I expected to see you look all the time. Confound that soot-hole. Well, well, clothes make the man! Ha, Feeka will make eyes when we get home."

And so he ran on until we reached the other side of the river. This we did on a powerful ferry-boat,

that carried some thirty or forty other teams—a string that reached a quarter of a mile ahead of us, on the other side, apparently. As we passed a saloon he said:

"See, sonny! Yes, of right I ought to treat, but, I don't know. You see, I promised Feeka that I will never go inside of one of those places. But if you will go in and order what you want and let them bring it out here, we will take a good stiff horn—just because I feel like it."

I explained to him that I approved of his wife's advice; that I never went into a place of that kind myself unless it was on some other business than to take a drink.

"You are not one of them temperance fellows, are you, Henry?"

"Of course not, Jochen. I eat and drink what and when I please, of such food and drink as I find by experience agrees with me and that I can afford. But it happens that I never feel better than when I am perfectly at myself, when I have my whole mind about me, and liquor of any kind seems to interfere with that. I can find no use for it in my own case; with others it may be different; and so I attend to my own appetite."

So we did not stop, but kept on at a brisk trot, and soon got beyond the last houses of the village, called East St. Louis. When we had got quite beyond it, we struck the Eastern shore of a lake which was covered with a fringe of willows, a brash or brittle kind, not of any use for wicker work; but their green foliage gave the smooth water, which now and then gleamed through some openings, a very inviting appearance. We had not driven over fifteen minutes, our course almost due North, when we came to some scattering houses, straggling along the road, which make up, as he told me, the Canteen Village. And, sure enough, almost every house was a canteen, or a place where such might be filled. I counted at least three of them in less than so many miles drive, strung along the road. There was a "Three-mile House," a "Four-mile House," a "Five-mile House," all of which we passed, and ahead of us was another, the "Six-mile House." It is an old French settlement. Each house has an acre or two of ground attached, cultivated in garden truck, as garden products are called, by the women folks, while the men are employed chiefly in fishing and hunting. I thought I observed a difference between the physical appearance of the men and the women. Such as I saw of the latter were robust, healthy, and many of them advanced in years—one very old; while the former were of inferior stature, of sallow complexion, with a dried up appearance—old beyond their years. I asked Jochen about it, but he only knew that it was the general belief in his settlement that French women never die and that the men do. He was of the opinion that it was because the men lived mostly on frogs in the summer time.

"And it stands to reason," said he, "that men who lay around the sloughs all night and live on the

sloughsquakers in the day-time can't be healthy!"

The question is of interest. These people are the oldest white inhabitants of the valley; they are almost acclimated. The present is the fifth or sixth generation, if not the seventh or eighth. They may be regarded as the product of the climate, and there is certainly a very large proportion of old, very old people here, to the aggregate of population. Then the difference between the sexes—should this be attributable perhaps to the difference of occupation, the different degrees of intensity of the camp air to which the two sexes are exposed?

While reflecting on this and putting it by for future examination, we had turned at right angles to our first course and were in sight of a great number of mounds, Indian mounds, as they are called; but when we came near to what is known as Big Cahokia or Monks' Mound—the latter from the fact that the monks of Cahokia at one time took possession and built a house on the top of it—the general name "Indian Mounds," for these remains, began to look suspicious. To attribute a work of the dimensions of the big mound—it is nine hundred feet square, ninety-seven feet high, with an area of seven acres "of the best land in the world" on the top—according to Jochen—to attribute such a work to a people who "roam the forest and prairie and live by the chase," as we are told of the Indian, is, to say the least, very thoughtless. Where is the industry, necessarily implied in such a work, to be found among such people? Where the motive to combine hundreds and thousands for its execution? Nor does it stand alone.

"There are fifty-two that you can count, in sight, when you sit on the top of the big fellow and look South. some of them almost as large as that one itself, and many more scattered to the East, West and North, that I have never counted. My house stands on one of them," said Jochen.

And in fact we passed them on every hand; some, of little elevations were ploughed over; others serve as building sites for houses, and still others were planted with fruit trees. In the meantime, we again turned into our former course, crossed a small creek, upon a substantial bridge, which Jochen told me he had built himself, and, after pulling up a sharp rise, he said, his face beaming with satisfaction:

"That is my house!"

Sure enough, there were Henry and Henrietta, tumbling from the terrace down the steps, in hot haste, their flaxen hair streaming out, each to reach the gate first, to open it for "Pa-pa." And when we drove up, Henrietta preferred her complaint that Henry ran too fast and beat her, because she was little—but as her blue eyes alighted on mine they seemed to grow larger, and she hid them with her whole face in her father's rough beard, as he stooped down to kiss her. Then she twined her little arms around his neck and clung to him, while Henry had already got hold of the lines. After I got down, the boy, a lad of seven years, started the team and drove off

while his father and I entered through the gate, opened by the children, the front yard very neatly set with blue-grass. A short distance from the gate we ascended a terrace, in the center of which the house stood, by neat stone steps, six in number; walked across a strip of green sward, some twenty feet wide, and stepped on the porch. Here we were met by the lady of the house, who greeted Jochen, to whom Henrietta was still clinging, with "Good evening, Jochen! Have you got back?" "Yes Feeka, God be thanked; and see, I brought you Henry! See, that is Henry!"

The lady gave me her hand, and with a kindly voice said:

"I am very glad you have come to see us. My husband has told me so much about you, and when he found you the other day, he came home so happy! Come in! He has hardly slept since, and what is worse, he wouldn't let anybody else sleep," she said, with a kind of good-natured look of half reproach at Jochen.

"Come in and take a seat," she added, showing us to a couple of large split-bottom arm-chairs that stood upon the inner porch, as the space may be called, that separates the two rooms, of which the old double log cabin, of frontier design, consists—where I found a friendly breeze. The house faces South, a two-story frame, or rather a two-story double log cabin, the outside of which has been covered with weather boards and the inside with ceiling plank, the whole painted white, doors, casings, windows, frames and sash green. A roomy porch extends around the entire front of the house and makes it a very comfortable, if not showy home, for both winter and summer, for the northern side of the open space between the two lower rooms, called the inner porch, is boarded with a large door in the center, which being opened in the summer, admits a free draft of air, and shut in winter, it excludes the cold.

We hardly had been seated long enough for Henrietta to explore papa's pockets for possible trinkets, or bits of candies, and I had just made the discovery of a doll that had strayed into a small bundle, which I found on the seat of the wagon, when Jochen was up and insisted on showing me something of his farm before it got dark, as we would not be able to see it in the morning. We started out into the open evening air and I confess, the transition from city to country has something exhilarating, even enticing, especially on a June evening, with nature at her best. Every blade of grass, leaf, twig, flower, instinct with life, yet so silent; while the air is filled with a full chorus of hum of insects and song of birds; even the slough, sluggish and unclean, bursts into vocal strains, with the deep base of the bull frog.

"You hear him?" queried Jochen. "That is our swamp angel. He isn't much on the wing, but on the jump he beats the horse, size for size."

After ascending an elevated spot, the remains of a mound, he pointed out to me the general boundary line and the advantageous location of the farm.

"It is entirely above overflow," said he. "Even the flood of '44, the highest known, only covered some ten acres of my meadow, down yonder, along the creek, and that, Henry, means a good deal. You see, it is in the years of high water that I make money. You know what your father used to say: 'If you have something it is worth nothing, and if you have nothing it is worth something.' See, sonny, when the rest stick in the mud and water, up to their hubs, and can raise nothing, I have the market to myself, and that is the time I make the money. You just ought to see how hungry them fellows get over there," pointing to the city. "That is the time they don't watch the dove; they let go of 'em. From that field yonder," pointing out a beautiful stretch of ground, "that has been potatoes the last six years, I sold in one year close on to four thousand dollars worth of potatoes—Murphys, as some of my neighbors call them. That was the year of the last high water. That keeps, sonny, such a year helps! And this year the river has been up again, not quite high enough; but she has got half of them, and I expect to get a good price for my late crop, as well as I am getting for my earlies. You see, I am still getting a dollar and a quarter a bushel. That pays. I will haul in six hundred dollars worth this month; I mean from the time I began until the same time in July; and that is fair for one team."

I saw that the farm occupied the eastern shore of a lake, or rather a point of land between it and a creek, that comes from a point or two North of East, and discharges into the lake. The farm has the advantage of the immediate shore of the creek on the South, and what formerly was the East shore of the river on the West, both of which, as is usual with out-bearing streams, are considerably higher than the ground farther back. I asked him how many acres he cultivated in potatoes.

"In that field there are fifty-seven acres," said he. "It is my market field. Then I have a patch of some twenty-five acres or more, where I raise what I use at home and what I keep for seed. You see over yonder, that round hill?"

"You mean that Indian mound?"

"Yes; that is my cellar. Some years ago a set of fellows from town came and wanted to dig into the thing, and I told them they might dig and be welcome if they dug as I wanted them to. They agreed, and I made them dig me a cellar. Of course, sonny, they did not know what I was after; but as soon as they had dug clean through the hill a hole big enough to walk through, and they got tired, I set to work with my iron and teams, hauled the earth down into a low place in my meadow—for it is good earth—made the hole round and as large as I wanted it on the inside, banded it up, put a chimney into it from the top, and here as fine a cellar as any you could make in this wet, level ground. It keeps my seed potatoes, those for my own use and those which I have for sale until spring, my garden truck and fruit

during the winter, and in the summer my wife uses it for her milk and butter."

By this time the wagon came past from the field, loaded for morning, and we returned to the house, where we found supper on the table. A meal of substantial plenty, ham, cured as only a Westphalinger knows how to cure ham. This was fried. Potatoes boiled with the skins on; a dish of onions, corn bread, light bread, butter milk, both fresh and sour, sweet milk and coffee.

"You may help yourself," said Mrs. Hanse-Peter, when I had seated myself at her side, as directed. "It is the custom in this country and you must put up with what we have. You know hog-killing time comes around but once a year, and that is the only time we have a chance to see the butcher. It is not like it is in town."

I told her that I thought the difference in the substantial comforts a person had in town or country was not as great as was usually supposed.

"If the country has not the fresh meats of the town, neither has the town the pure milk, fresh butter, fresh eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits of the country. And after all, what are all these what is all that town and country can afford but the raw material of a meal?"

"Hunger is the best cook, as the saying is," broke in Jochem. "Take some of this," and he helped me to a portion of corn bread, which I found of excellent flavor. I asked Mrs. Hanse-Peter how it is prepared.

"It is made with sour milk," she said, "and a little soda, just enough to take up the sour taste of the milk; and I put in as many eggs as are handy."

"That's it, Henry, that's it. I can always tell the price of eggs in town by the color of the bread on my table," said Jochem. "If eggs are five cents or less a dozen, our bread looks yellow and tastes nice, a kind of juicy, rich, like. But when eggs go up to ten cents, the bread begins to look pale and tastes as if they had forgotten to take the bran out of the meal; and they go higher still, about Christmas time, Feeka forgets to put any in at all, unless I should happen to crack some in bringing them from the barn." The latter part of the remark was made while one of his eyes gave a peculiar wink.

"You see, Henry, Feeka has a way of paying her own bill, her own score bill, I mean, for groceries, clothes and the like. She sells eggs and butter the year round, and her turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens at Christmas time. She always makes me put in more corn than I want to. 'Tis the corn and she milks."

I told him that I thought this a most excellent arrangement, that it could not fail of inducing economy on both sides of the house, and would not be without its effect upon the children, both by transgression and early trading.

"As for that, Henry, they own half the cows on the place now, and Henrietta has a calf or two of her

own, too; and as for the ducks and the chickens, they belong to them entirely," said Jochen.

June 19, 1856.

Supper done, Jochen soon was ready to show me to my room. I turned to say 'good night' to Mrs. Hanse-Peter, but she went with us upstairs and when we entered the room, told me that I must consider it as my own. It is the West one and from the window one can see the whole extent of the lake.

"You must consider it as your own, Mr. B——. I will keep it for you, and you must come out with my husband right often and spend Sundays with us. There is good fishing there," pointing to the lake, "at this season of the year, and good hunting in the winter. Jochen says that you used to be very fond of hunting and fishing when you were at home, and you must come out and enjoy it right often," said Mrs. Hanse-Peter.

I promised and bade her 'good night,' but Jochen stayed with me for some time. He struck a new theme, the whereabouts of our neighbors from the old country, who have come here and settled in what are now the counties of Madison, St. Clair, Monroe and Randolph. As he had kept himself fully informed of where each one of them lives, of the births, deaths and marriages, that have occurred among them, especially the degree of prosperity attained by each, the thing threatened to become endless.

"They are all well-to-do and some are getting rich; and there is not one of them but what inquires after you every time they meet me; because it was your letter that brought them here."

"What letter, Jochen?"

"The letter you wrote to me when you sent that ticket. You know, a good many of our people had gone to Indiana, and all of us that wanted to come to America would have gone there, as that was the only place that we had heard of. But in that letter you said that the country in Illinois, around St. Louis, was fully as good as far as the land was concerned; and better for a poor man to get a start in, because it was not covered with such thick woods, to be cleared off, as much of it was prairie; and that the climate was milder and wages for laboring men better. That is what brought us here, and we have heard from our preachers that have been in Indiana that you were right. That country is not as good as this and the people there, our old neighbors, that settled there are not as well off as we are."

But the theme was endless and I had to remind him that we ought to get some sleep, a hint which he took in perfectly good part and bade me "good night."

June 20, 1856.

This morning before the break of day I heard the rattling of trace chains under my window and on looking out into the clear star-light night, I saw that the horses were being hitched up to the wagon. A moment later and heavy steps came up the stairs

to my door. Jochen called and was surprised to find me up. At the foot of the stairs we were met by Mrs. H.-P., who handed us a cup of coffee, with the remark that she did not like for Jochen to go into the night air with an empty stomach. A few minutes more and we were in our seats. I found the coffee to have quite an agreeable effect; the air was cool and a blanket wrapped around our knees was comfortable. The low temperature in this neighborhood at night must be due to the strong evaporation that takes place, and is always present, I have observed it in localities deemed unhealthy on account of malaria. During our drive in, I caught Jochen more than once nodding, but the horses seemed to understand the situation. They knew every crook and turn in the road to be met, and every deep rut to be avoided. They plodded along at a steady, even pace and in an hour we had reached the first houses of East St. Louis, with Jochen wide awake. With fair daylight we reached the ferry in time for the first boat, and in three-quarters of an hour more I bade Jochen 'good-bye' at his usual place in the market. I went to breakfast and was in the shop in good time to put up my job without much inconvenience on account of the trip.

It was a pleasant one, but has awakened within me a world which I supposed had vanished forever. What a marvelous existence—I dare not say "thing"—is the mind of man! Now a blank and now a magic scroll! Now obscure and now all radiance! Now vacancy and now replete with facts, emotions, thoughts! Its length does not lengthen, its breadth broaden, its thickness thicken with addition or acquisition. It is a point without length, breadth or thickness; a point that the waves of all the seas can not cover and the continents of the earth fail to crowd. It is a point infinitely penetrating, itself impenetrable utterly. It gives forth its treasures, but does not diminish itself or its stores. All its possessions it keeps, in endless duplicates—inexhaustible. With free storage for every fact, it is not without its registry, nor does it fail to sort like with like. With great show of interest for something new, it only seeks itself—the reason for it!

June 21, 1856.

Dined with Miss Elizabeth. Told her of my good fortune, that put it in my power to pay my first note on Tuesday last; of the discovery of Jochen, or rather the being discovered by him, with the collection made, which together with my week's earnings set me free of debt.

"I will pay the last note on Tuesday next, and the question is, what then? Shall I buy the adjoining fifty feet, or shall I buy where I can build and be my own landlord?"

I explained to her the advantage that would accrue from owning the adjoining lots, and also my plan of building me a home, as soon as possible. She remarked:

"It seems to me you ought to finish what you have commenced, first, and then start something

else. The lot for your house you have not as yet even selected, and you can buy at any time; but the lots adjoining your property, which have more value to you than to anybody else, may be held higher for that reason if you allow the option to expire without buying."

I appreciated her reasoning and told her that the question did not press for immediate decision, as the option has still over sixty days to run. I then related to her my trip to the country and how enjoyable the change was. This brought up our Fourth of July excursion and she suggested that it might be a nice thing to get permission from Mr. H.-P. to spend the day on his place, upon the banks of the lake, which I had described to her. I assured her there would be no difficulty about that; to make all her arrangements upon the assumption that we had that permission already.

Got back to my room earlier than usual. Vulcan has been with me during all this turmoil of wild recollections. Vulcan, the legitimate offspring of Jupiter and Juno! No bastard, he! Of course, as legitimate son of the family, it is quite natural that he should side with the family in any question that might arise between it and supreme authority, the state. It was, however, no less natural that he should get a lesson—the hobbling gait, the limping foot ought to be reminders, safe-guards against mistakes of that kind occurring in the future. This is important. It is likewise important that he is immortal. Yes, this craft of mine, the making of implements, is not of yesterday. Its origin is celebrated in song and story from the beginning. It is immortal and I participate in it. But I received it from without. True, I did, but man did not. Man created it from within. I am a molder because I am a man, not a man because I am a molder. Man created this craft. The abiding comes from the abiding, and on Caucasus' beetling cliff, the proud Titan, man, refuses submission—refuses to surrender his conviction of freedom, to be wrought out by his own craft. Let the thunders bellow, winds howl, the elements of nature rave; nay, gorge your fill, ye powers of the air, if you will, upon his very vitals! Your supremacy is not the eternal. The eternal is within! Your supremacy is the evanescent, and Jupiter, so far as he claims to be such, the child of a day! Man is the creator of his own implements. Creator, not merely maker! I am a maker of skillets, but the father of the idea originated what was not; he, the originator, creator of the idea, of the ideal that was not; I, the maker of that into reality. Man is both the creator and maker of his implements, from the griddles, skillets and pots to the mighty engine across the way, that scissors plates of steel like ribbons, and punches them with holes as if they were but putty.

Man is the Titan prime evil, antedating the dynasty of Jupiter, and disputing its claim to supreme authority. He is not born of the family, but the family of him. Authority supreme is of him; not he of it;

man, the creator of his world of implements and institutions.

June 22, 1856.

Had a very pleasant day. Put up my job without friction, and find myself in excellent working trim—I mean mentally—on my return to my room. Had a long talk with Mike and Jake about the Molders' Union, but failed to get the constitution and by-laws of the order, and of course know nothing about it, as to its purposes, and whether it is likely to help or to hinder. It looks to me as likely that an institution of that kind, incorporated as an integral member of the political organization of the country, might be of great service; but whether this is possible now, or even desirable, is a question the answer to which requires more detailed information as regards the development of the country than I possess. This much, however, is obvious—that mere abstract areas, or abstract numbers, or even both combined, cannot be the lasting basis of representation in the deliberative bodies, where the different interests of the nation at large are mediated with and through each other. This system of representation was, no doubt, suggested and rendered necessary even at the time when the overshadowing interest, the task we might say, before the nation was to subdue the wilderness, to penetrate and permeate it with the first outlines of civilization, the public highways, the bridges, etc., which made the distribution of energy, of population, possible. But to regard it as a finality, when, the first rude labors done, the nation develops all the functions of modern civilization, for which its dominion presents the fitting arena, and the various interests become conscious with and of their strength, would be no doubt an error.

These outside organizations are premonitory. They indicate that there are interests, desires and purposes shared and entertained by many which are not in fact, or not believed to be, conserved by the government. Furnish them with an arena where they can utter themselves with perfect freedom, where they can show themselves and their demands as rational, and therefore of the highest value to all, or that they are irrational and therefore absurd, and no harm, but good alone, can result to the common weal.

But I must investigate before I can entertain a definite opinion. It is obvious enough, however, that there are large interests being developed from day to day, and interests too of the most vital importance to productive industry, which under the present system will have no representation whatsoever. That such a state of affairs must lead to friction, more or less serious in character, is self-evident from the principles upon which our institutions are founded. Clear it is that the governing hierarchy on Olympus was not complete, to the poetic mind of Homer, at least, without a special, a distinct representation of the different functions of civil society—the agricultural, the mechanical, the manufacturing and the

commercial—the functions of civil society which find their organic unity and guaranty in the state.

June 23, 1856.

Put up a full job and requested the foreman to have the fellow-board and flask which belong to the No. 8 front put upon my floor, as I wanted to test my experiment with the pattern. The truth is, there is no experiment about it. I had no trouble in finding the mastic that I need for the operation, especially as the pattern is not subjected to a variation of temperature, nor yet to a change from dry to wet, when in use. The only difficulty in the trick comes in with the condition, not to change the weight of the casting, or at least, not to increase it. This, of course, is an inevitable result from the additional iron necessary in the pattern to remove the thin spot. I got out of this dilemma by reducing the border, which I found much heavier than the body of the plate, and that, too, in such a way that it will puzzle anyone to discover the change. But I know where it is and what it means. I know that the pattern will run better than any hollow-ware pattern in the shop, and that simply because it has the iron where it is needed.

Had another talk with Jake about the Molders' Union. He undertook to tell me all about it, the purposes and the means to be used to accomplish them, but upon trial found that it was not so easy to do this, as he supposed. He promised to get me the papers.

June 24, 1856.

Had a full job and during the dinner hour I put up the flask of No. 8 fronts, with the doctored pattern, in the presence of the foreman. The result was all that could be desired, as I expected, and also, as I expected, the foreman said nothing until he had the casting cleaned and weighed. It turned out full weight and no more. Then he had the pattern and casting taken over to the office and requested me to come over there as soon as I got through on the floor. I found him examining the pattern with a lens, and told him that a glass with no more power than that would hardly tell any tales on me, as I had finished the job under a magnifying power at least four fold that of the glass in his hand.

"This is most excellent, Henry," said he, "and I don't believe there is a magnifying power in the world that can reveal the patch that you must have put on. I know where it is because I know where the thin place was, but I can not find a trace of it, even with that knowledge to help me. I can not detect it by the sound, either, although there may be ears that can distinguish the difference."

"I doubt it," said I, "but there is a way of detecting it without much difficulty."

"How is that? How do you detect it?" he inquired.

"By washing it off. I have a stuff in my room that will take it off in a very short time, as clean as if the pattern had never been touched," I answered.

"You don't say so! Now tell me, Henry, what will you take for the secret of making that paste?"

"Nothing," said I. "I will doctor every defective pattern you have, or may get in the shop, or will sell you the paste as soon as I can make enough of it, and have discovered some way of disguising it from the spying of the analytic chemist. But the use of it, the successful use, I mean, is not as easy as it may look! You have observed that the casting weighs no more than it did before the pattern was changed."

"That is so, and I wanted to ask you how you contrived to do that—but never mind. I know enough. The pattern was well nigh worthless and it is good, now."

I requested him to excuse me for this evening.

"I have to go up town yet to pay my note. You see, Mr. W——, it is against a rule that I adopted years ago to keep money over night, if I owe a debt that I can pay with it in the evening."

He laughed and said: "A very good rule, an excellent rule, Henry. The debt is certain and the money must be watched, or it is mighty uncertain. You go ahead, I'll excuse you now, and come in here to-morrow evening—we will talk the matter over, further."

June 25, 1856.

Out of debt! The real estate agent offered me ten dollars for the option upon the adjacent fifty feet of ground. That is he said he was authorized by a party to make that offer, but that as for himself he would not give me a snap of his finger for the option, lot and all. I told him that neither was for sale.

"I don't know," said I, "whether I will be willing to pay as much for the lot as you will when the time comes, but for the present I intend to keep what I have bought and paid for."

I could not understand what the fellow was lying about. He offers to pay me money for an object which with the same breath he declares to be worthless. I have since learned that these men do a considerable business in selling property, on the usual terms, as they call it, that is, one-third cash and the balance in one and two years, the deferred payments being secured by deeds of trust. Then if default is made on either payment, they sell and buy in the property. Upon examining the abstract of title that had been furnished to me, I found that this had actually occurred with the property that I bought.

Met the foreman after I shook out a full job. Explained to him that when I told him yesterday I would take nothing for the secret of making the paste, I did not mean to imply that I considered it of such great value as not to be able to put a price upon it.

"I do not so consider it, Mr. W——, and if I did think it of much greater value than what I do, I could not have answered you in that way, as I owe the opportunity of making the combination to your kindness entirely."

"But why do you not consider it of great value?"

"For the reason," I said, "that any chemist can discover the ingredients and the proportion in which they are combined with little or no trouble as soon as he gets a sample of the paste into his possession."

"But we can protect it by patent!"

"Not effectually. There are other substances known to science besides those which I employ, that will answer the same purpose. The thought once suggested, and this is done by the filing of a caveat, there will be no trouble in evading our claim.

"The truth is, Mr. W——, there are men employed by European governments whose special duty it is to watch the applications of scientific results to the industrial arts, to examine and report upon every new process employed to obtain known results and every combination to produce new ones. There is not a new patent issued, or a new product introduced into the commerce of the world anywhere, or from any source, but what is at once subjected to this investigation. Not even a quack nostrum, in the shape of a patent medicine, makes its appearance but the elements of its composition are determined, the cost ascertained and the expense of their incorporation fixed. The information thus obtained is published in Berlin, for example, semi-annually, in book form, in which the leading industries are arranged in alphabetical order. Under the head of each is given what has appeared new in that line since the last publication, together with the opinion as to its practical value and suggestions in regard to further improvements. Here you find husbandry, building, dyeing, tanning, metallurgy and so on through the list. Of course, much of the information contained in these reports is of no present value to us, on account of the difference of the economic conditions that prevail in European countries and here. In metallurgic operations, for example, if your labor costs you ten, fifteen or twenty-five cents a day, you can work an ore and employ methods with a profit that will bankrupt you when you pay two, three and five dollars a day for your labor.

"You see, Mr. W——, how the thing looks to me, and I think the best way will be that we keep the matter to ourselves and use it for the benefit of the shop. Mr. F—— will pay me fairly for every pattern we save from the scrap pile, and also for the saving we may effect in the working of others; for there is not a cook stove put up in the shop but what can be improved in quality and reduced in weight by putting the iron accurately where the use of the stove demands it, and saving it from parts where it is not needed."

"I understand you, Henry," said the foreman, "and I will manage it. I will have a private shop fixed up for you and there you can doctor the botched patterns at your leisure, and when we have the matter in shape I will call in Mr. F—— and show him what we are doing."

June 26, 1856.

A fine day's work. Had a talk with Mike and Jake upon the old subject, the union, which seems to ab-

sorb all their mental activity that is not employed in directing their labor. Yet they know nothing about it as an organization of rational beings. They have, or seem to have, a blind faith that it will be of help to them in obtaining more pay for their work, and in some way ameliorate their condition generally. When I listen to them awhile and then reflect what life means to them, that their craft is the source of their living, the one thing that does not fail them, the one thing that they have to look to, to trust, to rely upon, for their very means or existence, I can measurably understand their faith. Of the relation of their craft to the productive industry of the world as a whole, they know nothing; of the reciprocal interdependence of that industry, each craft or function upon all, and all upon each, they know nothing; of the guarantee by government of justice alike for all and each, which as an invisible spirit permeates, creates and maintains the whole from day to day, they know nothing. Their horizon is shut in by the walls of their shop. Their only outlook beyond is another shop—their craft. I can not wonder at their faith!

But, ought not this faith to be utilized? Is it not the natural avenue to their conviction? To the free-man justice alone is not sufficient; he must also know, must be convinced that he receives justice. The road to this knowledge and conviction runs through this faith in his craft, for the artisan and the man produced by that craft.

We say to the districts, counties, states, "Send us your representative, that we may have counsel together of what is wisest and best for us as a people; that we may see the paths of justice, for they are the paths of peace and universal well-being." He comes. Whom does he represent? He represents a district, an abstraction. But what does this abstraction contain? It contains the agriculturalist, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the merchant, the miner, the banker, as it may happen. But these interests are conflicting, or are believed to be. How is the representative to retain the confidence of all, when each believes that he has favored the other at his particular expense? How is he to retain their confidence, so that they may see through him their individual interests harmonized with the general interest, their individual purpose with the general purpose—themselves as vital articulated members of the organic whole, the nation? "He! He is a pretty fellow! Sold us out at the first bid! Well, it's the last time!"

Another representative is found, to represent a column, plus and minus sign added together. Another is found to drive the cart, with one horse hitched in the shafts, another to the tail-board and one to each of the two wheels. He mounts with considerable flourish of whiplash and toot of horn, as if a real postilion. But the cart does not move. He represents nothing—an abstraction, a district, with so and so many inhabitants, with interests as diverse as plus and minus signs in arithmetic; with

purposes that aim to reach the four points of the compass at once, in one journey, without change of direction. A change of representative, then, does no good. We must organize, rely on ourselves, help ourselves and disintegration is born!

Again we call for the representatives of the people, but here are people that under the prevailing method of answering that call can not be represented; and yet they control some of the most vital functions of civil society, such as transportation and banking. These functions are to the organic totality called productive industry, or civil society, what the circulation of the blood and the nervous system are to the physical body of man. But they have no voting capacity. The employes of a railroad a thousand miles long, costing millions of dollars a year to operate, are scattered through hundreds of voting precincts, in not one of which they can elect a constable, and in all of which combined their vote amounts to nothing. The banks have no employes, or what few they have are scattered in the same way. Both interests are cut off from any representation whatever, and yet not a movement can be made by or within the body politic without affecting them, either directly or indirectly.

What is the consequence? Barred from the floor of the hall of representatives, they take the lobby; barred from the floor where they might compel attention, they take the lobby where they have to buy attention. They cannot send the sergeant-at-arms for the members to attend the deliberations, so they send the caterer, with his viands and liquors. Barred from an appeal to the intelligence, to the conviction of the members in the public forum, with the nation as audience, they appeal to the members' greed, in a private corner, with the nation barred out from supervision, intelligent appreciation and control and corruption, so called, is born. Nor will it lack for material to feed upon. The representative who represents nothing, as we have seen, must serve some purpose—he is a man!

Suppose now we were to vary the call, and instead of districts and numerical abstractions we were to call the different functions of society into council. Each comes in its own name, full of itself, big with its own interests; knows that interest in all its bearings and ramifications; knows that the nation, nay the universe itself depends upon it and it alone. It is "the foundation, the corner stone," etc. The battle is on, the real battle of each interest with all and all with each; and the result can only be that each recognizes that it is a part, instead of the whole—a member of the body, instead of the body itself. With this conviction the representative returns to his home people—his by occupation, association and interest. This conviction he brings home with him for them, and from him, if from any one, they can receive it. The identity of interest, association, occupation, of character all conspire to sustain the confidence, which might falter for want of clear intelligence. Nor can it be doubtful but what the latter would be ma-

terially enhanced by the interest which such a conflict, based upon realities instead of abstractions would excite in the public mind at large.

But suppose he does not come home with that conviction. Suppose he is incapable of it. What then? Well, he has at least found out that there are other people in this world besides himself. He has been the great man of his craft; the smart man of his coterie in their opinion, and especially in his own; the smart-aleck, who knew that the world has been wallowing in ignorance and confusion this long while, because nature did not see fit to send him some centuries sooner for its redemption. But all this is to an end now. He has convinced his associates, his fellow craftsman that if anyone, he surely can set things to right. With this firm conviction of himself, and the bearer of it, as indorsed by his associates, his constituents he steps into the arena, with an importance fairly up to the occasion. But there he meets another smart-aleck, fully the size of himself, and the Killkenny cat fight of smart-aleckism is unavoidable. Now see, when the wind has blown away the fur, the only remains of the conflict, see, is not the air purer?

This purifying of the community of its smart-aleckism, which it continually produces, and must produce so long as man is born a child, this aggressive immaturity, so impatient of the rational in human life, which it has not realized and can not apprehend—this precocity, so attractive to the partially informed, is it not a great service to have it decently removed into the inane—rendered harmless in its simple, innocent way of mutual annihilation? And where can this be done so effectually as in the arena in question? At lowest then, it could not fail to be a safety valve for the political machinery. It would carry off into utter vacuity the superfluous motive power, which but for such a vent might prove dangerous to all concerned.

I make skillets. With this work and skill I earn four dollars a day. I make skillets, my friend Jochen, across the river, raises the materials that go into the skillets, the steaks, the hams, the eggs, the potatoes, the onions—the things to fry. I furnish him, and ten thousand like him, with skillets, and they furnish me with the things to fry. If they produced nothing to fry, nobody would want a skillet. Now, then, what does he get? I get four dollars a day, and he gets fifty cents, thirteen dollars a month and board. If the board is worth thirteen dollars a month more, he gets one dollar a day, the year around. For this he works, from daylight to dark, from six to six in the winter, and from four o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock at night in the summer months of the year. On these conditions he furnishes the thing to fry, and I the things to fry them in.

"Well, he has no more sense," you say. "Why doesn't he learn something, a trade, and he wouldn't have to slave like a nigger!"

Two months ago I had to look for a job. I looked

into the shoemaker's shop, the harnessmaker's shop, the currier shop—trades which I know. The journeymen in these shops earned from a dollar and a half to three dollars a day. But I found that molders in the stove works earned as high as five and six dollars a day. It was because of this that I determined to turn apprentice, to learn something, in order that I might be able to earn something. It was my privilege to do this, or not to do it, as I saw fit. This privilege is guaranteed to me and to everybody else alike by government, and that is the reason that you said, when talking of the farm hand: "Why doesn't he learn something, a trade?"

By availing myself of this privilege, I earn more with the same amount of labor than the farm hand, the shoemaker, the harnessmaker, the tanner, or the currier; more in fact than any mechanic in any other vocation. Do I want this privilege abolished? If so, who is to distribute us, the laborers of civil society, among the different occupations?

I want to do as well as my neighbor, and if I can, a little better. It is because I wanted to do as well as my neighbor that I sought the occupation in which I can earn most,—the best market for my work; and it is because we all have the same desire and to all of us alike is guaranteed the privilege to follow this desire, that each vocation receives its share of the general supply of labor on hand in the community. If any one vocation is overcrowded in comparison with the rest, it ceases to pay as well as the rest, and labor leaves or avoids it. If any one is within its complement, it will pay better and labor will seek it. And that is the reason that your remark: "He has no more sense; why doesn't he learn a trade?" is not a piece of impertinence.

The desire of each to do as well as his neighbor is the motive power that distributes the productive energy of the community among the different kinds of production, which the law of economy—"To produce the greatest results with the least exertion"—has originated. It is the automatic governor, that supplies and withholds energy, as the inherent want of the machinery dictates. To obey this desire with perfect freedom is a privilege, guaranteed by the government to each and every citizen alike. Do I want it changed?

What is there in nature to put in its place? A man, a set of men? To say to me: "Sir, we are familiar with the special capacity requisite for each vocation in civil society. We have examined you taken your weight and measure, your age and temperament and find you best adapted to make skillets. Go and make them!"

To another: "Sir, you are fit for nothing else but to saw wood on a buck saw; go and saw," and so on to the end of the chapter, for all the vocations must be filled, or the system can not exist. The skillet can not be made unless there is something to put into it to fry.

June 27, 1856.

Put up but half a job. Was sent for by the fore-

man at nine o'clock this morning and had to explain to Mr. F——, the proprietor, the method of doctoring the defective patterns. He seemed so much interested that I went to my room for some more paste and tools and set to work on the No. 6 bottom pattern, which we examined a few days ago. I finished it roughly in his presence and explained to him the degree of accuracy obtainable. He then asked me about its durability. Would it break or chip off in use? I assured him that in my opinion, with the service to which the pattern was put, there could be no wear to it; showed him that it was fully as hard as the iron of the pattern itself, by the test of the file, and told him that if he would wait, I could get him some samples from my room, which I had used to experiment with. They would show that under the hammer the iron and paste broke with a continuous and even fracture.

"You need not to go, Mr. B——, if you have tested it, as you say; that is enough. And now what must I pay you for the use of the material and this work? My foreman has told me that you propose to keep the paste for use in our shop exclusively. What do you earn on the floor?"

I told him my average earnings per week, and also that I left it to him to pay me what my services were worth.

"You have better facilities to determine what is right in the matter, and I have full confidence in your honesty."

He looked at me with a penetrating, somewhat quizzical, expression and said:

"Do you know my brother, Oliver?"

I answered, "No."

"I must introduce you to him. He will like you and you will like him."

Before I could thank him, he turned to the foreman and directed him to have my name put on the payroll of the patternmakers, commencing with this morning. Then, pointing to a room adjoining the foreman's office, he said:

"Have that room cleared of the old rubbish and furnish Mr. B—— with whatever he needs to arrange it most conveniently for his work. I want all the patterns of our new work to go through his hands before they are put up on the floors."

He then bade me "Good morning," with the remark:

"I think we will not quarrel about the pay."

Mr. W—— was in high glee.

"I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this," he burst out, shaking me by the hand. "You have found your man exactly, and I knew it the first time I heard you polish off the old black-guards in the shop. I knew what you might turn out to be. And there is not a better man in the world than Mr. F——, if a man takes him right; if a man shows an interest in the foundry. And now you will have a chance to look around a little in town. Come and take tea with me—yes, tomorrow night."

I thanked and promised him.

Poured off and shook out my job. Upon being asked by Mike what kept me so long with the foreman, I told him that I had stumbled on something which the boss thought of sufficient importance to look into further; so that for the present I would mold no more skillets, although they would keep the job open for me.

"If it is something better than the sand-heap," said he, "I wish you good luck, Henry. You deserve a good turn. 'Tis hard enough for a man to start penniless in the world once, but when it comes to start from the stump twice over, when it comes to a man being robbed of his hard earnings and savings after he has worked himself up at hard work, then to be sent back to the sand-heap by thieves and swindlers—bad luck to them, says I!"

I thanked him for his kind wishes, dressed myself and went to see Miss Elizabeth. It made her very happy. She told me that she took it as a great compliment that I was kind enough to think of her and let her know of my good luck, first.

"But whom have I to talk to but you, Miss Elizabeth? If misfortune should happen to me, would not you be the first, the only human being, to whom I could go for sympathy?"

"That is right, Henry," she said, caught my hand in hers and pressed it. "You must always come to me," and then she slipped into the next room. It was done so quickly and I felt so strange that I did not know what I was doing, and I honestly believe that I would have kissed her, I was so bewildered, if she hadn't gone so quickly. When she came back she looked very beautiful.

"Henry"—I never heard my name sound that way before—"have you seen your friend yet and got permission for our Fourth of July picnic?"

"Not yet, Miss Elizabeth, but if you will excuse me from dinner next Sunday I will go out and see about it."

"I will excuse you, but you must come and let me know as soon as you get back."

I don't know what has happened. There is a change somewhere. She is the same woman, and yet she is entirely different. I always met her as an elder brother meets a favorite sister, with kindly confidence; but now her presence inspires, claims respect; I might say reverence, where nothing but friendly sympathy was wanted before.

June 28, 1856.

Was busy all day arranging my room. Found a bench that suited me and had a carpenter fix up some permanent stands on the floor for the patterns, while in my hands. The proprietor called in during the evening and inquired whether I could remove the paste after it has set without injuring the pattern. I told him certainly, and in such a way, too, that nobody could find the slightest trace of it, or the least change in the pattern.

"The reason that I inquire is this, Mr. B——: I have been experimenting to discover some way to prevent stove plates from cracking when put to use.

I am pretty well satisfied that it can be done by varying the thickness of the plate in proportion to the degree of heat to which it is exposed. But in trying to find out that thickness I am bothered by the pattern makers; they insist on making a new pattern for every trial. Don't you think this could be obviated by the use of our paste? It has occurred to me that perhaps it might."

"Nothing easier than that, Mr. F——. The same pattern will do for any number of experiments. All that is necessary is to put on the paste where it is wanted. After the result is ascertained, remove the paste and vary the operation as the facts determined may suggest. From two to four hours' work and two days and nights for the paste to harden, and you are ready for a new trial. When you are through with your experiments, we remove the paste and your pattern is as good as it was before."

"That is something like; that is what I want."

He noticed the stands put up by the carpenter and asked their use.

"They are intended to hold the patterns. I can not lay them down flat without inconvenience in handling, not considering the amount of room they would occupy in that position."

"That is well thought of," said he. "It is in these small matters, in arranging them, in fitting them together, where the time and money are saved in manufacturing operations."

Had a visit from Jochen. He was surprised to find me moved, but more so when I explained to him the reason. When he learned that the change was likely to be of advantage to me, he was very happy and threatened to become as voluble as he was a few days ago. It is remarkable how an unusually strong effect upon the feeling of habitually silent people is likely to dissolve them into a stream of words. Their whole inner being seems to be liquified. The words rush out like grains of wheat from a full sack accidentally ripped near the bottom, or like the bees from a hive in swarming time tumbling, rolling, any way out, out into daylight.

June 29, 1856.

Got my room arranged for work and spent part of the afternoon with the proprietor watching a cooking stove heated to a high temperature. He has a kind of cabinet fixed up for himself, where he experiments with all sorts of tricks. This is the place where he had the stove set up, and he watched it as the heat gradually arose. When red hot on top he examined the joints and pointed out to me that if there was not the proper allowance made in putting the stove together for the expansion of the iron it would prove fatal to the place. When the highest temperature was reached that was deemed necessary, I took measures of the top plate on five different lines lengthwise and on eight lines across, marking each line permanently on the plate. He then had the fire drawn and when the stove was cooled down I ascertained the amount of the expansion by re-measuring on the same lines in both directions.

"That gives it to us exactly," said he. "I have always done it by the eye, by guesswork."

"And that, too," said I, "for every plate of the same size heated to the same temperature."

"That is so," said he.

"Now, if you desire it, Mr. F——, I will prepare the top plate of the stove, where I understand the main trouble is situated, with some chemicals that will retain for us the degree of heat to which the different parts of the plate are raised, or rather, that will record it for us in different shades of color. Of course, the iron shows this itself, partly, but not as plainly as we can get and as we need it.

"My plan is this: After we have this top prepared in the way suggested, we take it off and it will show us where we must add or take away in the pattern—if you intend to make the experiments which you mentioned yesterday."

"That is the very thing to do, Mr. B——. Come over in the morning, say at ten o'clock. I am anxious to see that done."

June 30, 1856.

Today has been a very pleasant one. The old gentleman, who is a practical inventor, and runs his large foundry almost entirely on his own patterns, which explains, by the way, why his operatives earn such high wages, hit upon a new thought. He explained to me that the unequal expansion and contraction of the iron are the chief source of trouble to him.

"You see this top, Mr. B——? It is right there, either on this or on that side," pointing to where the center bar that separates the front from the rear set of openings, into which the cooking utensils are put, "where this centerpiece joins the two sides of the top plate. It is on one or the other end of this where the mischief occurs."

"It may be remedied," said I, "to a certain extent, perhaps, by increasing the parts in strength, as you suggest, but the general remedy, the one I see recommended in the book, is that the casting be cut into as many pieces as the nature of the article will permit, and thus give room in the joints for the expansion and contraction of the material."

"Of course, of course," he explained, "I see it, Mr. B——." And off he rushed into his office.

I did not know what was the matter, but went on with my work. I thought that perhaps some business transaction had occurred to him at the moment—he looked like he had just recollected something that was of importance and needed instant attention. In the course of an hour or two he returned, in the very best of humor.

"Mr. B——," he said, "in speaking with you this morning, a thing suggested itself to me which I think solves the difficulty I explained to you completely. See here (taking a piece of chalk and marking upon the top plate of the stove), I have ordered the pattern to be cut up in this shape, making three movable centers. The drawing will be complete before night and the next mail takes the papers to Washington. It is an improvement upon my patent

that I consider of the highest importance. Practically it will enhance the value of my stove at least twenty-five per cent. You see, the trouble caused by the cracking of the top plate to persons living at a distance from a store, or from a mechanic with sense enough to replace a plate, was a great drawback to the introduction and sale of the stove. 'It is an excellent thing, but doesn't last,' was the complaint of the people. Now, I want you to take your own time, and when the new patterns are ready, give them a thorough overhauling, so that we get the right quantity of metal in the right place. In the meantime, we will go on with our experiment and find out how far the difficulty can be met by varying the thickness of the plate. Then I want you to go with me through the inner plates, the fire board and the arrangements for draught. We will give every weak point a thorough overhauling."

I was glad to see him in such excellent humor.

July 1, 1856.

Took tea last night with our foreman. He was in the best of spirits. He has a very nice family. I met two grown daughters and a son, about 16 years old. His wife seems a quiet, home body, whose world and house lot are enclosed by the same fence. I excused myself early on account of some matters in the shop that still required my attention, as Mr. W—— knew. Today he was quite excited on account of what had occurred between Mr. F—— and myself, of which he got wind, it seems, only this morning.

"The old gentleman and you will turn the whole shop upside down. Cut up the plate into four pieces! But it is an excellent idea. We can furnish every stove sold with a set of duplicate centers, and hush up all complaint about cracked tops at once. I am going to suggest to the old gentleman that we do this; it will please him. But tell me, who was it that suggested the idea—you or the old gentleman himself?" he asked with an expression that somehow I did not like.

"It was Mr. F——," said I, "who did not merely suggest but conceived and executed the conception. We were talking about general principles, but he alone conceived the application, and that is the essence of every practical invention. General principles are known to many and are common property, or they would not be general, but their application in a particular case is the individual act, and hence the property of him who makes it."

"Well, he is the inventor of the stove, and I can not see why the thing had not suggested itself to him before, and so I thought it was really you who—"

"Pardon me, Mr. W——. A man may be the occasion of a thought without being its author. I may have been the occasion of the thought suggesting itself to Mr. F——, but I certainly did not make the suggestion. My mind was occupied with the general principle; his, with the stove. He saw the fit. I did not."

"To tell you in confidence," said he, "Henry, the old gentleman don't know himself who is the author of it, and asked me to talk to you about it. He says that in the first heat of seeing out of an old difficulty he may have done you wrong—taken the word out of your mouth, as it were."

"You tell Mr. F—— for me that at the time when he left me with the exclamation, 'I see it,' I had not thought of the manner of applying the principle I had announced to the case before us, and that I had not thought of it even at the time when he returned an hour or two later and marked the plan on the plate and told me that the drawing of it was being made in accordance with his direction. Of course, I saw then, and I see now, that it is nothing more than the logical application of the principle. But I did not make the application and he did."

Mr. W—— then told me that both patterns which I had doctored, the No. 8 front and the No. 6 bottom, were entirely satisfactory to the molders. "Both are running clean floors," said he.

"You did not send out the No. 6 bottom, did you?"

"Yes, I did."

"But it is not finished. I can save half the expense of molding, or running it, in the iron that I can take out and leave the plate as good, if not better, than it is now. I want to earn my wages, too!"

"Never mind, you shall have a chance. You know there is nothing, Henry, like seeing a thing—of seeing a thing do what it was made for. That settles all talk. You see, a small pattern like No. 8 front might perhaps be fixed up some way, but when it comes to bottoms, that is another thing. It is a knockdown argument," said he.

"But what has the size of the pattern to do with the principle? I will make a pattern the size of the side of that shop, of absolute uniform thickness, as easily as one six inches square, time not considered."

"Of course, you can, and it is plain to me, and to the old gentleman, too, that you can, but there is a smarty in the office there, a secretary, as they call him. He allows himself a good deal of lip about my affairs, and I couldn't rest until I shut him up. But when the old gentleman had the two castings brought into the office, the scrap which you saw, and the one made today, you ought to have seen his face."

"'Why,' said he, 'Mr. F——,' ignoring me, of course, entirely, just as if I had not discovered you, 'why, Mr. F——,' said he, 'this is really a success, and will save us a good deal of bother, even if it doesn't amount to a great deal from a financial point of view.'"

"It is from that point of view entirely that I deem it important," said the old gentleman. "It enables me to put the iron precisely where I want it, and that is the foundation of my business. Don't you think, Mr. S——, that if I were to discover a way to save a dollar on every stove put up in the shop it would be an important matter from a financial point of view?"

"Why, Mr. F——, why, you astonish me! Is it possible you can see such an advantage in so trivial a matter?"

"Nothing is trivial," said Mr. F——, "in mechanical operations. It is a very trivial matter, Mr. S——, to snap your finger, for example; but you go into that shop and do nothing but snap your finger for a week or two and you starve. So it is with every waste motion in that shop—nay with every waste—but with waste of raw material, as we call it, which is very far from being raw, a waste repeated every hour in the day, however trivial, becomes a heap; in a month, a hill; and in a year, ten, or a hundred years, a mountain. There is nothing trivial about a waste that is constantly repeated."

"I tell you, Henry, it was better than a sermon to listen to the old gentleman. Smarty got a lesson that will teach him how to meddle with what he knows nothing about."

This, then, is the organizing brain, whose conceptions we run into iron; his thought, the invisible spirit that controls the motion of every hand in the shop; and it is this, applied in a new country, that renders it possible for him to pay the high wages which we receive.

July 2, 1856.

On our way home Jochen told me his plans for tomorrow, which led me into the secret why he was so anxious for me to spend the Sunday with him.

"Now, sonny," he said, "tomorrow morning we drive up to the ridge to our church, and there you will meet Mr. Witte, Mr. Cronne, Mr. Wessel, Mr. Neering, Mr.——"

"Jochen, you haven't got the whole village of Doerren moved over there from the old country, have you, from Westphalia?" I interrupted.

"No, not the whole village, but what we lack of Doerren we make up from Ilvesy, Heimsen, Winten, Laha, Sloetelburg, Stoeltenaue, Lise, Ilserhide, Neinknick, Rossenhagen, Weinsalla, Selenfield!"—

"Stop, Jochen; just think, man, how you are going to get them all into the church!"

"That is their lookout, sonny. I tell you we will find people there from every one of the towns I have named, and every one knows you and every one comes to see you; for I have told them that I would bring you if I had to drag you over by the hair of your head."

"And then, you see, after preaching, the parson will splice a couple and we will have to go to the wedding. It is Claus Wiske that gets married to young Doering. The parson has trumpeted them from the pulpit the last three Sundays; and old Mrs. Doering, you remember her, she lived across the street from the tithe barn, she told me with her own mouth that if I didn't bring you to the wedding I needn't darken her door again."

"All our old neighbors will be at the wedding. You see that is a kind of agreement among us. Whenever there is a wedding and both the young man and

young woman are of our people, we all come together, if some of us have to travel fifty miles.

"What is the use, sonny; we live but once! A man will have something! 'Taint all work!"

To stop his moralizing, I told him that I was his guest; that he must arrange matters to suit himself.

"In the meantime, Jochen," said I, "I have a favor to ask of you. I have a friend in the city, a young lady, who has made up a party of six of us to spend the Fourth of July out in the country. I told her of your place; of the lake, with shade trees on the border, that I had seen, as a very nice place to spend the day, and she asked me to get your permission."

"O, ho! So that is the bush where the rabbit lives! Is it? All right, sonny. You bring out your sweetheart, and as many friends as you like; you are welcome, you know that. Why didn't you tell her so—you know that"

"Of course I do, but she doesn't, and it is easier for me to ask you than to tell her a lie—to say to her that I have your permission when I have not even asked it."

"That is so, sonny, that is so, and lying between people that think well of each other—that are or may become man and wife—is not right. I don't care if the lie don't amount to anything, it never leads to good. A lie about an apple can eat up as much confidence as a lie about a barn. It don't come to good, sonny, it don't come to good. You are right.

"But I am mighty glad you have a sweetheart. You see, Henry, you know a thousand things where I know one, but in this you can not gainsay me."

"In what, Jochen?"

"A man without a wife is nothing. What would I be without Feeka? What does it all amount to? You run up and down in the world, now straight ahead, now crossways, and what does it all amount to at last—old age, without a home! It's all very well as long as you are young; you carry your home on your back, like a snail, but when you get old your back aches and you are out of doors. When I saw you the other day in the foundry, looking like a chimney-sweep, I said to myself as I was coming home: 'There it is. If that boy had had a wife these ten years, where would he be now?' You see, I know you, sonny. You didn't forget your head when you came out into the world, nor are you afraid of work. Why should you be where you were the other day, after you have been in this country these twelve years—counting Lechtmissen, thirteen years?"

In order to justify his good opinion of me, and at the same time show him that I "got where he found me" by an occurrence that might have happened even to a married man, I hauled out my pocketbook and handed him twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and sixty dollars in bills of exchange upon the banking house of P. B. & Co., of St. Louis, drawn in my favor by the house of C. B. & Bro., of Providence, R. I. I had brought them with me for this very purpose, for I knew that in one shape or another I would have to give an account of myself. With

these people poverty is no shame, provided it is not the result of indolence or want of frugality; but to their minds there can be no other cause in a country like this, where the opportunity to achieve a competence is open to all. The burden of proof rests with me to show that I have done my duty as a man, and that by some outside misfortune, some happening over which I had no control, the natural result of my endeavors, a competence for life, did not follow.

It was interesting to see Jochen when he began to comprehend the facts, as they simmered through the obscurity of his mind, very indifferently furnished with technical lights, one after another. At first he had nothing but ejaculations, then denunciations of all scoundrelism in general, and these swindlers in particular, but finally he blurted out:

"Narren tant, what does it amount to? They didn't get you, Henry!" fairly hugging me. "You will get plenty of money back. You ain't afraid to work yet, and you ain't a-going to throw it away either. They didn't get you. But I tell you, sonny, if you had had a wife they wouldn't have got your money neither. That is certain. I can't tell how, but that is certain. But I will look at your sweetheart. You bring her out on the Fourth and I will look at her. But don't you tell her nothing until I have seen her. Then you bring her out and let her stay with Feeka a week, or a month, or as long as you please. And then we know.

"You know you must have a wife, but you must not make a mistake, either. You musn't get one of them fly-up-the-creeks. That wouldn't do at all—a real wife, a wife like Feeka, and not like her, either. Yes, more like her. I mean, you must have a wife that suits you like Feeka suits me; that is it. I have thought over our girls; I have run them over in my mind, but they somehow don't fit. I don't know how, but they don't. There is Lizza and Mina and Grata and Nora and Lisken, and Friederika and Gertrude and Rita, and—but they don't fit. They are good women, Henry, as good as ever warmed a man's bed. They know how to keep things together. They don't scatter your heap; ain't afraid of work, either. They are healthy, too, and there is something of them; the wind won't blow them about. None of your doctor's advertisements. But they don't fit; they don't fit"

And so it went on until we reached his gate, where the same kindly reception awaited us as before, except that little Henrietta was not quite so shy of uncle—would accept a kiss from uncle after a great deal of coaxing from Jochen.

At the table Mrs. Hanse-Peter asked me, "You are going with us tomorrow to the wedding, are you not, Mr. B——?"

I told her what I had told Jochen.

"That is right kind of you," she said. "There are so many people that wish to see you. They all think well of you because they found this country, where we are all doing so well, from the letter that you wrote to my husband. They are so much better off than our neighbors, who went to Indiana, and

they always talk of it when we come together. They will all be at the wedding, and you must be careful or they will make you drink too much," she said, with kind of a side glance; no not a side glance either, but something in the remark caused it to glance off from me in the direction of Jochen.

"There is no danger, Feeka, of Henry. He don't drink at all," said Jochen.

"He is not a temperance man?" she asked, with an air as if to say, "He is not a heretic, I hope."

"The worst sort," said Jochen. "He only drinks what and when he likes, and never thinks anything about it, only it isn't often that he likes," said Jochen.

"That is just the kind of a man to be," said Mrs. H.-P. "Why shouldn't a person take a drink when he meets friends and can enjoy himself better; but then, to drink until he has no sense, any one that will do that is no man at all."

"I don't think much about the matter," said I. "I drink and eat what becomes me and what my circumstances permit. I form my habits according to my means and what I think conducive to my health, and never allow them to form themselves."

After supper Jochen and I went out, the meal having been served earlier, as it was Saturday evening, and took a look at the fields and the lake. He showed me the place where he thought it would be best to have our picnic—a piece of meadow upon the shore of the lake not over two or three acres in extent, that nestles in a sharp bend of the bluff, on which the fields are situated and slope down to the water's edge.

"You see," said Jochen, "I left them maples when I cleared the field for syrup in the spring; and threw a handful or two of bluegrass seed under them, so as to get some use out of the ground. It is good soil there, but it is hard to get at with the plow. The shade of the trees don't hurt the grass. That plank there (pointing to a heavy board, some twenty feet long) I use for fishing. I shoot it out on them cross pieces between those posts, and from the far end I reach deep water, where I catch crappie and black bass. When I get through I draw the plank in and put it back here out of sight. I keep the place baited with corn, boiled potatoes and such like. That brings in all the fellows that feed upon such truck, and they bring in the crappie and bass that feed upon them. Now I will tell Feeka and she will bait the place tomorrow and the next night, and it will be in good shape to give you some fun when you come. But don't bring any poles or things. I have plenty for you all and, you see, I don't care to have everybody know the place. You know I haven't time to fool with such things and I must have everything handy, or I can't have bass or crappie when I want them. Those fellows you see yonder thrashing the water (pointing to some persons in a skiff engaged in beating the water with a long pole, a mile or two from shore), they are fishing with nets. They use what they call trammel nets. They hang the thing into the water

and drive the fish into it. They fish for market. They are the people that live in Canteen Village and they haul fish to town like I do potatoes. They know my place; but they do not disturb it; they are too neighborly."

We looked at his corn. It is just beginning to tassel and looks beautiful.

"You have heard of the fellow smart enough to hear the grass grow, haven't you, Henry?"

"Yes, once or twice in my life; but I never saw him."

"Well, if the wind settles down entirely by dark, as it is likely to do, and you come here by ten o'clock, when everything is still, you can hear that corn grow, if not the grass."

He then showed me that the stock is wrapped, or rolled up in the leaves, and that in the process of growth the latter unroll as the former gains in height, until the entire leaf is free except the stem, which still encloses or adheres to the stock by clasping it. It is the rupture of this part of the leaf, which can not properly be called a stem, but serves the purpose of one, that produces the peculiar "clisp," the sound heard on all sides on a still July night in a corn field. And I have no doubt that Jochen's observation is correct, for I myself measured last Sunday the growth of a vine, planted near the house for ornament, and found it to be four inches and some lines between sun-up and sun-set—so rapid is vegetation in this wonderful soil, with its abundant supply of moisture. We returned to the house with the fading light in the evening sky and found everybody retired except Mrs. Hanse-Peter. She was waiting for us, and handing me a lamp, bade "Goodnight," with the remark:

"You know your room, Mr. B——. I wish you pleasant dreams."

July 3, 1856.

With the first shimmer of light in the East, I heard Jochen at my door and in it before I could get out of bed.

"Come, Henry, get up, you can't lay in bed all day. Come, let us see how it looks out of doors, until breakfast is ready."

As we walked up the well beaten road he remarked:

"We can't go far; it is too wet. We have to keep the road, but you can take a look at the lake, and I want to step over and see whether there are any thieves in my berry patch."

I then saw that he had a double-barrel shot-gun on his shoulder, which I had not noticed before. There was light enough already to see the lake, or rather, the place where we left it last night; for now it looked as if a solid cloud had taken possession of the entire area. As the light increased, the cloud began to resolve itself into distinct forms on the Eastern border where I stood.

"You watch it," said Jochen. "I am going over to that side," pointing to a border of woods that closed in the fields in the East, "to look after some berry

thieves. I would like for you to go with me, but it is too wet. It makes no difference to me, you see; I am prepared for it," pointing to his cowskin boots that came up to his knees, and into the legs of which he had tucked his trousers. "You just watch that fog! It will amuse you, and when you get tired go to the house and don't wait for me. I will come back from the other side."

I took a seat upon a stump, that had been rolled from the cultivated land out upon the edge of the high bank of the lake and I do not know that I ever spent an hour more pleasantly than I spent the time between daylight and sun-up this morning; or rather, I should say not sun-up, but from daylight until the sun had taken full possession of the entire horizon. The whirlings, contortions, twirlings, the insinuating glidings, the maneuverings of the fog to maintain its possession, and the quiet calm, the majestic approach of the sun, wholly unaware of any conflict! The birds, the flicker, the bluejays, with their shouts of laughter; the red bird, the thrush, celebrating victory—all unnoticed! Then the fish, leaping up into the sunlight for their morning bath; and the sly turtle, nature's embodiment of deceit, poking its head above the water—first the very tip of his nose, gradually, slowly, little by little, lest a ripple, the slightest alarm some innocent dupe and Mr. Cuning lose his early meal! I had heard now and then the report of Jochen's gun, but was so absorbed by the scene before me that I failed to recognize the call to breakfast until the horn was blown almost into my ears by one of the hired men, who had walked for that purpose more than half way up the road; and when I reached the gate I saw Jochen jump the yard fence from the other side with a bunch of squirrels—"berry thieves," as he calls them. The lecture which Jochen received from Feeka for hunting on Sunday seemed to have no serious effect; whether it was because custom had made it a matter of indifference, or that it lacked that peculiar quality which people call "coming from the heart," and without which they assert human speech will not reach the heart, I could not determine. At any rate, Jochen replied in excellent humor:

"Now, see here, mother, don't I have to protect my crop as well on Sunday as any other day? What is the use for me to go after them thieves tomorrow morning, when they have eaten up my berries today? Don't the Savior say that it isn't right to wait until Monday to pull the ass out of the ditch when he falls in on Sunday? What is the use to pull him out on Monday when he is drowned?"

"That is the way," said Mrs. Hanse-Peter. "Jochen can quote Scripture when it suits his purpose. You might think him a preacher. But when it comes to find a text that is against his conduct, he is as dumb as an unhatched egg—he doesn't know any Scripture then."

"As far as I know," said I, "Jochen is not the only one that has a convenient memory; a memory that recalls and forgets as interest, temper or the whim of the moment may dictate. If I recollect correctly,

I have met several persons in the course of my life similarly gifted, and I am not quite sure but what I have detected a tendency, or a considerable talent of that kind in myself upon more than one occasion."

"Of course, Mr. B——," replied Feeka, "men will always stick together, especially when it comes to matters of this kind."

"Not all of them, Mrs. H.-P.," said I. "You have all the preachers with you in this case."

"Oh, well, but they don't count."

We had scarcely finished breakfast when a fresh team, a span of dapple grays, hitched to a substantial spring wagon, was brought to the gate by one of the hired men.

"There now," exclaimed Jochen, "there is the team. Hurry up now, hurry up, everybody, and get ready," jumping upstairs, two steps at the time.

"Yes," said Feeka, "of course, get ready, everybody and he is the only one that is not ready," with a good-natured laugh. And sure enough, she was dressed for church and so were the children, a fact that I had not observed before. She was dressed and that handsomely, too, and with her blooming children by her side she could claim respect and even homage from the very best in the land.

It was not long before Jochen came down, as he had gone upstairs, and soon we were seated—Mrs. Hanse-Peter and Henry on the rear seat, Jochen and myself on the front, with little Henrietta by my side—she wanted to ride with 'uncle,' having overcome her bashfulness quite bravely. Beyond the outer gate we took a road running Eastwardly, by no means smooth, level or free from stumps; but under the steady hand of Jochen, we swept along at a brisk trot, as if driving on some favorite road prepared for luxury and pleasure. On we went, without a word from Jochen, his eyes fixed upon the road, some ten paces ahead of the horses, and never swerving to the right or to the left, nor relaxing in their attention—on it went, the horses, Jochen, and wagon all apparently one beast, bent on making a certain point at a given time. An hour or so of this steady gait brought us to the foot of a bluff, the ascent of which was very steep, so steep that he let the colts, as he calls them, rest a little before we commenced the climb. It is only about ninety feet high, as I should judge, but he let the horses rest twice before we reached the top. There he stopped, got out and patted first one and then the other horse, with the remark:

"You see, Henry, they know me as well as Feeka does, and they like to be told that they have done well when they get through a bad piece of work—as well as anybody. So I always like to give them a good word; 'tis cheaper than the whip lash."

"But how do you like the lay of the land up here? This what we are on is Conrad Witte's farm. That there is his house. You remember, he used to be shepherd at our house."

"You mean at my father's," said I.

"Certainly. Wasn't that our house? And yonder is Christian Cronne; he used to make shoes for us.

They are both getting rich, because this hill is so steep. You see, they haul their truck down the hill to town, and when they come back they can't bring anything with them. The hill is so steep they can't haul up anything but the money. And yonder is our church; see the stream of wagons coming from every direction."

"Tell me, Jochen," said I, "do you think anybody, Conrad or Christian, or anybody else would recognize me if they were to see me alone—without being with you, I mean?"

"No, they wouldn't."

"Then I tell you what I shall do. You get in and take my little girl here and I shall get out and walk to the church. I shall not go until everybody is seated, and then stay near the door, so as not to raise a disturbance. After service is over, there will be plenty of time to blow and fuss."

"I don't know but that would be a good plan. What do you think of it, Feeka? Don't you think it would be better?"

"Yes, it is better, but I should like to have him go with us, right down the middle aisle, to our seat. But I think it will be better. I think our pastor will like it better; and then when they see us come alone by ourselves, they will suppose that Mr. B—— is not here at all. It will surprise them afterwards!"

In the meantime I had got out of the wagon, not without a slight protest from little Yetta. They drove on to the church and I walked toward an Indian mound, which I observed a short distance off, toward the South, on the edge of the bluff. It is called the Sugar Loaf Mound, from its shape, no doubt. It is some thirty feet in diameter at the base, and about the same number of feet in perpendicular height. Looking toward the West from the top, I saw a dense cloud upon the horizon; and as the atmospheric conditions did not indicate rain, or the approach of a thunder storm, I was puzzled for some time to explain to myself what it could be. After watching it for a while, I saw, or thought I saw, on the Northern edge of the cloud what seemed to be a steeple. It then occurred to me that the cloud was the dust and smoke envelop of the City of St. Louis, and what seemed to be a steeple was in fact that shot tower, rendered visible by the prevailing Northern breeze. Almost in line with the tower, and due West from my point of observation, I could distinguish the outlines of the mound upon the bluff, from which St. Louis is sometimes called "Mound City." From the resemblance of the two bluffs' mounds to each other, both in form and situation, and the fact that the Big Mound in the bottom, on the Collinsville road, is plainly visible from either, and both are visible from it, a suggestion occurred to my mind, that perhaps the three works sustained some relation to each other in the purpose of their construction. But what that relation is I must leave to the future to solve for me, when I am in possession of more of the facts bearing on the subject.

While thinking over the past and looking with the inner eye for the busy throng of human beings who

left in these remains the irrefutable evidence of an industry, possible only under the presupposition of a high state of civilization, I heard the bell calling the people to worship, and I took the road toward the church. The houses which I passed were deserted, and as I got nearer I heard the well remembered hymns of my youth, the music of my childhood, sung by the full-voiced chorus of the entire congregation. I was wrapped in memory's silent world, and as I entered the church my feet fell softly, lest their sound intrude upon the mind. I slipped into a seat near the door; and sure enough, there before me was the past in living presence. There were the facts that had greeted me with pleasure; the voices that had reproved and coaxed the youth a thousand times; the very hands that had fondled, now rough and stiff with work and age; the knees that had dandled me—all as if enchanted, not a sign of recognition anywhere. No, they did not know me. Alone! A stranger in the midst of the friends of my youth, the playmates of my childhood!

And such our sensuous being, our feeling, emotion! A blazing furnace, fusing our inner selves into one, into ecstasy of joy with immediate contact! But let that contact cease, the near become far, the present distant, and the fire dies out, the half-moulten mass cools into an unsightly heap of slack. Not until intelligence, the perennial, rekindles the flame from above will it be able to give forth even one feeble spark.

Absorbed by my thoughts, I heard but little of the discourse, and followed the service mechanically until my attention was attracted by some youngsters, four or five in number, outside, in front of the church. They had no coats on and were dressed more like race riders, or jockeys, as we see them pictured, than well-behaved youths of Christian parents, attending worship. They would come to the door, listen awhile, then withdraw out of sight, and again they would be back. They seemed to be impatient. Each youngster had a new riding whip in his hand, and every motion indicated some pre-occupation.

At last the sermon was ended, and the minister began the marriage service. Then the youngsters got to the door, tiptoed to catch every motion, and no sooner was the "Amen" spoken than off they rushed like mad. A moment later I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and on looking around saw them tearing down the road at utmost speed. In a second they were out of sight.

I could not help smiling at myself for not recognizing an old custom; for not seeing in the youngsters the couriers, who upon such occasions ride at topmost speed to bring the tidings of the happy event to the mistress of the house where the wedding takes place. Nor does the one who arrives first fail to receive a handsome present—treasured in after years as evidence of his prowess in youth.

I retained my seat and let the congregation pass out, to see whether anyone would recognize me. But no. Not one. At last the minister came with Jochen

and his wife, and as they were about to pass, Jochen said:

"See, Mr. Pastor, this is my friend, Mr. B——."

The minister gave me his hand with the remark:

"I am indebted to you, Mr. B——, for your considerate act in not making yourself known before the services. I know how much people think of you and it would have disturbed us all." With that we passed out of the church.

"But now," he continued, "our duty performed, we may enjoy the blessings of our Heavenly Father, who unites the severed and separates the united, as to His wisdom seems best, with a free and full heart. Mr. Witte, Conrad Witte!" he called, at the top of his pulpit voice. "Come here! Don't be in such a hurry to get to the wedding dinner. Can't you take time to shake hands with old friends?"

Conrad approached the minister, looked around at everybody but myself, shook his head and said: "Yes, yes, Mr. Pastor, certainly! But where are the friends? I shook your hand this morning!"

To end his embarrassment I held out my hand to him and said:

"Conrad, how have you been all this time?" of course, in his native tongue. That was enough. The sound of my voice acted like an electric shock.

"That is Hennerick, or it is the living—I came very near saying something, Mr. Pastor; you must excuse me. No, boy, but how you have grown! Christian, Christian, come here! I have got him! Hennerick is here! Just look, what a man!"

And here, pandemonium broke loose, especially when the women found out what was up—the sweet-hearts from my schoolboy days. At last the minister interfered.

"Moderate, moderate yourselves, my children! Mr. B—— is not going to vanish. He is a gentleman not accustomed to such boisterous conduct, however well meant. He will be with us often. He will come to our church regularly. Where else can a man worship with a free and full heart except in the midst of those who were baptized with him at the same font!"

And so we succeeded in getting into our wagon "in the course of awhile," as Jochen said. We got into our wagon, but did not start; and as I knew that there used to be almost as much rivalry among those who drove as among those who rode to the wedding feast, I inquired the reason for the delay.

"That is the parson's doing," said Jochen. "You see, there used to be a little trouble, sometimes, on these drives as to who should keep nearest to the bride. We would take chances now and then to a turn over into the ditch, with a sprained ankle and the like; and after the pastor had talked and scolded about it, which did no good, he went and got himself a horse and one of those child wagons (buggy)—that is, he made us get him one, and now he drives in front, next to the bride and groom, with their relatives, and the rest of us follow as it happens, or as we can. "No, sonny, say what you will, he has

sense. If he can't drive, he just tolls the—the flock."

"Drove! Why don't you say it," put in Feeka, "it is the truth. You see, Mr. B——, at the home, in the old country, I mean, where these fellows had plenty of hard work and but little to eat, they could be managed; but here, where they have plenty to eat and but little to do, there is no living with them—as I have heard the minister tell them, again and again!"

By this time we were all in motion, and if the pace set by the reverend gentleman in front was not fast enough, there was at least nobody that complained about it, or said so. He had the cavalcade strung out in less than no time and but few wagons were in sight even when he pulled up at the gate, and Jochen, who drove past one team after another, until bride and groom were left behind, in utter defiance of all orders, rules and regulations—commenced explaining with great simplicity of manner, how it was impossible to hold his horses, how the hired man had put the wrong lines on the team—maybe, just on purpose—and he, Jochen, dared not put all his might on those old straps and cause a misfortune, where there were so many women and children on the road.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hanse-Peter, those horses are no doubt very dangerous, very fractions. I really was surprised to see how you managed to stop them so promptly. I knew, of course, that there was something the matter, in some way, when I saw you whisk by the teams, one after another, and that you would, no doubt, have had to pass me, too, for fear of some calamity, if we had had to drive a little farther. I will see you about those lines. Or, how would it be, if I were to drive that team myself, Mr. H.-P., upon the next occasion? Starting in front, you observe, there would be no danger of any collision, even if the lines were bad."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Parson, and right welcome, if you think you could risk it. But they are nothing but colts. They know me, but that is all," said Jochen, patting first one and then the other, while I helped Mrs. Hanse-Peter and the children to dismount. "That is all, Mr. Pastor," he repeated, as he remounted the wagon and drove to a place of safety, out of the way of the bridal wagon, with its gay decorations.

As the bride and groom stepped down and were about to enter the gate, the minister lifted up his hands and in a loud and impressive voice said:

"May the good God of Heaven and Earth bless your entrance into this house as man and wife!"

With this they entered and the guests followed as they came up, while the minister stayed at the gate until the last wagon drove up. He was last to enter the gate.

"Thus it becomes the shepherd," he remarked, as he noticed my look of inquiry, "thus it becomes the shepherd; the first to arrive at the gate and the last to enter."

On reaching the house, a large two-story log cabin, after the usual style we found a table set, occupying both the lower rooms and the intervening porch, loaded with the very best of what the country affords. There was barbecued beef, mutton, pig, turkey, geese roasted, ducks baked, chickens fried and broiled, with squirrels prepared in the same way; then bread of different kinds, brown and light bread, with biscuits and rolls, huge dishes of potato and chicken salads, interspersed with plates and stands of cake and pies—in short, everything eatable in abundance.

And now the guests were seated—the bride, with groom on her right, at the head of the table, flanked on the right and left by the oldest members of the two families. Next followed the old people among the guests, and farther down the married couples generally. Then the young people arranged themselves, as taste dictated or chance determined. At the farther end of the table, facing the bride, sat the minister, who after invoking a blessing, said:

"My children, I wish you all a good appetite"—and the feast began.

After an hour or more had been spent at the table, and eating was done, music was heard in the direction of a grove of wide spreading elms, where arrangements had been made for dancing by laying down a temporary floor, inclosed with seats and a railing. Thither we adjourned, the minister with the bride on his arm leading the way. Stepping on the platform he waved his hand to command silence, and said:

"My children, according to the customs of our fathers, it is my duty to open the recreation of the evening with the bride as my partner in a dance, but today it would be gratifying to me if you will permit me to delegate this duty to a younger and more capable assistant. I found this morning the long lost son of a friend of my father's, and it would give me the greatest pleasure if I could commemorate the occasion with some mark of my esteem for himself and his family—I refer to our guest, Mr. B——"

When the applause had ceased, I arose and said:

"Your Reverence and Friends—I hope you will pardon me if I have to decline the honor intended. I came here to meet old acquaintances and friends, to share with them once more the customs of our fathers, in all their innocent simplicity, and with all their stores of precious memories. I came to enjoy, not to mar them. How can, how dare I assume the place of him, whose presence alone can stamp the seal of heaven's approval upon these recreations! It is your presence, reverend sir, that restrains the exuberance of youth, that clips the budding wings of excess with the cold steel of reason, and reduces a Bacchanalian debauch to a joyous but human celebration of the happiest event in the life of man—the birth of a new family. Be pleased, sir, to withdraw the well-intended honor, and I will join you with a good, though less distinguished, partner than our customs, not without the weightiest of reasons, assigned to you, and to you alone."

I had scarcely ended, when a voice was heard on the outside of the railing, calling:

"Where is the Fraek, where is the Fraek!"

This being the house name of my father, I made a step or two in the direction and saw the mistress of the house, Mrs. Doerring, staring with wondering eyes toward where I stood. The lady being burdened with all the cares which the occasion brought, I had as yet had no opportunity to see and speak to her; and having heard my voice, which I had naturally raised at some distance off, she made the same mistake that Jochen did on our first meeting. This caused some mirth at her expense, from which I relieved her, by requesting that she join me as partner in the bridal set, which she did with apparent satisfaction. Next came the national dance, a waltz, which I danced with Mrs. Hanse-Peter, whom I found very skillful in the measure. Jochen looked on with every feature of his honest face beaming with delight. As the waltz ended and I took Mrs. H.-P. to her husband's side, he said:

"No, sonny, you did that well!"

"It is not difficult to dance a waltz when one has a partner like Mrs. H.-P."

"Narren tant (fool's folly), that is not what I mean. It was the talk you gave the parson. That is what I call preaching, Feeka! Did you see how his eyes looked? That is the way they spit fire when he wasn't more than that high," holding up his hand about three feet from the ground.

Having set the ball in motion, as they say, the minister withdrew with the elderly men to the house, where the long table had been changed to three or four short ones; one devoted to dispensing tea and coffee, one to beer, and still another to whisky, gin and brandy. These were in one room; in the other, tables had been arranged for card playing, and it was at one of the latter that I found the minister playing "Ramms" with Witte, Jochen and Cronne, when later in the evening I sought rest from the mazes of the waltz. I find that the dance is no longer for me. It makes me dizzy; the former zest, that peculiar exhilaration that results from the motions of the body being controlled from without, controlled by the rhythm of the music, instead of from within—is wanting. It is reduced to a mere mechanical exercise of the muscles, in which no higher organ or faculty participates. For me it is of the past.

A number of ladies, of my own age, but all of them married, soon surrounded me and there was no end to questions and answers; to stories even from our former life, some of which had grown wonderfully as much out of my recollection, I confess, as I had grown out of the recollection of the relators.

And thus the afternoon passed; with gossip for old age; playing at hazard for middle age, dancing for youth, early man and womanhood; with ball and bat, hide and seek, walk around, blind man's buff for early youth and childhood. None was forgotten, none was absent; the whole of life, as it is, was present; devoting one day to happy rejoicing at the

event that makes that whole possible—the birth of a new family.

At five o'clock Mrs. H.-P. claimed my assistance to find the children, whom at my request she had given full liberty to go where and how they listed, shortly after dinner.

"Yes, and I haven't seen a sign of them since!" as if this had been part of my request, too. I told her, however, not to be alarmed, that I would soon find them. The truth is that as I had gone on their bond, I had kept the run of the amusements in which the different groups of little ones were engaged, so that I might produce my proteges when wanted. I had little difficulty to bring them to their mother's side, whose eyes sparkled with pleasure as she saw the rosy flush on little Henrietta's fair face—the result of the evening's enjoyment.

After bidding 'good-bye' all round, an endless job, and making engagements enough to occupy me for a year or so to come, I shook hands with the bride and groom, wished them a happy future and walked toward our wagon. Here the hand-shaking had to be repeated with Witte, Cronne, Doering, Claus, Fritz, etc., etc., etc., until finally, after being seated, the minister interposed with:

"Children, Jochen, poor man, has no reliable lines, and the colts are getting restless! Good-bye, Mr. B——, to meet again right soon!"

It did not take us long to reach the bottom, where the occasional heavy shade of the massive burr oaks and elms, together with the speed at which we were moving, produced a welcome change of temperature; and with the light of the setting sun still reflected from the tops of his own chimneys, Jochen landed us at his gate, without having opened his lips, or moved his eyes either to the right or to the left during the entire drive.

"There we are! How did you all like the fun?" he exclaimed, as he jumped to the ground.

July 3, 1856.

Reached home this morning, as usual. Had two hours with my books before shop time. Spent all day on the No. 6 bottom.

Was amused at Mr. F——, who came over to my shop and found me with a sponge before my mouth. Have made myself a wire mask to support the sponge, which I have to use to protect myself from the fumes, the gases that are liberated by the acids which I use upon the patterns, where I want to reduce them. He did not know what to make of it until I explained the purpose. Had to show him the use of acids in my work, which was new to him.

"I did not know what you could be at," he remarked. "Mr. W—— told me that you intended to reduce some parts of the pattern, but I didn't hear any filing or scraping. This, however, beats the file and chisel a long ways"

"It is accuracy, precision that we want, and this I can get better by the use of chemical than mechanical means; or rather, better with both combined than with either alone."

As he commenced coughing, I offered him a sponge, but he declined the use, and withdrew with the remark:

"Don't expose your health and take your time."

I thanked him.

Went to see Miss Elizabeth, according to promise, and perfected our arrangements for the trip on the Fourth. Also told her about my pay.

"Henry, you will soon be rich again, won't you?" she said.

"For myself, Miss Elizabeth, I am rich now, and always have been, because I have enjoyed good health. But we are liable to sickness, and old age is certain. To provide a competence for this is a duty."

"Don't call me Miss Elizabeth, Henry. It sounds so formal and so strangerlike; call me Lizzie or Betty."

"I will, and so good night, Betty."

Got home to my notes and books. Writing out my trip to "Pleasant Ridge" church is a great bore. I have to translate everything, and then it is only caricature. These people and their language are one. Their great virtues are industry and economy, and the latter has impressed itself to a remarkable degree upon their speech, for their language is speech and speech alone. They have no written language, no dead, printed word. Everything is alive, vernacular, characteristic—a close fitting garment, revealing in every crease and fold the mind within. The soul of the speaker stands before you dressed in tights, with no idle flutter of flounce or ribbon. It has no general terms, no abstractions, is sensuous, poetic—preeminently poetic.

For the people who use this speech, thought is in the form of fact, incorporated, or it is not. Fire is. Water is. Earth is. Government is. Church is. Civil society is. Family is. They were before us, and will be when we are no more. We found them and for us they are of one and the same authority—the pure sensuous consciousness. It is one predicate—"It is—it is not!" Every content presented must have this form, or it is not for it, cannot be understood or received by it.

Water is wet and will drown you if you disregard its nature. The government is just, but will hang you if you disregard its law. Tell me what is and what it is to me, and I can live! It seems so. Show me how to climb the hill and I don't care one straw who made it. Just so! Whence are these things? "From God." Who is God? "Creator of Heaven and Earth." Precisely; that is what you said before. Who made this skillet? X. Y. Z.! Who is X. Y. Z.? Maker of the skillet! But for this consciousness no other answer is possible. They are! If it opens its mouth to state the whence and how, the answer turns upon itself, becomes tautology. Show me how to climb the hill and I give you not one straw to know who made it! Just so. But then, might not the fellow who made the hill be best able to show you how to climb it?

Tell me what is and what it is to me, and I can live! It seems so, provided you find government,

church, civil society, family as you find earth, fire, air and water.

But who is that fellow with the black clothes on, something white about his neck, is inclined to look at you through his eyebrows when he talks to you?

That is a priest!

And who is that fellow with the bright buttons on his clothes?

That is a government officer! Are they men? Certainly. One is Jim X—— and the other is Bob L——. We were boys together; stole watermelons, robbed peach orchards and got licked for it many a time. And are all the priests of the church and officers of the government men? Certainly, even like these two! Liable to die? Of course! Then, if these men, the officers of the government, and the priests of the church, were to die all at once, the government could not do or say a thing, nor could the church? No, wholly dumb and powerless! Entirely so. But they would still be? Well, in a certain sense, yes! But they would not be alive and kicking. The constitution and laws of the one and the doctrines and ordinances of the other would still be in the books, but they wouldn't move a feather on the sparrow's back—they couldn't even preserve themselves if a fire should happen in the house in which they were stored. Just so. All that the government and the church are, then, as a living presence, with power to speak and to act, they are because we supply them with men to speak and to act in their name. Man does not find them then as he finds earth, air, fire and water. He makes them from day to day. I, the individual, find them, but men do not. I, the individual, find them as I find the craft of making skillets. But that craft is not self-existing; man devised, made and created it.

Finished the pattern. If my fingers prove correct, the casting ought to weigh seven pounds and a fraction less than before. Had a talk with the foreman about our vacation—shutting down of the shop by the first of August. Was told that if my expectations were realized in regard to the pattern, which I had just finished, there would be no vacation for me.

"We will keep you busy right along," said he, "for at least a year or two—but we will squeeze out a little rest for you now and then. It depends largely upon the success you have in reducing the weight of the casting. From what I can see now you will not have time to turn around. I doubt very much, whether you will be able to do the work all by yourself, for the old gentleman is very much in earnest in this matter, and he is not the man to waste iron that can be saved because it will cost a few dollars to have the patterns fixed right."

This, of course, is all pleasant enough, but somehow I had figured to myself a useful trip to the sparsely or wholly unsettled country of the West; and this change is a disappointment. I have prepared myself with a list of questions which that

country and it alone can answer for me. Still, business has the first claim under the circumstances, and so I have written a long letter to Mr. McIntosh, explaining the situation, with the added assurance that I will avail myself of the first opportunity to redeem my promise to him.

Had a talk with Mike and Jake. The latter is running the No. 8 front. They have figured out that I am working on patterns, and Jake declared that he never put a better pattern in sand.

"I have always said," he remarked, "and you have heard me, Mike, that they never would have patterns worth a cent until they got men to make or finish them who know how to run them. I can run this pattern now with grate iron and before no one could run it with Scotch pig."

I told them I thought they were right; that a practical molder was apt to know better where the weight of the iron ought to be in the pattern than anybody else.

We talked some upon our old subject, the union and whether I would or could join now that I had graduated from the sand pile. I told them that I did not think that I had got so far from the sand heap as to disqualify me for membership, but if some of the boys should think so, it would not make any difference to me, or change my feelings toward them.

"I shall always feel an interest in the welfare of my shopmates, whether I am in or outside of the union, in or outside of their immediate fellowship," I said.

July 4, 1856.

Waiting for the first boat, I met the wagon at the foot of Market Street yesterday morning. Miss Elizabeth introduced me to Mr. Lemberg, the owner and driver of the outfit, and his wife, who was sitting by his side. She herself made room for me on her seat by placing different packages in her own and in my lap, with the caution not to get them mashed up. The boatman rang the bell, we drove aboard and soon felt the peculiar sensation of riding in a wagon without any jolting. While crossing the river I explained to Mr. Lemberg our destination.

"Why, Mr. B——," he exclaimed, "you are not going to our 'Potato Jochen,' the stingiest man in the American Bottom? He used to haul the peeling back when he brought potatoes to town, and the people said that he sold the meat and lived on the skins himself."

"That, no doubt, was very bad," said I. "I suppose that if he could have contrived to sell them the skins, and lived on the meat himself, they would have thought him a smarter and perhaps a better man. We are going to Mr. Hanse-Peter's place on the lake."

"That is the very man. His farm is on the lake, and I tell you we better take some wood with us from along the road; for if our womenfolks are going to make a cup of coffee, they can't get a chip or a twig on his place; that is certain!"

"I'll 'tend to that, Mr. Lemberg. But tell me; have you yourself had any dealings with the man? Do you know him personally?"

"No, I never did; but I have seen him once or twice loading potato peelings and kitchen offal in the alley, behind the hotel; and people who know him, who bought potatoes from him, they told me."

While this talk was going on we had landed and soon got through the sand on the island out upon the solid rock. Here the team cheered up and we swept through the village, all asleep and closed up yet, at a brisk trot. As the sun began to look over the Eastern bluff, we reached the shore of Indian Lake, and the ladies were in ecstasy at the new and unexpected sight. Through Canteen Village, around the turn, into the Collinsville road, right and left new objects, a new world glistened with a night's blessing of dew beneath the morning sun. Before we had fairly settled down to the enjoyment of the drive, we were hailed with a "good morning" from Jochen, who was holding the gate wide open for us to enter.

"Drive in," he said, "and follow me." He walked up the road ahead of the horses. As we approached the grove, of which we could only see the tops of the trees, I noticed a slender streak of smoke curling up among the foliage of the maples. This puzzled me, but when the team stopped as near the edge of the bank as it was safe to drive, and we could see the glade spread out beneath us, I saw that there was nothing strange about it. On the left or South side, under three large maples, whose branches interlock, a table was set and furnished ready for breakfast, which Feeka was dishing up, and partly still preparing over the fire, the smoke of which I had seen. I looked at Elizabeth and then at Lemberg, as much as to say, how is this for the "stingiest man in the American Bottom"? After introducing my friends, Jochen insisted on attending to the horses, or on assisting Mr. Lemberg in seeing them stabled and fed. Before they returned I had introduced the ladies, and Feeka was happy in bustling about.

"Everything is so unhandy out in the woods!" she said, half in explanation and half by way of excuse, to Miss Elizabeth, who came to her assistance. The two soon had breakfast on the table, and when Jochen and Lemberg came back we sat down to a welcome meal of fine ham and eggs, and as fresh crappie and bass as ever went kicking into a picnic pan. Feeka and Elizabeth waited on the table, and neither would listen to invitation or remonstrance.

"We have plenty of time to eat when you get through," said Feeka.

"It tastes better when I have seen others enjoy a meal that I have prepared," said Elizabeth.

In the meantime I missed the children, Henry and Henrietta. In reply to my question Mrs. Hanse-Peter told me that they were not up yet, but Jochen said nothing. This annoyed me; so I asked him where they were, and after hemming and hawing awhile, he acknowledged that they were at the

house, but mother thought that they would be in the way and bother the strangers, etc. Without waiting to hear the end of his explanation, I arose from the table and went to the house for my young friends. I found them wide awake enough, in charge of an old lady, a stranger to me, who first demurred, but upon hearing who I was, consented for the little ones to go with me. I soon got to the grove with one on each hand, to the great delight of Miss Elizabeth and little Yetta, who became very warm friends before the day was over.

I finished eating my breakfast, but kept an eye now and then upon the water around and beyond the fish plank, which Jochen had put in place and supplied with a hand rail, "for the women folks to hold on to, too," as he explained. I saw that the fish were feeding and, of course, felt eager to have a tussle with them. The specimens on the table were crappie and bass, of a pound or a pound and a half to two pounds weight, in size. I asked Jochen whether there were any larger fish in the lake.

"Ah, yes; but to catch them! There are plenty big fellows in the lake, but to get them out—that is the trick! You see when you get one of them big fellows on the hook he almost always drops off just as you swing him ashore!"

That was good news for me.

"But what do you fish with; what do you use for bait?" I asked.

"Worms and sometimes minnows. I caught some minnows last night, not knowing but that you might like them better."

No sooner had little Yetta heard of fishing than she was ready; and Uncle would fix her hook and line. The large piece of cake even, with which Miss Elizabeth had introduced herself, was laid aside.

Yes, and she could catch them. She had caught a fish some time ago; and it was a real fish, too. I got her a little rod and baited her hook, while Jochen made himself useful to Miss Elizabeth, Mr. Lemberg to his wife and John Robertson to his sister, Mary. Nor was it long before my little protegee caught a small sunfish, a perch. This, of course, was glory enough.

"The first fish! Little Yetta caught the first fish!"

I thought I could see her grow in height, visibly!

But Jochen seemed to be maneuvering about for something. He had this to fetch and that to fix, until passing me, he said in an undertone, "The farther out the better fishing."

I then suggested that as Jochen was most familiar with the plank and ground, he should go first and take Miss Elizabeth with him, as she was a little timid on account of the water. To this all agreed.

"But where are you going to fish?" said he, in a tone that told me that he had not taken all this trouble for the sake of strangers.

"I am going to fish with little Yetta, right here, from the bank."

At the same time I put my rod together.

"Ah, well," said he, "with that thing it makes no difference. You can't do nothing nohow. Why don't you come and take my pole? I have had fun this morning already."

"By and by, Jochen!"

Just then little Yetta caught another fish.

"And how many is that, Uncle?"

"That is four altogether. May I have this one?"

"Yes, you baited my hook. But we count him!"

"Certainly; you caught four."

I put on my reel, a genuine Meek, presented to me by the maker himself at Georgetown, Ky., four years ago—adjusted sinker, float and hook to the bait I intended to use, which was the last perch caught by Yetta, stepped to a high place, where the main bank that enclosed our glade comes down to the water's edge, and made a cast some ten feet beyond the farther end of the plank, on which the rest were standing. A light North breeze ruffled the water almost up to the fishing place where their floats were swimming. It was into this rifle that I sent the bait.

"Look at the scamp! He's going to fish on the other side of the lake," said Jochen, and before he had the words well out of his mouth, away went the float clean out of sight.

"Pull man, pull! Why don't you snatch your fish out?"

Of course, I paid no attention to the well-meant advice, but after the fish had taken some ten or fifteen feet of line and stopped, I gave him the hook, and sure enough, I struck a fish that meant business. But I knew my tackle. As the fish rose clear out of the water to shake the hook out, there arose such a chorus of screams and such yelling of: "Take him out, you will lose your fish—'tis the biggest fish that I ever saw in the lake! Why don't you take him out! Pull him!" and the like that I thought at first somebody had fallen in the water. But I had no time to look. A quick glance to see that Elizabeth was safe, and my eyes were on that fish—for there were moss patches to take into account. After a stiff fight he answered the reel, and by the time he was half way to shore he surrendered entirely. I landed him safely and nothing would do but Jochen must go for the scales. I told him it was a good four-pound fish, but to his excited imagination—"Ten pounds" was the least he would weigh. The fish weighed four pounds and eight ounces. Little Yetta was all upset, like all the rest.

"Mother, mother, Uncle has caught a fish as big as me! He took one of my fish and that big one wanted to steal him, Uncle says, and he caught him at it.

But she had lost all interest in catching perch.

"They are so little!" she said. When I proposed to trade, however, and told her that I would give her my fish for her three, she was eager for the bargain and consented to catch some more, "If Henry would help her." To this Henry, who had

been very shy of me, readily assented, and the two kept me in bait more than I could use.

And now the breeze having freshened a little, and quiet being restored, all hands commenced to catch fish—Jochen, Elizabeth, Lemberg and John Robertson. The latter two had struck some crappie, and as that fish generally goes in schools, they were doing well. I showed Mrs. Lemberg and Miss Mary Robertson where they could have some fun, and the best of good humor prevailed.

With the reflection, "Yes, yes! That's the way it goes when you undertake to teach your grandmother how to catch fleas! Was afraid the boy wouldn't have any fun—took a deal of trouble to advise him, do for him—and he, well he just coolly beats us all!" Jochen kept hauling out one and two pound bass whenever he had a chance to put his own hook in the water, for Elizabeth kept him pretty busy attending to her hook; which he did with a great deal of good will, if not with much suavity of manners. When I mentioned his gallantry, he would have it that it was the bonnet, his wife's sun bonnet, which Mrs. H.-P. had considerably given to Miss Elizabeth to protect her face from the burning sun.

As the wind continued to freshen up, I tried for some more outsiders, and succeeded in landing three additional heavy fish—one, the rise of five pounds. I then suggested that we had caught fish enough; but John Robertson and Mr. Lemberg thought that they would like to take some home with them; so I busied myself with stringing fish and assisting the ladies, when they caught themselves or each other. Finally Jochen insisted I go to the end of the plank and catch a "Big Minnow Thief," whom he had fed all morning, according to his story, but never was able to hold after he got on his hook. I tried and landed a four-pound fish. Then he wanted to know how it happened that I caught only big fish.

"That is simple enough, Jochen. I fish for them. Every one of you has caught more fish in aggregate weight than I have, but I use bait and tackle for large fish, and select water where they are most likely to run—places they like best.

And now Mrs. Hanse-Peter asked whether we wanted any fish cooked for dinner. As a unanimous "of course" came back by way of answer, Elizabeth quit her rod and asked me to show her how to clean some of the large fish, and she would bake them for dinner. This was soon done—that is, I bled and cleaned what she selected from my string. By this time the rest of the ladies sought the shade, but John Robertson and Mr. Lemberg still stuck to their rods, although their faces were as red as boiled lobster, from the effects of the July sun.

While Elizabeth and Feeka were busy with their potatoes, butter, onions, peper, salt and things for the filling and with regulating the fire, under the Dutch oven,—Jochen winked me aside, and when we got a couple of hundred yards away, to a nook in the bank, similar to our glade, only not so large, where

there stood a solitary maple, he sat down in the shade and said:

"Nah, Henry; they may say what they will, a good woman she is! I know a lark from a crow when I see them side by side in broad daylight. That is a woman for you—yes, for anybody; for a prince! I have watched her. But you needn't. There is nothing to watch; she is all there, at first sight! Yes, sonny, you have made no mistake."

"Has it ever occurred to you, Jochen—" said I, "that our people when they said, 'First a cage and then a bird,' had some sense? I have thought it over and it seems to me that they intended to intimate that if a man was to catch the bird first and then had to go and build a cage, he would have but one hand to do it with, as he would naturally have to hold the bird with the other to keep it from getting away. It seems to me that would make it a tedious job. What does a man want with a housekeeper that has no house to keep; with a person to take care of his home that has no home?"

"To get a bird and house, both! That is what you want her for," he answered. "How can you have a home without a wife? Narrant tant, man, narrant tant! The wife makes the home. Looking for birds in the air when you have them in your hand! You'll have a good time getting a home first and then a wife to take care of it! You know what Mr. Blake told me ten years ago? You see I worked for him, over on his farm, close to town. He is an old American citizen and the richest man in the American Bottom. He said to me one day, when Feeka and her mother were over at his house on a visit, and I brought out the wagon for them, as they wanted to go home, said he:

"Jochen, why don't you marry that girl? Why don't you marry Feeka; she is a good woman?"

And I told him, as you said just now:

"First a cage and then a bird."

"Tut, tut!" said he. "Jochen, that may be good sense in a country where there are more mouths than spoons and more spoons than something to put into them; but here it is different. I tell you, Jochen, if you have a blanket and the girl has a blanket, and you put the two together, you both will sleep warmer. When I got married I could carry all I had in my pocket handkerchief. I and my wife slept the first two months on leaves, because we had no straw; and you see for yourself, we haven't starved."

"Sonny, he is the richest man in the American Bottom today. That is sense here, depend upon it, Henry, it is sense here now."

"Well, Jochen, suppose it is—and I am not prepared to say that it is not, provided a man has no other wants than such as he can satisfy with a meal of victuals, a roof and a pair of blankets. There is another question, however. You know the saying is—'It takes two to make a bargain!' How do I know that Miss Elizabeth would be willing to become my wife?"

"How? Ask her, of course! You don't want to steal anything, do you? Come, Henry, you see that is narrant tant. Don't know whether she would be willing! Don't know whether fish will swim, birds will fly! What else does a young woman want than to become an honest man's wife? Ain't that what she is made for?"

I don't know where Jochen would have ended—but we were interrupted by hearing Henry call to his father for help. I jumped with some alarm a few steps up the bank and saw him wrestling with a big fish. I called to him to hold on to the rod and let the fish run while I hastened to his assistance—not to try to lift him out. I found the fish caught on the minnow rig, which I had fixed up for little Yetta in the morning, and after some trouble, on account of its lightness, landed him successfully. She, child-like, had thrown down her dry, slippery elm pole, that was little more than a switch, where she sat, when she got tired; leaving the hook baited with a worm, dangling in the water. The hook had caught a small sunfish and thus baited itself for the bass. When the latter had gorged the bait he rushed up a clear run which extended between the bank and a heavy moss patch, thus fouling the rod in some lake brush, the shaking of which had attracted Henry's attention.

But now the question arose between Yetta and Henry as to who caught and owned the fish—a question of no small importance, as the fish was larger than any caught, except those that fell to my rod. All the ladies except Elizabeth declared that Henry caught the fish; without him the fish would have got away. The gentlemen, however, were just as positive, that Yetta and Yetta alone had caught and was entitled to the fish. D'd'n't she set out the tackle? Was it not her pole, line and hook? The matter was plain enough, if you only looked at it right—that is, from their side, and carefully excluded the other from view.

While this case was pending dinner was announced and, not to go to table with such an intricate question weighing on our minds, I proposed a compromise, to the effect that Henry should, after dinner was over and the heat of the day moderated, have the privilege of fishing with my rod, reel and all, until he caught a fish as large as the one in dispute. This proved satisfactory all around, especially as Yetta thought that "Uncle's pole was too big for her. She couldn't hold it."

The table was reinforced with the knickknacks, cakes, pies, pickles, etc., brought from town by Miss Elizabeth and Mrs. Lemberg; and did not have the appearance as if it had been supplied, as far as the substantials were concerned, by the "stingiest man in the American Bottom." We all commenced with baked bass and practically we ended with it, too—so well had Elizabeth and Feeka managed to suit the taste of the company. It was really enjoyable, and they came in for unlimited commendation for their

success. When this had gone on for some time, Feeka said:

"Yes, but here the same question arises: Who is entitled to the credit for the feast; Mr. B——, who caught the fish, or Miss Elizabeth, who cooked them?"

"Never mind!" said Jochen, and springing up from the table, he stepped to a wash tub that stood under the heavy shade of a maple to one side, covered with some blankets and drew out flask after flask of what proved to be most excellent home-made apple wine. From these he filled our water goblets and said:

"Let us drink to Miss Elizabeth and Mr. B——. May we live to eat many a meal caught by him and prepared by her."

This was so unexpected that Elizabeth blushed almost down to her shoulders, and I could not have been more surprised if he had got up and made a Fourth of July oration, in true Websterian style. I knew him to be a man of good sense, but could not have believed him capable of such a trick. To make matters worse, Feeka was bound not to be behind hand.

"Yes, Jochen," said she, "and a better suited couple there never was made for one another!"

That settled it. Elizabeth slipped out of the glen, and I, after drinking the toast, went to look for her. I found her in the shade of the lone maple, where Jochen had lectured me a little while before. She was seated on a kind of natural terrace, in the shade, and did not see me until I put my hand on her shoulder. She let me sit down by her side, and I explained to her that these people, in their simple-hearted good nature, meant no harm, that among them it was nothing uncommon to plague young people—and the like. I begged her not to be offended.

"No, Henry, I am not offended; but I felt like I wanted to be alone."

"Not all alone, Betty?"

"Yes, with you, Henry!" she said, with a look so true, so kind—I do not know how it happened—but, she was in my arms, and I kissed her eyes and her lips again and again! I know nothing about it. I don't remember. I am satisfied I didn't say another word. I didn't remember anything—until I heard Jochen calling me. Then I kissed her once more and we went back to the glen, her hand in mine, until we were almost in sight of the people.

We found them disputing about the Fourth of July. Some thought it was a holiday because Washington was born on that day, and others, that it was the day on which the Constitution was adopted. This was the opinion of Mr. Lemberg. But Feeka knew better, because it was "Independence Day."

"What here, what there, Independence Day!" said Jochen. "Here is Henry; he knows; he can tell us."

"Yes, Henry, come; tell us something about the Fourth of July and the Declaration of Independence. I had put it on the sideboard last night to bring with me for you to read to us to-day, but I forgot

it, in the hurry to get off this morning," said Elizabeth.

Of course I complied. I related the historic facts and explained the events and their bearing upon the formation of our government. Then, addressing myself to Jochen, said:

"You see, that is a new thing under the sun. You know, at home, in the old country, all that it was necessary to do for you and me to be good citizens was to obey the laws—but here, that is not enough."

"Why not, Henry? If I pay what I owe, earn what I eat, drink and wear, give every man his own, ain't I a good citizen?"

"No, Jochen, not of this country. That is right as far as it goes, but more is wanting. That is obeying the law, and that is enough to make you a good citizen in the old country. But here, you see, it is not enough to obey the law, but you must also make it. That is the difference between here and there, the new thing under the sun, for you and me.

"You remember, in the old country the first thing we heard when we got to church on Sunday morning was that the minister prayed for us and on our behalf to Almighty God that He would protect, preserve and bless the King, the Queen and their family, whom He, our God, had placed over us and appointed to govern, rule and direct us through life."

"Yes, I remember that, but our minister here prays for God to protect the President. Is not that the same thing?"

"Not quite, perhaps, for he does not say that God has appointed him to rule over us, and if he does, we know better. We know that we ourselves have elected him; that he is not appointed by somebody else, as for example, when you appoint your hired man to go and see that your cattle don't go into the lake and get mired down—the cattle know nothing about whom you appoint until they feel his whip. We ourselves, the people of the United States, elect a man, picking him out from among ourselves, to see to it that the laws, that we also have made ourselves, are obeyed and carried into effect.

"Of course, we had no trouble about such things in the old country. There, God Almighty attended to them. He made the King; the King made the laws and saw to it that we obeyed them. But here the people attend to all this themselves. Some of them, perhaps the best, will pray for God to assist them to do this well, but none of them asks to be excused or to have a herdsman appointed over them to keep them out of the mire. They prefer to roam at large and run the risk.

"It was the laying of the foundation for this new state of affairs which occurred on the Fourth of July, 1776, that we celebrate to-day."

"But, Henry, what do I know about the law and how to make it?" he retorted.

"My impression is," said I, "that you know a great deal about it, Jochen—not all in words, perhaps, but the essence of all laws, so far as they relate to the conduct of the citizens, you stated to us a little while

ago. Their endless applications to the variety and ever-changing nature of human affairs require special study and thought. But the meaning of all that study and thought, and of all constitutions, ordinances, laws, rules and regulations, together with all the instruments, such as constables, sheriffs, judges, courts, congresses, cabinets and presidents, with the army and navy in the bargain, the only meaning of all this is to make it possible for a just man to live on this earth; for a just man to do his deed without let or hindrance; to protect your honest labor from the breechy cattle, the runty pigs of the community; and this is done by securing to every man the result of his every act.

"If his act is good he is entitled to it. If it is bad he is entitled to it. If his act is good, is productive of results, for example, in raising a crop of potatoes, he is entitled to the potatoes, to do with them as he pleases. If his act is bad, if he breaks into your cellar or store room and steals the product of your labor, the act is his own and the result—he steals himself into the penitentiary.

"And this is what we call justice. To make this real, so that we can sit here in this beautiful shade to-day and enjoy our own without fear of molestation, and that every citizen of our blessed country, be he rich or poor, can enjoy the same privilege—this was the simple purpose that the man who founded our government intended to accomplish. They did not rely upon the fear of the gods, or a God, as we are told Moses and Numa did, in former times, for the stability of their work, but upon the love of justice, which is but a different name for liberty, in the hearts of the citizens. And their work can only perish when that love is obliterated."

"That sounds all well enough, Henry, but it don't tell me how I am to make the law, which you say I must help to make, or I am not a good citizen."

"How did you get blinds and windows for your house?"

"I hired a man that knew how to make them."

"Exactly. Just so. And who shoes your horses?"

"The farrier."

"And so you do with every job that occurs on the place that you don't know how to do, or have not the time to do yourself."

"Of course, and see to it, too, that they do it well; you may depend on that!"

"I thought as much, Jochen, from the looks of your place. But how did you find out what you wanted? Your house is different from the houses in the old country, and you raise different crops, and others you have to plant and cultivate differently from what you did at home. How did you manage to find out these things?"

"Why, sonny, I looked around to see who were the best men in the neighborhood and I learned it from them—a good deal from Mr. Blake. I asked him when I wanted a good mechanic."

"That was natural. Now, suppose you were to do the same in regard to this job—that you say you

don't know how to do. You certainly have no trouble to find worthy men, of some sort, at least."

"What do you mean? Do you mean these fellows that run for the Legislature and for Congress?"

"The very men!"

"Narren tant, Henry, there is plenty of them. Do you know what I thought sometimes?"

"No, what is it?"

"I have thought there must be something either in the water they drink, or in what the people eat that makes every man born here a candidate. They remind me of the dogs I have had or that belonged to my neighbors; everyone of them is born with the belief that he can catch the next rabbit he finds—not that he ever caught one in his life. Just so with these fellows. Everyone seems born with the belief that he can fill any office, from constable to president. But I don't know, Henry, that they ever fill the offices any more than that the dog will catch the next rabbit."

"That is very good, Jochen! But, you see, one thing is very certain!"

"What is that?"

"That if the dogs that you mention never even tried, they would never catch the rabbit. And so with these people. If they did not even try to do their duty, we could not even hope to see it performed; and that these duties are performed, in some measure at least, is evident from the fact that we have not been disturbed to-day in our pleasant enjoyment. Now, the measure in which they are performed we owe to this belief, entertained by these people, and that is borne not of what they eat or drink, not of the food we eat, the air we breathe, but of the conviction, which the people of this country have put into practical shape, that man should govern himself; and if you will promise me to see to it that those whom you employ to attend to this matter do their work faithfully—if you will see to this with the same care that you see to it that the man who shoes your horses or casts your pigs does his work well, I will promise you to spend the next Fourth of July with you here, and be better prepared to entertain you than I am to-day."

This ended our talk, to the satisfaction of everybody. Of course, I am not able to say whether this show of satisfaction was because of what I said, or because I had quit saying. Enough; it was time to redeem my promise to Henry about catching that fish with my rod. I sat down with him and explained the use of the reel, the way to make a cast, and how to strike and land the fish—while the rest, except the ladies, who were afraid of the sun, went back to their rods, or rather "poles." Next, I explained to him the way to play the fish, and that under no circumstances must he attempt to lift his catch out of the water with the rod, as this would inevitably break the tackle. We then went to my old place, where I made him practice with an unbaited hook. But I could see that he became impatient, because his father, Mr. Lemberg, and Mr.

Robertson were catching fish very rapidly, and when a pretty good-sized fellow struck at his cork, he begged me to just let him catch that bass and he would be satisfied. Then I baited with the biggest yellow minnow, fully three and one-half inches in length, that I had found in Jochen's bucket in the morning, and which I had picked out and nursed carefully, not knowing at the time that I would get sun-fish. Henry did not appreciate this. But when he asked me to let him use a sun-fish bait, I explained to him that I was afraid he would do like most people and strike too soon, before the bass would have time to gorge the perch.

"You see, Henry, it takes the fish a longer time to gorge a perch than a smooth minnow like this; and now, I can set the click at once, and you are sure to have some fun—all you want."

I then made a beautiful cast and gave him the rod. He had not held it two minutes when he said, in a suppressed voice:

"There, there he goes, Uncle! Shall I strike him?"

"A little longer—so, now!"

And whirr, whirr, went the reel, in great style! This was something new for the rest of the fishermen, as I had not used the click in the morning, and everybody was on the alert; even the ladies came from the shade. Away went the fish! Straight for the lake! I had calculated that he was not likely to run into shore, on account of the persons on the staging—some fifty or sixty feet. Henry held the arch of the rod as steadily as an expert, every now and then looking up at it to see whether it was in the shape that I had shown him. After a few darts to the right and to the left, the fish slowed and I steadied the rod, while Henry worked "the windlass," as his father persisted in calling the reel. He had brought the fish half way to shore, when with a quick lunge, that caused Henry's finger to slip from the handle of the reel, the bass took a new run and Henry began to tremble, the sweat standing on his forehead in large drops. But seeing how quietly I took matters, his courage revived and he plied the reel anew. This time he brought the fish in reach of the gaff. I placed it under the jaw, and with a quick stroke all was secure. Henry gave me the rod and then landed his fish—the largest by three-quarters of a pound of the day's catch. Of course everybody had to see, lift and wonder, until Feeka came, and put the poor lad into more trouble than ever.

"Now, what are you going to do with it?" she asked.

He looked a little while at the water, then he looked at Elizabeth, who had come with his mother, then blushed, and finally, without answering her question, he asked me how to string it. I got a stringer and cautioned him never to touch the gills, the lungs of a fish, if he wanted to keep it healthy. After he had put it into the water and everybody had left us, he asked me whether I thought that he might give the fish to Miss Elizabeth. I told him that I

thought she would not be offended, but would accept the present with pleasure, and thank him for it right kindly.

"You tell her, for me, that she may have it, Uncle. I don't like to tell her myself."

And now I called the company together and told them that I had forgotten something in the morning—forgotten to fix the time for us to start for home.

"It is the Fourth of July, and the nearer it gets to sun down and dark the more fuss there will be on the streets in town, and the more danger to persons out with a team. I therefore propose that the ladies of the party determine now at what time we shall start from here for home. We can drive it in an hour. It will take us from half to three-quarters of an hour to cross the river, so you can make your calculations accordingly. We ought to be home, in my judgment, by six o'clock."

To this Jochen, of course, and Feeka, too, had many and serious objections, but they were not considered. Mrs. Lemberg, Miss Elizabeth and Mary Robertson agreed that we should start at four o'clock. This settled, Feeka went to her coffee pots and I made preparations to pack the fish.

Henry, somehow, had found courage to tell Miss Elizabeth "that he would like very much if she would accept his catch," to the great satisfaction of Jochen.

"No, Henry, he is no fool, but so bashful!" said Jochen, by way of comment.

I had told Miss Elizabeth of the kindness intended for her, and she found a way, as women will, to help the lad to the use of his tongue. I arranged the basket especially for the two big fish, the one that Henry and the one that I caught. I put in the bottom a big handful of nice marsh grass that Henry cut for me, fresh from the edge of the lake. Then I bled the fish, placed them side by side and covered them by filling the basket with dampened grass. This was done not until the horses were hitched and we were ready to start.

In the meantime all fish caught had been packed, coffee was drunk, and after many kind words and a promise exacted from Miss Elizabeth and myself by Jochen and Feeka to come out and spend Sunday with them, we started on our return home, without having said "good-bye" to little Yetta, who was sound asleep from the fatigues of the morning. On our return trip nothing unusual occurred, except that Mary and John Robertson had taken our seat, the middle one, and Elizabeth and I had to occupy the rear one. This, however, proved no inconvenience, as a little hand rested in mine all the way, without fear of being disturbed.

We reached home safe and sound, and Mr. Robertson was very much gratified at the present brought him by Miss Elizabeth. I had to stay to tea, after which she requested me to walk with her to Mr. Lemberg, as she had lost one of her earrings.

"I thought you would come", said Mrs. Lemberg, "and have been waiting for you. I found your earring."

After a few moments talk, we walked, or rather strolled—for we were not in a hurry—back towards home. I felt loath to leave Miss Elizabeth and told her how much I enjoyed the day, or at least attempted to do so.

"Not more than I have, Henry, especially when you explained the meaning of justice and government to Mr. Hanse-Peter. You know I have a request to make of you."

"What is it, Eliza?"

"Long ago, when you were learning our language, you used to come to me every evening with a string of words, which you had heard or gathered during the day, and got me to pronounce them for you and make sentences out of them. Now, you must do the same thing for me. You know all the words, you have meanings for all of them and there are so many that are empty to me. I know the words, but not the meaning; you must give me the meaning. I have a dictionary, but that doesn't give me what I want, the meaning, as you gave it, for the word 'justice' to-day."

"I think I understand you. But you are mistaken if you suppose I have a meaning for every word—that is, a clearly defined content. I have defined to myself a good many, but very few of the greatest men that the world has produced completed this task, either for themselves or their generations. I know in fact of but two in the whole history of human thought, who seriously attempted it even."

"Who are they?"

"Aristotle and Hegel; the one, a Greek, between three and four hundred years older than the Christian era; and the other, a German, of the last and present century."

"Are there none who wrote in the English language?"

"None that I know of—in the sense in which I am speaking; for, you see, that sense requires that human intelligence should define itself to itself as a whole, because you want to know the distinct meaning of every term used by that intelligence. This would require that all these definitions should be self-consistent, that is, they should not contradict each other—eat each other up, as it were."

"Now, such a work is not easy, but as far as I am able, I will cheerfully assist you, if for no other reason than to pay off an old debt. But to show you how little you can expect from me, I will tell you that only to-day I learned the meaning of a word, and that too from my old teacher, yourself. You say I gave you the meaning of the word 'justice'."

"Yes, you showed me the thing itself!"

"And you, dear Eliza, you gave me the meaning of the word 'love'."

We had stopped in front of the house, and so I bade her "good-night." As I turned to leave, she called me back and said:

"You have forgotten something, Henry"—made a motion as if to whisper in my ear, but instead she gave me a kiss and vanished in the door.

And so I got home, but not alone. She is with me and will be with me forever!

July 5, 1856.

Busy writing up my trip of yesterday.

July 6, 1856.

Busy all day with the new centers. A long consultation this morning with Mr. F—— in regard to them.

This evening, a call from Mr. W——. He was in the highest of good humor.

"It is all right, Henry," said he, "you didn't miss it an ounce—I mean the weight of the casting of the No. 6 bottom. It is in the office now, and all the smart-alecks there are fingering and nosing it, as if they knew any more about it after than before they saw it. But how in thunder did you give it that run? It actually is like running pig-iron. I watched Mike pouring off. Did you work for that, or is it an accident?"

"There are no accidents in mathematics," said I, "Mr. W——. The thing I am working for is to get rid of accidents. With the iron of the quality as you ordinarily furnish it, we ought to be able to run plate as light as we want to, that is to say, as light as the use of the stove will permit. The running ought and shall have nothing to do in the future with the weight of the plate. If you will send over the oven doors of the No. 6, I will show you. They weigh a good deal more than there is any use and need for."

"Half the iron would do all the service required of them, if we could but run them, Henry. But say nothing about it. I want to surprise the old gentleman. Another thing, you must not think of any vacation. There is more work for you in the shop than you can do, if you work day and night."

Have arranged to do my own cooking—to board myself. It will reduce my expenses and justify the extravagant rent I pay for my room. My work is not exhausting on my physical frame, and most of the cooking I can do while I am reading.

July 7, 1856.

Eat in my own room and find it delightful. I have the entire market to select my meal from, instead of the table of a boarding house—at two dollars and a half a week. This itself more than pays for the trouble of cooking. Judging from to-day's expenses I will not be able to eat up more than a dollar or a dollar and a half per week, at the outside.

I do not know what it is, but there is something that makes me feel different when I look over my economic affairs from what I used to. I always looked at them as a drudgery, to be submitted to cheerfully, but a drudgery nevertheless, and now they seem to have an interest, a meaning which I am quite sure I never saw in them before. There is a buoyancy, a springiness in the step, as I go to the shop, that bears me, as to the accomplishment of a purpose, desirable on its own account, wholly independent of

any thought of duty, or special exertion of the will. If I try to analyze, to see what it is, there is nothing to account for this change but the dear one within, the beautiful one who is with me wherever I go. I am literally double. I have more than twofold my former energy, aggressiveness, purpose to meet the world and to claim my own.

It must be so. Justice alone is not sufficient. It requires love, with its incentive to action, with its prodigality, with its contempt for the interest of the one, so sacred to justice. It converts the one, the "I," the "me," into a mine of beings—not of things—co-equal with the "I." It converts the one into many, without obliterating the one—but into a one of beings, the family; while justice renders co-operation, many with one purpose, possible, and thus creates the many one. They are co-equal, co-temporaneous, co-eternal. Love creates, justice maintains, and neither is of the abiding without the other.

Had a pleasant day in the shop. My position is established and I am adequate to fill it. It supplies my present wants and gives daily earnest of a competence for the future. It leaves my mind to pursue its own affairs, with seven out of the twenty-four hours at its own absolute disposal.

July 8, 1856.

Mr. F—— called this morning and expressed himself satisfied with my work and its results. Requested me to arrange the shop so that I could go with him at 3 p. m. to see his brother—as that gentleman had expressed a desire to see me. Rode down with Mr. F—— in his buggy to see Mr. O. D. F——. Found him in his office—in the rear of a large tinware store on Main street. I call it his office, because the room contains a large desk, on one side, where a book-keeper was busy over the ledgers, although the other side was occupied by a work bench, at which the old gentleman was trimming up tin scraps when we entered. The scraps he handled were the remains of tin plate, out of which various patterns had been cut, but that had not been used up entirely. He cut away the worthless corners and strips and saved such portions as were of sufficient size to be turned to use. After the introduction, which did not interrupt his work, I asked him what became of the rejected trimmings.

"They are hauled out into the sink holes and waste places of the town," he replied.

"It's a pity that they should go to waste, but perhaps unavoidable at present," I remarked.

"But what could we do with them? You see, I save what I can!" he said, and rested as if for an answer.

"They are tin and iron," said I, "and in much better condition for use than any we can find in nature. They only lack the form, the proper shape. This can be restored much easier than we can go and dig the iron and tin ore out of the bowels of the earth; reduce them into metals and then give them the shape we want. These are metals already and need

not to be dug out of the mine, nor reduced from the ore."

This led to a long conversation, and I was much struck with the clearness and prevision of the man's thoughts. He has a very strong face, cleanly chiseled, of the best Connecticut type; brow and nose prominent; forehead slightly receding; eyes penetrating, with a steady, calm expression; the mouth not heavy; lips firm, but with a feminine contour, increased by a cleanly shaved and handsomely formed chin; a lovely man, at one with himself and with the world.

July 9, 1856.

Spent the greater part of the day with Miss Elizabeth. Went earlier than usual and found everybody gone except herself and youngest sister, Jessie, about twelve years old. The rest of the family had gone to spend the day with a friend, in the northern part of the city. After dinner Jessie got permission to play with some of her neighbors and we kept house by ourselves. When Elizabeth got through with her work, she came in and sat down by me.

"Henry," said she, "I am glad we have an opportunity to talk a little without a crowd around us. I have been wanting to tell you something that you ought to know, but never had a chance, and now that I have, I hardly know how to begin."

I attempted to kiss her, but she evaded me, and went on: "That is just it. You love me and I love you, and from day to day we allow our feelings to grow more and more domineering, without looking to the right or to the left, just as if we were alone in the world, or the world belonged to us!"

"Doesn't it, dearest? Or suppose it doesn't, who cares, so you are mine?"

"So you are mine, dear Henry, my heart echoes. But to see the conditions under which alone this claim, so modest on your part, can be realized—to see them! Oh, that they stood before you as they surround me! Then it would not be necessary for me to undergo this ordeal!"

After some kind words from me she regained composure and went on.

"You know how happy our home was when you left us in New York; and oh, how miserable, how terrible is it now!"

Again her feelings overcame her and some time passed before she could control her voice.

"Shortly after you left, you remember, Jessie, our baby, was about two years old. Mother was confined, prematurely, as I afterwards learned. She was very low and we all expected her to die, but she lived—if a worse than living death may be called life. During her illness the doctors used opiates, and she left her bed a craving, raving specter for the drug; no means so vile but what she resorted and will resort to them to gratify her appetite.

"Father, who idolized her—for you remember she was a beautiful woman—used every means except harshness to reclaim her, but without effect. At last he thought of depriving her of the means by

putting the housekeeping into my hands. It did no good; made bad worse; for he soon found that an attractive woman cannot be deprived of the means to gratify an all-consuming passion as long as she has the resources of a large city and personal freedom at her disposal. When he discovered the actual condition in which he found himself and his little ones, it deprived him of all control of himself. Night after night I have heard him moan in his bed—for we were huddled all in the same room, together—until one evening some months after, he came home apparently happy. But I soon found he was drunk.

"That night I could not sleep, and weeks and months came that I could not live through now. At last, to keep our little sisters alive, we, Johnny and myself, went to an uncle, my mother's brother, who lived up in Bloomingdale, and told him the situation. But it was too late to save my father. Uncle furnished the means to bring us to this place, and here, for a year or so, until mother became acquainted, it looked like we might live without feeling ashamed to meet a human being on the street.

"I keep house for father with what Johnny, sisters and I can earn, and a portion of that even goes to mother, to keep her from the street."

She ended, and covered her face with her hands. I drew her closely to me and said:

"All this, dearest, I did not know, but part of it I surmised. Father's weakness became known to me within an hour after I found him here, but I did not know the cause and how much he deserves our sympathy. It was one of the reasons that induced me not to accept the job offered to me in his shop.

"But what has all this to do with my love for you and your love for me? I knew you and your parents before they were destroyed by man, who seem to enjoy the privilege of following this as a legitimate vocation. I knew you and them, and a more beautiful home, graced with love, with mutual trust, with contentment and with all the virtues that adorn a Christian home, in the best sense of the term, I have not seen under the sun. It was in this atmosphere of family purity and piety that you were born and raised up to budding womanhood. Since then you have seen the reverse, what it is, what it means, what it ends in. To know this harms no one. To see the mire, to realize its depth of misery, by seeing the sprawling victims in their agony, this is no harm; but to be drawn in ourselves, or to be spattered with its filth, there alone lies the danger."

"But how are you to avoid that," she answered, "when the victims are your parents? How are you to preserve your good name, when those from whom you inherit it render it a by-word and a shame in the community?"

"The name itself is much, but not all. It is not yourself. It is you whom I love and not your name, and no one can say to me that you are not worthy of that love but yourself. My heart is not debauched. It asks no indorsement for the object of its love

from the community at large; you alone can convince it of error."

"I am worthy of it, Henry," she said, rising to her feet. "And as long as water will drown and opium kill, I shall remain worthy of it. There is nothing in life or death that can make me a thing to loathe—to loathe myself. Death is no bugbear to me. For years he has been my only friend. 'I can protect you,' he has whispered, when all else seemed leagued against me—even to her who brought me into the world.

"'Tis sweet to love and to be loved as you love me. 'Tis the one ray of light that has struck my path; but can I hope, dare I to hope, that it will broaden into daylight? Henry, I can not leave my father in his misfortune! Now you know all!"

I drew her again to me and said: "No, dearest, you can not leave your father in his misery; but what then? That will not last forever. He is literally committing suicide; intentionally killing himself. We can not help; we will mitigate. I claim a share in this until it ends; and then, our last duty done—"

"Then, Henry, I will be your wife, your servant, your anything—but I must be with you, see you, love you, must be yours, all, all yours and you all mine."

Our arms were entwined about each other and we were lost, lost in the blissful revery of mutual affection. After a long silence—how long I know not—I recovered myself.

"Dearest," I said, "we must consult about your affairs. You told me that you keep house on what Johnny, yourself and sisters earn. How much is it that Mary earns a week?"

"Sometimes as high as three dollars, and Annie earns two; but Jessie goes to school."

"Do they work at home?"

"Yes, they bring the work home and I help as I can, but it does not amount to much."

"Now, suppose I pay Mary the three dollars a week which she earns and you take her and let her do the housework—you, of course, attending to the management of the expenses, and so on. By degrees you teach her how to attend to that, too, and so raise a substitute for yourself. Then if anything happens to father, or we should find it more convenient for him to live with us, the rest of the family will not be out of doors."

"I can do that, Henry, without you paying anything. I had never thought of it. I can earn as much as Mary and more, too, only I don't want to go for the work and take it back. But I can manage that.

"I knew you would find out some way if you only knew my situation. But it was so hard for me to let anybody else see what I have borne so long; Johnny, you know, pays no attention to anything. He does his work, brings me his earnings and seems neither to know nor to care about what becomes of us. But I have somebody now, that I can talk to, and, dearest, it is such a relief."

I bade her "good-bye," without forgetting anything, either.

July 10, 1856.

Received pay to-day without the Fourth of July being deducted. Worked on the new centers, finished the oven doors for Mr. W——, and asked him to send me the back of the same stove. And so the work is growing under my hands.

Have been able to do but little with my books, especially since Miss Elizabeth read me that chapter from her life!

How strange it is. The man, whom I knew all kindness of heart, who reached me his hand, me, a stranger in a strange land, destitute of friends, relatives, acquaintances, of means to meet my daily wants, of words even, of language to make them known—me, he took by the hand, gave me the secrets of his craft, took me to his house, to breathe the atmosphere of love and kindness; from the great world, all dark, from its icy air of self-preservation, he brought me to his family hearth; thawed me out into human life by its genial flame, fed by the results of his own incessant toil; and to-day that hearth, gray ashes and shapeless cinders; its shining gods black demons of soot and rust, glaring in mockery at the one gleaming spot that, despite ashes, cinders, soot and rust, marks the place of its desolation. That hand that grasped mine and placed in it a craft that turned to gold, trembles with the palsy of excess, and I, I can not even reach it, to steady its shattered nerves! How much was he to me, how little can I be to him. And why? Because he is no more himself. His life's tap root was cut, his heart's core was gnawed out by a hideous worm.

He loved his wife. He lived in and for her. Toil was sweet because for her. Privation was abundance so she was supplied. And all said "it is well." Old and young said so—ancients and moderns, priests and laymen. But this, even this, it was that destroyed him!

And is there nothing then in life, however exalted the aim, however pure the motive, no comfort, no blessing but what may become a curse? No, not one, except the contemplation of eternal truth!

'Tis sweet to lose myself in the eyes of my beloved; to float in aimless reverie of bliss by her side, her hand in mine; to drink the sweet breath of her warm lips deep into my heart, but the bell tolls and time, it is no more. Above that sound, beyond into the empyrean, or I, like it shall vanish in the limitless elasticity of the inane!

July 11, 1856.

I have recommenced my annual course in Hegel's "Logic." It is a strange book and attractive to me, on account of its noiselessness. Whenever the world within or without commences to brawl so loudly that I cannot hear my own voice, I take a journey into the realm of this primeval solitude. I sometimes think it is a great pity that the man did not live to-day,

or at least at a time when the railroad facilities were far enough developed to show him what a book ought to be for man when he travels by steam. As it is, I don't know of a single chapter, page or paragraph that can be read and understood in passing by it at the moderate rate of speed of, say, forty miles an hour, no matter how large the letters might be made, or how long the fence to give room for their display. Yet, even in his day, it was known that a book should be written in such a manner "That he who runs may read," and the circumstance that we do our study, not while running, but while rushing along, leaves us necessarily in a condition the more seriously to regret that he did not comply with the canons of his art, as calculated for his own day and generation. Had he done so, there can be no doubt, when the superior sagacity of ourselves is duly considered, that the increased speed, the haste at which we have arrived, would have been no detriment to the general usefulness of the book. As it is, I fear it never will be of much value as a source of popular entertainment.

I have heard it said that it is owing to the theme, the subject treated, that the work is so obscure; that here are subjects, like the integral and differential calculus, for example, that refuse to be treated in such a way as to become popular reading—or to give up their information to the general public at first glance. As to that, of course, I do not pretend to judge. But it does seem to me that if there is a theme in nature, art or science that ought to be popular, that ought to be thoroughly familiar to everybody, it is the one treated in this book; for it treats of nothing but human knowing—knowing, the peculiarity that distinguishes man from the brute. That is the only subject it touches upon, and it treats of that, not in its idiosyncracies, not as it is developed in this or that individual, but as this universal characteristic, as the very essence of all men, as that which makes man what he is—man.

Why, then, is this not the most popular of themes—seeing that each one of us has within himself the entire material treated of?

Or, is it true that we live habitually out of doors and are strangers nowhere so much as in our own house?

The knowing, thought, reason may be occupied with a variety of objects—with objects derived from the senses, from the emotions or from reflection; but in logic it deals with itself, with its own products alone, and the knowing that results, free from all foreign content, is therefore called a "pure" knowing. The products of thought which it investigates, while at first glance they may appear formal and empty, are nevertheless in their totality the ultimate presupposition of every mental operation. They are the products of the human mind, as contradistinguished from the individual mind—of the human mind in its universality. They form the ground work, the foundation of all communication, association and co-operation of man with man; and all the

achievements in science and art, whether applied or ideal, are but the tangible and visible results of those invisible powers. They give continuity to human endeavor, and enable the present to strike its roots deep into the spiritual alluvium of the past. To investigate them in their simplicity; to define each in its sphere; to exhibit the law of their genesis, and thus reveal their self-consistent totality—this is the object which the author sought to attain.

July 12, 1856.

I was thinking to-day about the importance of the object mentioned in my last note, but upon looking around, I see nothing to compare it with. It either has all the importance there is, or none. Then it occurred to me that it might be wise to consider whether it was possible of attainment. But to find out something about the knowing, without knowing, would be to know without knowledge—a trick too difficult for me. I do not know how it might be with "Dogberry, of the watch," but as for me I can not turn it.

"Man know thyself" was at one time regarded as a divine command. But for man to know all about himself except the knowing would be to know all about himself as a beast, not as man—if the knowing is that which distinguishes him from the beast. For the knowing to know itself must therefore be regarded as the only adequate compliance with this mandate.

If I reflect upon this theme several propositions that never occurred to me before become at once self-evident. If the knowing investigates itself, its own products and their genesis, it is evident that in so doing it relates itself to itself; for it investigates itself, not some other objects. Again, it is also evident that in this occupation the knowing determines itself, as there is no other than itself to affect its activity. It subpoenas before it the universal products of the human mind, and by virtue of its own inherent universality, recognizes them as its own. In determining this content it therefore determines itself, not as this or that individual, whose intelligence is clouded by this or that interest, passion or presupposition, but as vital humanity—the individual dominated by his inherent universality, the individual as man; for it is only in this attitude that he participates in the thought of the race, the results of which he proposes to investigate.

Again, the results obtained will sustain a different relation to the objects investigated than the results from mental operations where the object is any other than the knowing—as, for example, in simple consciousness. In that sphere of knowing it is sufficient that the result, the mental determination, correspond with the object, in order that it may have the value of truth, but here it must necessarily be identical with its object before it can have any value or validity; for it is the knowing that investigates the knowing. The result can therefore only be true when the knowing knows itself—is identical with

itself. Then, in the sensuous consciousness the mental operation can not be corrected. There is no facility for comparing the sense determination with the object, and thus ascertain their correspondence beyond a doubt. The results are therefore affected with more or less relativity. But here the object itself, the knowing, is the ever present critic, to determine the sufficiency of its own expression or embodiment, and the results, therefore, are capable of being ascertained with absolute certainty.

Then again, the criterion of truth for simple consciousness fails to certify to the truth of existence. Coming down the street I see a hump-backed, knock-kneed dwarf; behind him, a splendid specimen of manhood, with the fully developed form of an Apollo. Now, which is the man and which is the dwarf? My mental determination of the one is as perfect as of the other, and therefore, according to this criterion, for all that it can tell me, the one is as true an existence as the other.

But, the question grants the correctness of the mental determinations involved, and asks, is the object presented by them true? It is the truth of the existence itself, whether it is a true embodiment of the idea, of the intelligence, that is presented by the sensuous consciousness—it is this, the truth which enables us to distinguish between the abortions of nature and art and the true embodiments of either, that the question seeks to ascertain. But this cannot be answered by the sensuous consciousness repeating "The object is as represented!" To answer this question the consciousness elevates itself to a higher plane. The intelligence interviews itself, its own determinations of the object, and by comparing with them the given presentation of sense, it determines whether the latter is a true embodiment or an abortion. But, even in this occupation, the highest phase of the knowing in practical life and general literature, it is not in simple relation with itself. It is still occupied with an object derived, partly at least, from without. It compares its own products with another, and although it determines this other, through its own products as criterion, still the result can only be a correspondence and not identity. But in the investigation under consideration, the knowing considers these its criterion, its own products, in their ultimate elements, separate and apart from the others; these principles, through which it determines the other, themselves are the objects of investigation and identity and not mere correspondence is the criterion of the validity of the results.

Again, if in this investigation the knowing relates itself to itself, then the mediation involved, and such there must be, if the genesis of the results is to be rendered apparent, must necessarily be self-mediation—the knowing, mediating itself, with and through itself; for it has no other from whom or from which it can derive its own products.

But mediation, in the prevailing logic, means the mental process involved by which it is rendered apparent that from a given proposition some other

proposition follows. The last proposition is derived from another, through another, the mental operation; and self-mediation is specifically excluded as vicious, as reasoning in a circle. According to this view, then, our investigation can only result in conclusions destitute of validity.

But it must be remembered that the prevailing logic is itself the product of the knowing determining itself, of self-mediation. Aristotle did not investigate sticks and stones in order to discover the rules of syllogistic reasoning, as it is called, but the knowing as it presented itself in his day, and especially from its discursive side. Nor did he employ aught else but his own knowing in the investigation. Hence the result of that investigation, the prevailing logic, is itself the product of self-mediation, and any conclusions drawn from its rules against the validity of the self-mediation of thought invalidates them themselves. Such conclusions only indicate that the science that purports to give the laws of the activity which results in knowing is itself incomplete.

This view is strengthened if we look at other spheres of knowing. In the investigations of what is usually called inorganic nature, or the material world, mediation still means, in accordance with this logic, the antecedent phase of the process which produces the event or thing to be explained—that is to say, the derivation of the event or thing from another through another. As a result of this knowing we have “inorganic nature”—that is to say, our knowledge of nature is inorganic. But self-mediation means the derivation of the object from itself through itself. Applied to nature, it means the process of organization and disintegration, through which it or any one of its organic systems perpetuates itself. Under this view the isolated event or thing is not explained by being derived from another event or thing, but only when comprehended as a necessary phase, part or member of the totality to which it belongs. The knowing, which derives the thing from another, while perfectly legitimate, as simplifying the problem, is therefore but a partial compliance with the demand of reason, which refuses to recognize the knowing as complete, as possessed of validity and value, unless it has penetrated its object so as to see that object as a self-mediated totality—as it has done, for example, in the case of the mechanical process of the solar system.

Another peculiarity of the results of this investigation is that they are not results, in the usual sense of that term—not at least insofar as the mind associates with that term the meaning of finality. For in this knowing, if it has to penetrate its object, which is itself, so as to see it as a self-mediated totality, each step in that mediation must be a result and premise at the same time—result, conclusion from a preceding, and premise for a succeeding result; and while distinct from both it also contains both; the preceding explicitly, the succeeding implicitly; the preceding in its fully developed form as

result, revealed and present to the knowing, and therefore extant for it; the succeeding implicitly, that is to say, potentially, but not as yet extant in fully developed form for the knowing.

Thus the knowing to be investigated possesses within it, in itself, potentially, all the results which the investigation will develop, but it does not possess them as results. As such it will possess them only at the end of the investigation, when it will be conscious of them, and thus self-conscious knowing, self-conscious intelligence. And thus, what the knowing is in itself at the beginning will be extant and for it at the end, through it, through its own mediation, the investigation. Thus the knowing, the immediate consciousness by virtue of its own inherent, its potential self-consciousness, realizes itself through the investigation as self-conscious intelligence.

July 13, 1856.

Mr. W—— came to see me to-day, very much elated.

“You know what it amounts to, Henry?” said he. “I mean the iron you have taken out of the No. 6 stove?”

“Between thirty-eight and forty pounds,” said I, “according to my figures.”

“Forty pounds and three ounces. That is twenty ton in a thousand, not counting the odd ounces, and a thousand ton of iron saved in fifty thousand stoves. We will make more than fifty thousand from that pattern. Then count the difference in handling and the freight on them and you see it is a nice thing for the shop. And the old gentleman says, and there is no better judge in the world, that the stove will last better and do better service than it did before.

“These are the figures that Mr. F—— gave to Mr. S——, the secretary, the smart-aleck in the office; and Mr. F—— asked him what he thought of the trivial thing now.”

Had a visit from Jochen and made him eat dinner with me—dinner of my own cooking. Brought me kind words from his wife, little Yetta and Henry, with a reminder that I had promised to spend Sunday at their house.

July 14, 1856.

Read over my note on the study of logic and see nothing in it to change, even if it was to be read by everybody. For what does it amount to but this, that if the knowing investigates itself, it in so doing relates itself to itself, it mediates and finally determines itself. Nobody can deny that. Then, as to the knowing being at the bottom of all human affairs and achievements, I don't think that anybody can question that either; certainly not, if he has ever done as much as to mold a skillet, or raise a hill of potatoes, or a row of beans. From these, ordinarily regarded as very humble undertakings, up to the founding and building up of an empire, which we as a people are doing to-day, there is not a move made, not a finger or foot stirred in the right direc-

tion, but is and must be guided by intelligence. Every worker in his place must know how to do his part, before the work can succeed.

While this is quite obvious, it is also true that the kind of knowing involved in these affairs differs in some respects from the knowing referred to in my note of yesterday—that is to say, from the knowing that will result from an investigation of the knowing; for this will be a knowing of the knowing, a knowing conscious of itself, a self-conscious knowing; while the knowing investigated is the simple knowing of immediate consciousness. As the latter directs the hand how to do, so the former directs the immediate consciousness how to know. It is this peculiarity of self-conscious intelligence that withdraws it largely from the public eye, and covers up its workings from the scrutiny of journalistic review and supervision.

But what are the inevitable conditions under which the one is transformed into the other? What are the conditions under which the simple, the immediate knowing of consciousness is transformed into self-conscious intelligence? What is the law that governs this transformation, the investigation under consideration?

To become conscious of an object, the knowing must determine that object; to determine means, first of all, that it must distinguish the object from the mind itself and from every other object. Without this condition having been complied with, there is no object, no distinct object before the mind, the knowing or the consciousness. There is no evading of this condition. It is inherent; it is absolute. Hence, if the mind is to become conscious of itself, the knowing a knowing of itself, the simple consciousness self-conscious intelligence, it must determine itself the same as any other object—that is, it must distinguish itself from itself and from every other object. This is the first step in the process—a compliance with the first condition.

The next step is, that in cognizing this object, thus determined, the knowing cancels this determination; for it cognizes the object as itself—that is, as not distinguished from itself. These are the inevitable conditions of self-conscious activity, and the fountain, the source of all determination; the primitive diremption no less than the final return into identity with itself, of the energy of the pure knowing.

To become self-conscious, therefore, means for the consciousness to become an object to itself. To do this the consciousness must dirempt itself and determine the results of this diremption, the one from the other. The activity of diremption and the determining of the results by which this relation is established are one act, which when viewed in its effect upon the preceding entirety or oneness of consciousness, is negation, in that it negates that oneness. Again, the consciousness before the diremption is universal totality, and the dirempting together with the determining thereof, the negation of this totality, are its own act. Hence consciousness as

totality is universal negativity, while in self-consciousness we have universal negativity relating itself to itself.

It contains both consciousness and the determinations thereof; but the latter, not as yet consciously; for self-consciousness is not as yet self-conscious intelligence. To become such it must SEE that it contains consciousness and its determinations. For self-consciousness to see that it contains both means not merely that it includes them, but this seeing is itself the comprehending activity which sees and includes at one and the same time. This activity of seeing is the process of mediation through which the simple consciousness, that knows that there ARE things, elevates itself through self-consciousness into self-conscious intelligence, into reason, that comprehends what consciousness knows.

The main steps, phases or elements in the process through which self-conscious intelligence realizes itself are:

First, the diremption, the diremption of itself by consciousness. This is the first determination. The simple negation of its oneness, of the wholeness of consciousness, of its immediateness.

Second, the process of mediation posited by this negation, which results in the negating of the negation, through the perfect interpenetration of its elements by the intelligence, identifying them as or with itself by comprehending them, and thus restoring itself to self-consistent oneness not as consciousness, with an object other than itself, but as self-conscious intelligence that is and comprehends itself as its own object.

Thus pure immediateness by negating itself posits mediation; and mediation by negating this negation posits immediateness—but immediateness as result. This result is the knowing that comprehends itself—pure self-conscious intelligence. The process, our investigation, is the becoming of this result, the realization of this knowing; and consciously followed, that is, subjected to the conditions adduced, it is the method of Hegel—the mode of action of self-consciousness itself in its activity of realizing itself as self-conscious intelligence.

July 15, 1856.

In summing up my note of yesterday I have self-relation, self-mediation, self-determination, together with the conditions that govern the mediation, all derived from a mere cursory glance at the nature of the work which the author proposes to himself. But these are the elements that constitute the roots of both, the terminology and the method which he employs in the solution of the problem. The terminology is derived from the theme and the method is the embodiment of the law that governs self-conscious intelligence in its activity of self-realization.

It is not the fault of Mr. Hegel, or anybody in particular, that in order for self-consciousness to realize itself into self-conscious intelligence, the knowing into a knowing of itself, into reason, it

must become self-related, self-mediated, self-determined; that it must be in itself before it can become extant—before it can be for itself; that it must negate itself as being in itself in order to become extant, to become for others, and that it must negate this negation, this being extant and for others, before it can become for itself pure self-conscious knowing. These are the inherent, the inevitable conditions of the problem itself, and not the gratuitous vagaries of the author. The knowing can not evade them. To question them shows a want of reflection upon the problem.

Suppose the knowing, say I myself undertake to discuss the least one of the questions involved—the question of “what is and what is not?” Some simple-minded fellow, wholly oblivious of the ridiculous, asks me:

“What do you mean by ‘IS?’”

Having defined what everybody knows, or supposes he knows, the simpleton requests further a definition of the terms of the definition. These too having been given, he renews his request, as each successive definition of necessity involves new and undefined terms. I can not evade his questions, for a special law says I must answer; and not until I arrive at the self-defined totality of the content of the knowing will I have complied with the request, to define the terms of my definition. Nay, I will not see the end of this demand unless I remember that it is the knowing defining itself—that it is self-relation, self-mediation, self-determination, which to be true and exhaustive must comply with its own inherent nature, with the law that governs its activity. Silence therefore upon these questions, or a cheerful compliance with this law is the only alternative for me.

Have examined Plato and find that this law underlies what they call his dialectics—that is, the part that treats of the pure categories; for these categories are themselves results and being of self-conscious intelligence, are at once the product and embodiment of its nature. Hence, when thought makes them objects of its activity, and thus vitalizes them, they define themselves as their own opposites; and thus generate and elaborate the elements of a higher synthesis, a more perfect expression, a more complete embodiment of the intelligence. Plato, unconscious of this law, failed to see their genesis, and failing of that, he failed of the logical sequence that dominates their totality.

It is also this law that underlies the antinomies of Kant; and a want of its appreciation that dictated the remarkable account which that author gives of the content of reason. It is the recognition of this law, and its conscious application to the general content of the knowing, that distinguishes Hegel from the philosophers of the world, and if we understand by that application the derivation of that content from the knowing through its own activity consciously subjected to this law, we have Hegel's “Logic,” the work that I am studying.

Plato and some of his predecessors had discovered the peculiar, the dialectical nature of the categories—such as being, nothing, one, many, motion, rest, becoming, ceasing, change, permanence, with the rest—and recognized them under the names of ideas, as the essence of things. Aristotle, clearer and more comprehensive, had shown that self-determined intelligence was the only adequate principle for the explanation of the objects that present themselves to our knowing, if for no other reason than that it alone is adequate to explain itself. The Neoplatonist, Proclus, added the insight that the views of Plato and Aristotle were complementary and not antagonistic, as the latter supposed. But neither had inquired into the law that governs self-conscious knowing in its activity, and thus exhibited the necessity of the results of that activity; nor had any of their successors and repeaters deemed it necessary to push the inquiry in this direction.

It is this principle, however, which in its historic development and embodiment has become the power that to-day wields the sovereignty of the earth, and demands obedience from me, either in accordance with, or despite my conviction. To exhibit this principle as a necessary result is to remove from its embodiment the appearance of arbitrariness and to restore to me my freedom through my conviction: for it exhibits that principle and its embodiment as the result of my own rational nature. But when I remember that the embodiment of that principle, the world of institutions, the family, civil society, state and church, the world of mediation, has been created by self-conscious intelligence, and that as such it rests for its vital power upon human conviction; that it performs its function effectually and fully only so far as it is the embodiment of the free conviction of the living as well as of the dead—if I remember this, then the work stands before me in its true significance.

July 16, 1856.

There is a matter in regard to the note on the study of logic that has been haunting me all day. I have looked at it since I came home and see that where I touch upon the necessary conditions under which self-conscious intelligence realizes itself, I define consciousness to myself as universal negativity, in that it dirempts itself and thus negates its immediate oneness or totality. But as this is the final source of all self-determination, it follows that all self-determinations are negations. It also follows that self-consciousness, as it is the relation of consciousness to itself, is universal negativity relating itself to itself and therefore in its results, absolute affirmation; for it is universal negativity relating itself to itself, not to another—and that, too, actively. It is a process of mediation, of cognizing, through which the primitive negation of consciousness is negated. It is through this activity, through which self-consciousness realizes itself into self-conscious intelligence, that the originally negative

is transformed into an affirmative result, and the principle becomes evident that all negation is not negative.

Mr. Hegel illustrates this by the familiar example—not that “two negatives make an affirmative,” for that is not true—but, that to negate a negation is affirmation. This, itself abstract illustration, may be further illustrated by observing that ignorance is a determination, a negation. But to negate this negation through the process of culture the result is affirmative-intelligence; a process that ought to be familiar to the pedagogical fraternity; and it will not have escaped their penetration that even the first negation is not in itself reprehensible. The child that comes to them is not punished because it is ignorant. If it were not ignorant, it would not come, and the process of education, of culture, would not exist. It is the nature of this negation to be a deprivative—to be a part, a fraction, not a whole. As such it does not comprehend itself, but it is still a part of the affirmative, and as such contains or is the process of mediation, the activity which negates it, which turns it into an affirmative result—back into the self-consistent totality. This renders itself tangibly certain to every teacher on pay day, nor is it necessary to trace the result, his pay, back again through the family relation, which it maintains, into the reproduction of the inception of the process, and thus illustrate its perpetuity and the principle as a phase of the process of the universe.

Again, vice is a determination, a negation; but to negate this negation through the process of moral reformation, the result is affirmative—virtue.

Thus individuality, individualism, is a determination, a negation; but to negate this negation through the process of life into rational universality, both on the side of intelligence and on the side of the will, the result is affirmative—a free, rational being.

Nay, the world itself is a determination, a negation; but the negation of this negation through the processes of nature, life and intelligence, the result is affirmative—the in and for itself existing self-conscious intelligence.

But it is not merely this side, the return into self-consistency, into harmony with itself, it is also the other side, the diremption, the self-determination of consciousness, the becoming no less than the return, that is revealed in the law. It is the simultaneous operation of both of these sides that gives us the self-perpetuating process of the universe.

According to arrangement, we, that is Elizabeth and I, met Jochen on the other side of the river this morning at 6 o'clock. This saved the paying of fare for the team. By 7, we sat down to breakfast with Feeka, and Elizabeth had to relate our ride behind Jochen's colts—an experience rather new to her. I had expected that we would go to church, but found that the minister preached at a place called Horse Prairie, a settlement too far for us to reach; so after we were through at table, Feeka told us, that is, Jochen and me, we might go where

we pleased; that she and Elizabeth did not need us to keep house. This was what Jochen wanted, and taking me upstairs he soon had me dressed for the woods. He had brought out my gun from the city some days before. We started in to kill squirrels, “berry thieves,” as Jochen calls them, “only on Sunday, however,” but flushing some wood-cock by accident, I confined my attention to them exclusively. The young birds, just right for the griddle, were in excellent condition.

When Jochen had killed a handsome bunch of squirrels, he came over to where I was shooting, in some willow brush, and wanted to know whether I was killing “slough squakers.” I showed him the birds, when he cried out, “Ha, ha! I have got somebody that can see you. You don't dodge him, do you! Say, Henry, I know a place a little farther up the slough, near the head of it, yonder, where we can get them. Just come. They are good; but I can never see them.”

As he was crashing through the willows in the direction indicated, he flushed a bird, and being on the alert, for the ground was good, I dropped it before it had got fairly above the brush.

“That's the way,” cried Jochen, “is it? You don't hunt them on the ground at all!”

I explained that it would be almost impossible to see them on the ground unless they should be in motion.

After we got to the head of the slough, we found the birds fairly abundant, and by using Jochen as a beater I soon had a fine bag. Here too I found a deer crossing; the variety of tracks indicated that it was used by quite a number. On inquiring of Jochen, he told me that he had seen as high as ten and twelve in a gang.

“But you must have a rifle,” said he, “an American gun, to kill them. Judge Blake, he is the man for them, and he told me it takes a ‘blue pill,’ a ball—that is the salt for their tail.”

We now turned towards home and struck the clearing, near an oats field, where we killed some more squirrels. Here Jochen came very near getting angry with me because I didn't “blaze” into a brood of young turkeys, that had been feeding in the field, and sought cover by flying over us at the report of the first gun in their vicinity.

“But I will get them thieves yet!” he consoled himself.

“Yes, you just wait until they are big enough to kill and we will make them pay for every grain of oats and wheat they have stolen,” said I.

“Tell me, are there many of them?”

“Enough,” said he, “to make it a grab game between them, the geese and ducks and myself, who shall have the crop. If I didn't gather my corn as soon as it is ripe, there would not be a nubbin left by the time winter sets in. You see it is not so bad now, for there is nothing here except the ducks that breed here, the wood-duck and teal, with now and then a green-head; but just wait until October

and November, when they come from the north, and then see! Bless you, Henry, you would think sometimes the whole earth was covered with ducks and geese. Let a snow storm come in November and then look out!"

On reaching the house I took, or rather kept, charge of the game, and with little Yetta and Henry went down to the wash place, on the creek and dressed it to suit myself. When I took it to the kitchen, Feeka called Jochen and said:

"See, Jochen, that is what I call nice! You never bring in your game in that condition!"

"Yes, yes! Feeka," replied Jochen, "but you always talk so much when I shoot anything on Sunday that I am afraid to clean it, too, for fear I'd break the Sabbath all to pieces!"

"Oh yes; of course! You are too pious to clean the game you kill; of course, too pious; I know!"

The largest amount of comfort with the least exertion—using the word comfort in the large sense as including food, shelter against the elements, with protection against enemies—and you have the law that governs the distribution of fish, insect, bird and animal over the earth. Each lives where life is cheapest. To find any given kind, ascertain what constitutes its chief comfort at the time you want to find it. Then go to the place where these comforts are and you will meet with the fish, insect, bird or animal you are looking for.

In accordance with this law, our buffalo starts in the spring of the year from his winter quarters, on the Red River of the south or beyond. He finds the grasses sweetest, more to his taste, on the northern belt of his feeding ground, and as this moves with advancing spring, he follows until both arrive at the headwaters of the Arkansas and the Red River of the north. Here he spends some weeks, or a month perhaps, until one morning a stiff "norther" climbs up the valley of the latter stream, from the direction of Hudson Bay. It is chilly. He turns and walks before it to keep warm. By noon it is comfortable and he loaf's about, occupied with social affairs. But the next morning, or the next, the same exercise has to be repeated, increased with the increasing severity of the season, until he reaches his winter quarters, whence he started.

The same is true of all the migratory birds—swans, cranes, pelicans, geese, ducks, plover, snipe, rail, wood-cock, their associates and dependents. They migrate up and down the Mississippi valley, in accordance with the same law, using the main rivers of the system, the Missouri and the Mississippi, as their lines of advance or retreat; and at the same time as sources of food and safety. Indeed, the basin of the Mississippi and its affluents, from the different sources of the latter to the mouth of the former, including an area of not less than thirty thousand square miles, and extending through twenty-five degrees of latitude, practically on the same meridian, is the habitat of these birds, and what particular part of that habitat they occupy at a

given time is determined by the law in question. Now, if we consider that this valley is the final receptacle of the exhausted flora and fauna of the area of this system of drainage, that not a drop of rain falls upon these extensive plains and mountain sides but what is transformed into a vessel freighted with the remains of plant, insect, bird and animal, to be borne down to this, the continental grave-yard of organic existence, we obtain some conception of the humus aggregated, the luxuriant fertility prevailing, and the consequent paradisaical condition of the home of these birds, the so-called "wanderers of the sky." Their numbers cease to be a marvel if we remember these facts; and then if we see them collected, in obedience to the law indicated, under the stress of some sudden meteorological change, into a small area of their habitat, we can understand why "the whole earth seems to be covered with ducks and geese!"

While at table I asked Jochen how he managed to escape the malarial troubles, as I did not see any indications of the prevailing curse of the valley, chills and fever, in his family.

"Well, Henry, you know old Doctor Swinitz? You remember him from the old country?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"He died in your room, upstairs. Killed himself with whisky and some stuff that he took; some white powder. He always had it in a small, wide-mouthed bottle—a kind of white powder. You see, he went to the dogs in town; and he asked me to let him stay here when he got so he couldn't do anything; and I brought him home with me one day. He didn't last long but he taught me and Feeka before he died how to keep from having the shakes. He gave me—"

"He gave you quinine, I suppose."

"That is it, Henry, quinine! When April comes, and we get warm days with cold nights, we take five grains, each of us, on going to bed at night, and two when we get up in the morning. It don't make any difference if we don't feel sick; we take it anyhow. We do this until June, and then we quit until the cold nights commence in the latter part of August. Then we commence again and take it until frost sets in. We also sleep upstairs, all of us; and when the dews are very heavy, Feeka makes a little fire in the chimney before we go to bed. That is all we do and we have not paid a dime to a doctor since old Swinitz died—since he told us how to get along without him."

"And you say the old doctor died here, in this country?"

"Yes, in the room overhead, as I told you. He got to laying about in those coffee houses, as they call them, playing dominoes and cards and drinking whisky; and that is the reason Feeka made me promise her never to go into one of them."

We enjoyed an excellent dinner, of fried squirrel and broiled wood-cock, with peaches and cream for

dessert; but Jochen would have it that he ate a better meal at my room, of my cooking.

"No, no man ever made potato salad like that, or boiled a piece of corn-beef so—just right!"

This brought out little Yetta with the question: "Papa, does Uncle Henry cook hisself?"

"Yes indeed he does, and does it well, too!" said Jochen.

"Why don't Aunt Elizabeth cook for him? Mama cooks for you; you never cook for yourself!" she inquired.

"She is going to as soon as she gets time, Yetta!" answered her mother.

"Yes, and little Yetta will come and help me. Won't you, Yetta?" said Miss Elizabeth, with very rosy cheeks.

"Yes I will if papa and mama come too!" was the answer.

It now transpired that Henry and Yetta had been busy all morning showing Elizabeth over the farm. Little Yetta had shown her her flower garden and Henry his melon patch. They had been to the barnyard to look at the chickens, the turkeys, the ducks, the geese, the pigs; then to the milk lot to look at the calves, and Henry had given her his snow white heifer calf, "Pinky"; and Yetta had given her the black rooster, "Dude," with a white topknot. They had been to the orchard, too, where they found some early peaches, yellow pears and black damsons—in short, they had introduced her into their world, a world as new to her as to them, and therefore of equal interest to all parties. They became her teachers, and the pupil found an easy way to their hearts. This was very evident and did not need the basket of choice melons and fruit, which Henry had gathered for her, by the time we started for home, to make it apparent.

After some hours, spent in rambling on the shores of the lake, and climbing a couple of Indian mounds, we said "good-bye" to Feeka with many a kind word, while Henry and Yetta accompanied us with their father to the ferry.

July 17, 1856.

Payday. Mr. F—— allowed me fifty dollars extra for the use of my paste during the last month. This enabled me to purchase the additional ground upon which I held an option; but I took seventy-five feet instead of fifty. I now have one hundred and twenty-five feet square, fronting on two streets, sixty feet each, and an alley twenty-five feet wide. Have agreed to make the last payment in sixty days—that gives me thirty days more than I need.

Had a long conversation with Mr. F—— about our work and agreed to go over all the patterns with him systematically, as soon as the shop shuts down, in order to see what changes ought to be made. I also agreed to work one and one-half time, that is fifteen hours a day, during the next two months, in order to get as many patterns into shape as possible by the time work is resumed in the foundry. He

is a man of extraordinary ability to dispatch business. Every thing resolves itself with him into "aye" and "nay." He knows and cares nothing about arguing a matter; looks into the center of it, into the heart—then "yes" or "no", and the affair is settled; settled, dismissed and he is ready for the next emergency. Like a mill, the peck of corn ground, it is ready for the next bushel. There is no chewing of the cud—no "perhaps," no "might be," no "but."

Yes, that is it—decides! Decide, right if possible, by all means, but decide—you are in the wrong until you do! Even if you err, you are only wrong—that is, you are where you were before you decided.

The most entertaining thing is to see such a man in contact with a lawyer, his opposite, and to note the supreme contempt which each entertains for the other. It is not safe, however, to suggest to either that perhaps both may be necessary, for it is utterly incomprehensible to them how a man of common sense can be so foolish, and how it is possible for him to keep out of the poor house, or the insane asylum.

July 18, 1856.

Looked over my note of day before yesterday in regard to the migration of birds, and see that I overlooked another effect of the law which I mentioned and that is, a change of location, not exactly a migration, still of importance to the frontiersman and hunter—on the part of squirrels, turkeys, deer, bear and their dependents.

"They follow the mast," says the woodsman!

As it seldom happens that the same district of forest produces full crops of pecans, acorns, hickory nuts, walnuts, hack-berries, gum balls and the like, two seasons in succession, the game that relies upon these fruits for its winter food, changes its haunts with the changed condition of scarcity or abundance, as they occur. It is not, however, a migration, as it lacks regularity, both of season and direction. It occurs once a year only, in October, and then in any direction—north, south, east or west, wherever mast, that is, wherever food abounds.

It is this circumstance, no doubt, that contributed largely to the condition of perennial warfare which Europeans found prevailing among the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. These people relied upon the animals mentioned for their food. Each nation or tribe had its own hunting grounds, bounded on all sides by the hunting grounds of other nations and tribes. But the game followed its food, the mast, regardless of boundary lines, and the hunter had to follow the game or starve. The result was a disregard by him of boundary lines—trespass, collision and war.

Another fact, in some degree connected with this, is the distribution of the flora, the plant life, in the tracks of these migratory hordes of birds and beasts. One day I saw an eagle at a distance on the naked beach of a lake, feeding on something. As there was no chance for a shot, I simply walked up to see

what he had killed; and found that he was devouring a brant. The carcass was nearly picked to the bone, but the craw of the dead bird was still intact and contained the undigested seeds of a water lily. This was hundreds of miles north of the habitat of the plant; still the seeds germinated and produced a vigorous growth in the lake, where I scattered them on purpose—although, the following winter proved too severe for them.

It is always of interest to me to see a rational purpose accomplished, but especially so when it results from no specific author, or when the purpose accomplished, although pre-eminently rational, does not lie in the purview of the actor, or actors, who accomplish it.

I had wondered much at the regularity with which young forests of oak and hickory grew along the edge of prairies and places previously denuded of trees by fire or other causes; not at the regularity of size, for that is obviously the result of simultaneous seeding, but at the regularity of space, the intervals apart, at which they grow. Usually there are some old trees scattered through them, standing hundreds of yards apart; and while these must be regarded as the parents of the young forests, the question arises, how the seed, produced by them, becomes so evenly distributed over the ground, and how they themselves come to occupy the position of pioneer settlers in new places, a mile or more away from their home, the forest. Neither currents of air nor currents of water can effect this distribution.

The thing puzzled me, until one afternoon, late in October, I was out with my gun, and crossing a strip of prairie that ran in the shape of a wedge between a creek and a river bottom, I noticed a blue-jay, or rather a string of them, gathering acorns from a tree on the river side, and flying across the strip of prairie, store them in a hollow tree on the creek. The thing did not interest me particularly, as it was nothing new; but in walking into the timber, I disturbed an owl, and no sooner did the blue-jays see him than the usual shout was given, and the hue and cry raised. Instantly, every jay dropped his acorn, right where he was, and went in pursuit of the common enemy. Of course, said I to myself, it is not difficult to see that these birds, the jay, the crow, the red-headed woodpecker, the hoarders—that these are the planters of the pioneer trees; but who distributes their seed; who transforms the prairie into a dense forest, the prairie, which these birds have converted into open glades?

It was only a few evenings after this when I saw a gray squirrel, called cat squirrel, in some places, busily engaged gathering acorns. He picked up a nut near the foot of a tree, hopped off some twenty-five, thirty and sometimes even fifty paces or more, dug a hole in the ground an inch or two deep, put in his acorn and covered it up, by pushing dirt on it with his nose. This done, he returned for another nut, and so kept on, until darkness put an end to his labor.

Yes, I caught him in the very act, the forester, setting out his plantation. Yet, he does not want to plant a forest; he wants to put up provisions for a rainy day. But the forest is planted and planted by him. The provision he intended for a rainy day will provide for generations, of whom he little dreams.

I have set down these facts, because I read a book, written by Mr. Humboldt, where I found in Vol. 2, pages 179 and 180, the following strange declaration:

"How is it to be explained that plants have migrated beyond districts which have an entirely different climate, or which at present are covered by the sea? Or how does it happen that the germs of organisms which resemble each other in habit and internal structure develop at different distances from the poles, and on different sea levels, wherever, in however distant localities, the temperature is approximately the same? I regard this problem insolvable—"

Again, on page 373, Vol. 3, he says:

"Nothing is so marvelous, and from a geographical point of view so obscure as the migration of birds, as regards its direction, extent and final limit."

Page 258, Vol. 3: "The causes of the distribution of the species, both in the vegetable and animal kingdom, belong to the problems which natural philosophy is incapable of solving. The science has nothing to do with the origin of these existences, but only with the laws in accordance with which they are distributed over the globe. It investigates what is, the vegetable and animal organisms as they occur, under different latitudes, different temperatures, at different elevations; it seeks to discover the conditions under which this or that organism develops, multiplies or changes; but it does not touch questions which are insolvable, for the reason that they are connected with the origin of a vital germ."

But I do not see what distribution has to do with origin, nor yet how a change in species is possible without origination, without something being originated which was not!

Then "The cause of the distribution belongs to the problems which natural philosophy is incapable of solving," and yet "It investigates the laws in accordance with which the distribution is made." What kind of a law is that which does not reveal the cause of the phenomenon investigated? But perhaps he means to call the fact that we do not find polar bears at the mouth of the Orinoco, or monkeys in Greenland, a law!

Books of this kind are a great disappointment to a poor man, who has no time to throw away.

July 19, 1856.

Never cry straw until you get to the bottom of the pile. On page 39, Vol. 2, of Humboldt's "Travels in South America," I read:

"Fifty paces from the river (the Orinoco) we saw water arise whenever the Indians stuck the oars in the sand. The sand, moist below and dry on the surface, where it is exposed to the heat of the sun, acts as a sponge. It gives up every instant in the

form of vapor the infiltrated water. The vapor develops in the heated layers of sand, arises to the surface, and becomes visible as the air cools down in the evenings. In proportion as the shore eliminates water in the form of vapor, it draws a fresh supply from the stream."

Now this is important, for I remember reading in a book, called "A Naturalist's Voyage Around The World," by Charles Darwin, the following, on page 487:

"On this island wells are situated from which ships obtain water. At first sight it appears not a little remarkable that the fresh water should ebb and flow with the tides; and it has been imagined that sand has the power of filtering the salt from the sea water. These ebbing wells are common on some of the low islands in the West Indies. The compressed sand, or porous coral rock, is permeated like a sponge with the salt water; but the rain which falls on the surface must sink to the level of the surrounding sea and must accumulate there, displacing an equal bulk of the water near the surface; and this will keep fresh if the mass be sufficiently compact to prevent much mechanical admixture; but where the land consists of great loose blocks of coral, with open interstices, if a well be dug, the water, as I have seen, is brackish."

Yes, and where the land consists of clay, compact marl or humus it is brackish, too; at the same depth and in the same locality.

Now, the fact that these wells exist is true and of the highest importance, not merely to the series of islands that stretch in front of the coast of Texas, from the Rio Grande to the mouth of the Brazos, but also to the main shore; for the phenomenon extends inland as far as the sand of the Gulf shore extends uninterruptedly. Wherever you dig a well, fifty or sixty miles even from shore, if you strike this sand you have a strata of fresh water, some eighteen inches in strength. If you go deeper you have salt water. If you dig in humus, or marl, or clay you have the same.

But the fact is best illustrated on the islands—take Padre. It is one hundred and fifty miles long, extending from the mouth of the Rio Grande to Corpus Christi Pass. Its average width is two miles and highest elevation above the waters of the Gulf, thirty-five feet. It is separated from the main land by the Lagoon Madre, with an average width of four miles. The Lagoon has at present a depth of not exceeding four feet, and is being filled up by the drift sands from the island. Now, this sand bank, Padre Island, isolated from the main land, so that it cannot receive a drop of fresh water from subterranean sources, exposed to seasons of drought, extending through four and five years, and during all that time spread out under the rays of a semi-tropical sun, has a strata of fresh water, some eighteen inches in strength, at about the same elevations above the waters of the Gulf. Wherever you dig to that level

you find that water, at any season of the year, wet or dry, neither higher nor lower. To account for this, with Dr. Darwin, by supposing that the sand acts as a partition, that prevents the fresh and salt waters from mixing, especially when the two waters are continually oscillating up and down, the one replacing the other in the minute interstices of the sand, and that, too, when there is no time intervening for the sand to lose by drainage or evaporation the complement of water which each grain attracts before the other water envelops it—to accept this as an explanation is to me impossible. Indeed, it would be hard to conceive of a machine that would effect a more thorough admixture of the two waters than a sand bank, exposed to the ebb and flow of the tides.

Suppose I take a vessel with a perforated bottom, that will act as a strainer, retaining sand, but allowing water to run through. I fill this partly with a layer or strata of fine, clean, dry sand. Through this I filter a quart of sea water. When the water ceases to run, but before the sand in the filter gets dry, I run through a quart of fresh water. After this is through, I run through a fresh quart of sea water, and after that, not another quart of fresh water but the same quart I ran through before. Alternating thus the same quart of fresh water with a new supply of sea water, the question is—how long can I continue the operation before my quart of fresh water will cease to be fresh—will cease to be distinguishable from the sea water? If I adopt Mr. Darwin's view, this operation has gone on on Padre Island—this filtering of the fresh water through sand saturated with sea water has continued, sometimes, for five successive years, with the rise and fall of every tide, and still the water is fresh. Nay, nature does not wait until the filter ceases to run, but pours in her fresh water at the top, while the sea water is pressed out at the bottom, so that the two surfaces of the different waters are in actual, in immediate contact, and not only that, but she also makes the sea water lift the fresh water up, back to the top of the filter, as if that instrument was made in the form of an hour glass and reversed with the turn of every tide.

I can't believe a word of it. I think, however, that it is likely the fact reported by Humboldt, from the banks of the Orinoco, and which may be verified anywhere in southern latitudes, along streams with sandy shores, may furnish a hint as to what is going on in these islands. The vapor eliminated by the heated strata of sand above is a chemical transformation of the water which they draw from the strata below, and the recondensation of that vapor by the fall of temperature at night will make it distilled water, free from salt or other impurities that are not vaporized at the same temperature. These sand banks, then, exposed to a tropical or semi-tropical sun, would have to be regarded not as filters that separate mechanically, nor as impenetrable partitions that keep separate these two waters, but as a chemical apparatus that transforms water into vapor and

vapor into water, as the banks of the Orinoco were observed doing by Humboldt.

I do not say it is so, but I'm going to see whether it is or not if I get the opportunity. The thing interests me, because I have some friends, from my college days, who have large interests in southwest Texas. They depend upon this source largely, sometimes for years, entirely for their supply of water. If my surmise should prove correct, it would be no small matter to them, as it would give assurance of an unlimited supply of water within a few feet of the surface of the ground to a section of country which only lacks this to make it the Sicily of America.

July 20, 1856.

Had a letter from friend McIntosh, ravingly mad at the disappointment. Well, it cannot be helped. It is not my lot to philander through life. I must work—work or die. Loafing about until I get hungry, then gorge and curse because I can gorge no more—nay, howl, call men and beasts to witness the outrage, that my paunch is not larger—there is nothing excellent in that.

July 21, 1856.

It is pretty stiff, fifteen hours in the shop! But I make it in daylight. I commence at half-past four in the morning and quit at half-past seven at night. Then I have two hours and a half to cook and eat my victuals, read and write my notes—but some of this I have to defer until Sundays. At ten I go to sleep. My actual physical labor is comparatively light; still the long hours are confining. My mind gets obstreperous, sometimes, strikes on me and goes off sky-larking. It is only sixty days, however, and Mr. F—— told me he would allow me ten dollars a day as long as I could stand the hours. That will help to get me under my own roof before winter.

Wrote a letter to Mr. O. D. F——, brother of Mr. F——, in explanation of my conduct in failing to call on him, as I had promised.

July 22, 1856.

A long visit from Mr. W——, longer than his usual daily call. He is unfortunate, as it seems a necessity of his nature to have somebody to hate, and although there is no apparent lack of subjects, still the time he wastes in picking up the shortcomings, the blunders of the man who enjoys his ill will, would be enough if economically applied to make him a wise man. There is not an act so paltry, so it does not redound to the man's credit, but he must collect, preserve and cherish it. Things utterly insignificant, that from their very nature don't deserve a moment's thought, are treasured up, because by braying them together they will serve as paint to smear the victim's features. Then, peddling such stuff about, as if a man could live in filth and keep clean himself, as if tar would not soil the vessel that holds it, as if the contemplation of littleness would exalt us! It is unfortunate.

One of the young men in the office has offended

him in a special manner. He calls him "Smarty," "Smart-aleck" and the like; and uses every opportunity to dilate upon his, this, that and the other foolishness—as if inadequacy, that stands in the immediate presence of the fact, needed special mention, or were worthy of it.

After a long rigmarole about the affairs in the office, he looked over the work I had done during the week, and, as is usual with persons of his weakness, went as far in the opposite extreme in his approval as he had been a moment before in his condemnation. Of course I have to value the one with the other.

July 23, 1856.

Went to see Miss Elizabeth early this morning. I told her the happenings of the week; kissed her, and she excused me from dinner, so that I could catch up with my room work. Had all day and evening to write and study.

Read Spinoza, or rather an analysis of his philosophy. "Causa Sui"—what a strange thought for a Jew! No wonder the Rabbis hired assassins to kill him, for they saw, or suspected, what he did not. He only saw the "Causa Sui" as logical result, as Jew, and died seeing no more. But the principle announced contains more than he saw; for if God is cause of Himself, then it follows beyond all peradventure that He is also effect of Himself, and not only this, but also that He is cause and effect of Himself, and as such alone God.

When I talk of God as cause alone, I am soliloquizing, talking to myself, not objectively, not of God as He is. When I talk of Him as effect, I am doing the same thing—in either case, I am considering Him in sections.

As cause alone He is consciousness in its abstract immediacy—also called pure essence, pure matter, and the like. To be real, it must determine itself, must cause, must cease to be a logical abstraction, and be spontaneity.

As effect He is the being of nature and finite spirit; effectuated with every instant of time—not in, but with, for time is of the effect.

But as cause and effect alone He is spirit, is of himself, God—the absolute self-conscious intelligence, whose becoming is the being of what is, and whose being is the becoming of what is. This is the all there is, and the all is all there is.

Spinoza saw what Plato saw as the result of his dialectic, that the dependent is not the independent; but he did not see what Plato tried to see and express in his myths and allegories—such as the transmigration of the soul, its immortality, and that it does not receive truth from without; all of which are obscure hints that may and may not mean what Aristotle saw, that the totality is self-determined, and that it is this self-determination that is the causation which results in what is. Spinoza falls short of Aristotle, and more so of Plotinus and Proclus; for they, or at least the latter, saw that while in Plato's

dialectic the finite spirit returns back into harmony with the absolute, it requires Aristotle's self-determination of the absolute to complete the self-perpetuating process. But Spinoza is a Jew, whose ancestors had been scattered more than a thousand years among the barbarism of the world, and it is for this reason that the principle which he announces is so interesting. He, a Jew, lays down a principle, which if developed is nothing less than the logical statement of the Christian idea of God.

July 24, 1856.

Requested Mr. F—— that he permit me to leave my money in his hands until such time as I might have use for it. He ordered the clerk to give me a pass book and to credit me on paydays with the amount left due me. He then asked:

"What do you do with your money? I understand from Mr. W—— you don't spend any."

"But Mr. F——, I do spend a great deal. My room alone costs me six dollars a month, and my eating costs nearly as much more."

"That is extravagant! You spend twelve dollars a month and you earn close on to three hundred!" he said with a hearty laugh.

"But Mr. F——," I replied, "I am in debt; and you know debt is a bad bed-fellow, kicks off the clothes in a cold night."

"How did you come to be in debt?"

"I bought a piece of property and have not made the last payment."

"Oh, that is no debt. You have the property to show for it. How much did you buy?"

I told him, and also my reasons for putting my earnings into town lots—my experience with the banks.

"I see, now, I see how you got to the sand pile. But have you got the papers yet? I mean the exchange on P. B. and Co.?"

I told him "yes!"

"Well, you bring it to me, and it may be, I can find a way to make it of some use to you yet. But be that as it may, I can only say, you have adopted a very judicious course. Whenever you need any help, don't pay the extravagant interest which they charge strangers but come to me, and I will assist you on reasonable terms. I know you. I don't have to charge you for risks that I don't run."

I thanked and told him that I would avail myself of his kindness if occasion should occur.

July 25, 1856.

All day busy with Mr. F——, examining patterns. The shop has been evening up for the last two weeks, and this has thrown two-thirds of all the patterns out of use. Judging from what I have seen to-day, there is no end of work for me; and I may as well make up my mind that I am in for all I can do, even at present hours, for an indefinite length of time. Mr. F—— brought a clerk with him, who took down the number and name of each pattern and its condition, as I found and dictated it. This will give us a

chance to work to the best advantage in handling those first in which the greatest saving can be effected.

Had a letter from friend H., an old class mate, who is making fine progress in his profession—that of journalist—and expects soon to be in charge of the paper, on which he has worked ever since he graduated. Wants me to come to him to help him. Is surprised to hear of my working in a foundry. Thinks that I could make myself useful, be a success in his line—"With your industry, perseverance, etc., provided you quit dreaming and become practical!"

Yes the old theme! Reason is the only guide for me! Beyond doubt, I answer. But, reason is not individual. As individual it is only potential, not actual; for man is still born naked as of old. The individual is the possibility of becoming rational, and insofar as he does so, and insofar only is he a safe guide, a law unto himself.

In the meantime, my friend, you refuse validity to every rule of action, unless vouched for by your reason; and that, too, notwithstanding your theoretic contention that you can not know truth—can not know the relation which you sustain to the universe.

You say, "Nothing has validity except what has truth for me, and I, I can not know truth!" Nothing has validity for me but X and X is not for me. When I draw this conclusion for my friend, I am dreaming.

But, looking at this matter practically, as wide-awake as it is possible for me to arouse myself, I am convinced that the resources of the human race are controlled by the purposes of the race; the purposes by the convictions, and the convictions by truth. Now, to share the resources, I have to share and understand the purposes of my race; to share the purposes I have to share and understand the convictions upon which they are based; and to share the convictions I must share and understand the truth that sways these convictions. When I do this, then and then only have I learned my trade as a man; then only have I ceased to be an apprentice; then only am I a law unto myself, a free, rational, human being.

July 26, 1856.

Had a long talk with Mr. W——, who asked me how I would like to take a young man in my shop to help me. He thought I worked too hard, etc. I told him that I had thought of it myself, but that it occurred to me it would not be right without the consent of Mr. F——, and I felt some delicacy about asking him.

"As it is," said I, "the shop has an advantage in the market on account of the superior patterns, and this we can only maintain by keeping our methods to ourselves. Mr. F—— treats me liberally, and while I have no doubt but what the other concerns will soon discover that they are behind the times, it will take a good deal of rummaging about before they catch up; and I do not feel inclined to let them see our hand—certainly not without the consent of Mr. F——."

"You're right, Mr. B——, you're right. I don't think he has ever thought of that. But you're right!"

July 27, 1856:

Had a pleasant surprise this evening. While preparing to note down some thoughts, I was interrupted by a visit from Mr. F——. After I had given him my chair, he must know what that was. Pointing to my note book he asked: "What is that, Henry?"

I explained it, and nothing would do but I must read something to him. I felt embarrassed at first, but the thought occurred to me that I could soon satisfy without making him any the wiser about my private affairs. So I turned to the notes on the study of Hegel's "Logic" and read. After he had listened very attentively for some minutes, he interrupted me with:

"That sounds like it was English, but what in the world are you driving at? I don't understand a word of it. Is it all like that?" I told him "no," and turning to the Fourth of July picnic, I read the conversation addressed to Jochen.

"Now, there is some sense in that, Henry! But why do you want to spend time, ink and paper on stuff like you read before when you can write things that are good enough to be printed in the newspapers?"

"Well," said I, "Mr. F——, poor people have poor ways. I thought I would put down the thoughts and happenings as they occur, for I have no time to sort them, and yet I want to preserve them for my own use. You, who are rich, can afford to hire men to attend to matters that you don't care about attending to yourself.

"You can hire preachers to pray and worship for you; lawyers to law for you; doctors to physic and statesmen to govern you; but a poor devil like me, I have to do much of this kind of work myself—just as I have to do my own cooking and housework. Of course, in noting down the occurrences and thoughts of the life of a man so circumstanced, there will naturally be a good deal of variety, some incongruity and a great deal that is absurd to anybody but himself. I have studied law enough to know how to draw a conveyance and an ordinary contract. I have studied physiology and anatomy and attended the clinic so as to be able to set a broken limb or tie an artery, and looked into medicine far enough to protect myself from malaria, the prevailing trouble that besets me in this climate. As for philosophy, especially that part of it which seeks to understand the foundation of what we call the church, the state, civil society and the family, that is a kind of daily occupation with me. I don't expect to get through with that until I get through for good.

"Now, in the shop where such a life is wrought out, you would naturally expect to find a considerable variety of chips or sweepings, and I suppose we might regard this note book as a kind of literary

deal box, into which I shovel them as they accumulate."

"And you aim," said he, "to be your own priest, your own lawyer, your own doctor and your own statesman! Well, that is modest! Still, I suppose a man by working eighteen hours out of twenty-four, as you do, can accomplish something even in that line. It is certainly better to spend the hours you have to rest your physical frame in that way than to loaf around in beer houses or worse places."

"Have you ever noticed, Mr. F——, that everybody out in the country keeps a dog?"

"Oh yes, everybody has a cur!"

"Yes, but have you noticed him—I mean the usual yellow dog?"

"No, not especially; except to keep him from biting me."

"Just so! He is a good watch-dog, and then he is a good hand to protect the hen roost at night from the minks, coons, opossums, wild-cats and vermin in general. Then, in the day time he is good to run stock out of the field, to hunt squirrels, to track up a wounded deer or turkey. Of course, he is not as good a bird dog as the pointer or setter, nor as good a tracker as a hound; nor as good to catch and hold fast as the bull; nor as good a watch dog as the mastiff. But for the frontiersman he is a fair substitute for mastiff, bull, hound, pointer and setter, in one."

"He is jack of all trades!"

"And master of none, as the saying is. But he beats all these dogs, each for all these uses, although he cannot compete with any one in that dog's speciality. A poor man can't keep a menagerie of dogs; he must get along with the best substitute at hand. While you have your choice in all questions of law between the firm of Catchem, Holdfast & Mastiff and the concern of Beegle, Sleuthhound & Co., the individual members of which are all of them specialists, each one a specialist of a specialty, you can rely upon Mr. Servile, Pointer and Setter in hunting for truth, for your soul salvation, as it is called by some; and your black and tan spaniel, Mr. Fawning, or solemn-faced pug will be but too happy to attend to your affairs of state, from the sucking of an egg to the killing of a stray sheep—your poor man has to rely upon his yellow cur—himself alone."

He laughed at the odd comparison, as he called it, and then said:

"But what led you to the study of philosophy?"

"What I have told you. It considers all these matters in their abbreviations, in their germs, and while practical life loads each with endless detail, much is gained even for that when a person has a clear conception of their respective spheres and general meaning, together with an idea of how they fit together. It shows him where and how to look for the rest."

"There is no doubt about that," said he. "A man who has no general conception of what he is going to do, or to investigate, is like one who wants to go

to a certain place, but doesn't know the road, and then forgets the name of the place he wants to go to, so that he can not even inquire his way.

"But, Henry, I came to see you about that paper of yours. My lawyer reports to me that there is nothing to be made out of the firm, and the thought suggested itself that perhaps I could do something with one of the members, who has large real estate interests here in the city. You seem to think that unimproved property has some value, as you put your earnings into it. How would it be if I could turn the paper into some town lots for you. I think myself that there is not much choice between worthless paper and unimproved, unproductive town property. Still, if I had no other choice I would take the lots. I do not know that I can do it, but I should like to know what you think about it, whether it is worth trying. You take an interest in the success of my affairs, and I feel like I want to get even in some way."

"You're certainly under no obligation to me, Mr. F——, for anything I can do in the shop. You pay me liberally, and a man must be an egregious fool who does not take care of his own bread basket, and that is what your shop is to me."

"That is true. But somehow, this manufacturing seems to have a tendency to separate the interests of employer and employed. The men sometimes act as if the only enemy they have in life is the man who makes it possible for them to make a living. I have thought that the system of piece work contributed to this, but I have no time to bother with such questions. I know the fact is so, as a general rule, and if I find an exception to that rule, I appreciate it. Mr. W—— told me this evening what you said about employing an assistant. This showed that you have an idea of the general side of my business, and that you think enough about it to make its success your concern."

I thanked him for his good opinion, and told him as to the paper that I should regard it as a great service if he succeeded in exchanging it for town lots.

"But what is your idea about this town property? There are people that are wild upon the subject, and every now and then they get up a perfect craze among themselves."

"I take it, Mr. F——, that a town or city performs certain economic functions for an aggregate of population that does not reside within its limits. These functions are commercial, financial and industrial. Now, if I want to know the future size of a given town, I examine the character of the country for which it works. If the area for which it works is fully developed, that is, has a population as dense as it can maintain in comfort, and the city produces all the articles of consumption for that population, which can be made cheaper there than elsewhere, the town may be regarded as built. Its future growth will depend upon the natural increase of

population, and there can be no rapid enhancement of value.

"But if the area in question is not developed, and possesses natural resources of great value, or if the city does not produce the articles for the population of this area, which it can produce cheaper than they can be produced elsewhere, then the city will grow rapidly and values will enhance in proportion.

"Now, I have examined the country tributary to this city and find that ninety per cent of the natural wealth lies where nature placed it, untouched by man. I also find that this meager fraction of population is supplied with articles of consumption—such as furniture, implements, shoes and clothing, etc., from this city, it is true, but they are not made here; they are imported from great distances and distributed from this point. The proportion of these goods made here can not exceed twenty per cent, and yet the raw material is abundant and the natural conditions for their production, such as climate and health, are most favorable. In addition to this, I know the condition of Europe, and the energy and industry which will necessarily be drawn thence as a knowledge of our situation is spread abroad.

"It is in view of these facts, Mr. F——, that I have chosen this place for my future home, and that I put my earnings into city property. I am paying six dollars a month rent for this naked room. What interest is that upon the money invested? I have figured it, as near as I can, and can not make it less than twenty per cent."

"I reckon you are not far from right; and if I entertained your ideas about our future, I could make my children very rich people. I have no doubt there is something in it. It stands to reason there is. But a man can only do one thing at a time. I will see what I can do about that paper and let you know."

With this he bade me "good-night." I lighted him down and thanked him for his visit.

July 28, 1856.

Had a call from Fritz about a friend of his just from the old country. He wanted to see whether I could be of any assistance to get him a job.

The man is a carver and designer, and Fritz says a good one—but he got into trouble about some forged paper in the old country, and got away from there the best way he could. From his explanation it is possible that the man was used as a tool by sharpers, still it looks bad. The administration of criminal law in Prussia is of such a character that an innocent man has nothing to fear, no matter how complicated the circumstances of the case may be. I promised to meet the man on Fritz's floor to-morrow morning, and then let him know. Nothing would suit me better than such a man. I remember reading in Goethe's translation of the autobiography of Cellini an explanation of the manner in which the mold is made when they cast statues, or

works of art in bronze, and I think there is something there that deserves a trial.

Had a present sent to my room by Mr. F——, a magnificent arm chair on rockers, with a broad leaf for a writing desk attached to one of the arms. In a note he explains that he felt uncomfortable occupying my chair while I was "riding the rail of my cot" during his visit.

July 29, 1856.

Saw my man, and set him to work at Fritz Obermeyer's house. He is a splendid workman. He is carving me an oven door upon a follow board. I take it that the man is a fugitive from justice. There is nothing innocent about him—a man of unlimited cunning, with a remarkable exterior to hide it. The first impression he makes upon a stranger is that he is a simpleton—a listless, lackadaisical expression of countenance, with the corners of his mouth dropping down as if for want of energy to sustain them. But if you observe carefully, you will catch those listless eyes resting on you by stealth, as it were, backed by a consciousness of superiority that appears not interested, because it isn't worth while. He goes by the name of Olff; but I am satisfied that is not his true name. Carving is only a pretense, or at best, a makeshift. This I conclude from his kit of tools, which are those of an engraver as well as those of a carver.

I showed him what I wanted this morning at 8 o'clock, and this evening when I went to see him he was nearly done with the job—a thing that would have taken one of our men a week. The ornamentation, an oak leaf, is wonderful. I asked him what would be the best varnish to protect the wood from moisture, if I wanted to take a plaster cast from the work, but he didn't know; would see if he could think of something. Would I like to have it fixed so that it would be impervious to moisture? I told him "yes"; but then, as he did not know how to make it so, I would attend to it myself. Well, he would see. Maybe he could think of something.

Of course! This, only to avoid telling me what to use.

July 30, 1856.

Dined with Elizabeth and spent two whole hours with her. Family arrangements running along as usual. She told me that she thought Mary would be able to keep house by Christmas, but that her father is becoming more and more helpless under his terrible affliction.

Worked hard all day and have everything up-to-date. Spent an hour on Spinoza.

An attribute is what the understanding thinks of God. There are but two—thought and extension. But extension is the opposite of thought. Thought is the non-extended. How can they be true of the same substance, or essence? How can it be at one and the same time extended and not extended? Or, if they are merely subjective as from the statement may be intended, how does the understanding man-

age to keep them apart, so that they do not eat each other up? It is true, he tries to keep them separated by defining each as "independent totality," but is this fence high and strong enough? Are not the two totalities contained in the one understanding, in the one knowing, according to the definition?

Again, take extension itself. I know of none that does not contain, at least, two opposite directions—a point blank contradiction, without which extension extends nowhere; is not!

I know of but one road that does not lead into two opposite directions at one and the same time, and that is the road that starts from this, my seat here, where I am sitting, runs out of the west door of my room and keeps on, in the same direction, around the globe, until it enters my east door back to my seat. On this road I can travel east and west at one and the same time; I can go from and return home, without turning around, and each step takes me farther from and brings me nearer to my chair, at one and the same time.

July 31, 1856.

This morning at daylight, before anybody else was astir in the shop, Fritz brought me the follow board, carved for me by Mr. Olff. It is simply perfect, and varnished in such a way that I believe I could keep it in water for a week without injuring it. I paid him ten dollars for the work, and Fritz said that was more than he asked. I could not take it for less. I had the flask ready and took a plaster cast of the carving at once. It turned out well, and I have given it two coats of varnish already. After each coat, while the varnish is fresh, I give it a coat of fine, dry sand sifted to uniformity of grain. In this way I raise the thickness of the cast to the thickness of the casting I propose to make. I have taken special pains to pencil the varnish uniformly, so as to have the same amount of sand adhere over the entire surface and thus give me an even thickness. When this is done I propose to use this plaster cast as a follow board and pattern, from which to mold the reverse side of the casting, while the face is molded from the original carving. For this purpose I have had a duplicate made of the section of the flask in which I took the plaster cast. I feel certain that it will be a success, and still the thing rests on my mind like a weight; and the nearer I get to the final test the worse it is. I am keeping the matter to myself for fear of failure; that's the way with a vain fool. What has success or failure to do with the character of an act?

August 1, 1856.

Have everything ready for to-morrow morning. I will put up the flask before anybody is down, and keep it covered until I get the iron. I have had for some time an entire floor to work on whenever I wanted to test anything, and this comes in good play. I feel much relieved that I can get the experiment off my hands before the shop closes down, as

to-morrow will be the last day that we will have iron.

August 2, 1856.

Molded my flask and got my carving and plaster cast back to my shop before I was disturbed by anybody. The method is a perfect success. Have handled the casting, I suppose, fifty times to-day, like a schoolboy with his first jack-knife. Have said nothing about it yet to either Mr. W—— or Mr. F——. It will reduce the cost of making patterns at least forty per cent. In difficult ornamentation it will be more, in plain work, not so much.

August 3, 1856.

Tested my casting thoroughly—as far as I could, without cleaning it—as to uniformity of thickness, and find that this method, followed with a moderate degree of skill, will render my present work superfluous. There will be no need for a “pattern doctor” in a shop where they make their patterns as this one was made. I have not cleaned it yet, as I want Mr. F—— to see it in the condition in which it came out of the sand; but I see enough to know that I have tinkered myself out of a fat job. Well, this is rich. This side of the thing had not shown itself to me until now. “Let well enough alone,” they say. But that is ridiculous. Nothing is well enough that can be improved. This thing is not new, although it is so here. It is only applying, in an humble sphere, a method used hundreds of years ago in a higher department of the same craft.

August 4, 1856.

Mr. F—— called in and I showed him the casting. “Where did you get the pattern?” was the first question, as he recognized at a glance the superior execution of the ornamentation. I explained to him the whole thing; how in my reading I came across the method employed in casting bronze statuary; and also how I found my man who understands his business as a carver. I then showed him the carving and the cast and how the latter was prepared. He spent more than an hour in examining every detail, down to the smallest minutia. Then he said: “Where is the man that made the carving for you?” And when I told him, he added: “Why didn’t you bring him to me.”

I explained my doubts about the man, and also that I wanted to try him first.

“That is right. This is a good thing for us, Henry. But how can we utilize that man?”

I suggested to leave him where he is and employ him by the piece.

“Let him arrange a shop for himself, where he can enjoy the privacy which I think it is his inclination to cultivate. There I will explain to him from time to time what you want, and I know you will get satisfactory work out of him. He made that carving in one day.”

“No! Is it possible?”

“As I tell you. Now, I think the man is all right

as long as he finds no helpers; and it may well be that he will remain all right here, in a country where his skill will provide for his wants abundantly, without turning his hand to criminal practices. His danger is to fall into the hands of counterfeiters.”

“You say he is a designer?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll send you the drawings of a new parlor stove. You submit them to him and let him design the ornaments. I want them rich. In the meantime you need not say anything about this new method of making patterns to anybody—I mean not even to Mr. W——. I must look it over and see how we can turn it to use for you.

“As regards that paper of yours, about which I came to see you, I have an offer for it of half a block of ground between Sixth and Seventh streets, and half a section of land out in — County, in Illinois. But I think he will do better. The lots here are away out of town and the price at which he wants to turn them in is about four times what they are worth.”

“Mr. F——, you accept the offer if he will do no better. It is finding that much on the street, and to me it is a great deal.”

“You just keep quiet; the paper is in my hands, and he will do better before I get through with him. There is one thing, however, that I would like to know; would you prefer to take more farming land, or shall I insist on more town property?”

“What does he rate the outside land at?”

“About the same—four times its value. He wants five dollars an acre and I know that you can buy any amount for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre at the government land office. But he pretends that they are selected lands and the like.”

“Under these circumstances there is very little choice; but I would prefer to have some of both, and if you can do no better than the offer made, accept it; and I will feel under lasting obligations to you.”

“That is all right, Henry—and you keep quiet about this pattern business.”

August 5, 1856.

Paid my last note and am out of debt. Saw Mr. Olff with the drawings and explained to him what I wanted. I also told him that if he did not have room enough where he is, to rent himself a shop, as he could rely upon steady employment. He kept his eyes fixed upon the drawings, and remarked that it was all right, he had plenty of room and could do his work right well; that his niece, Mrs. Obermeyer, was very kind to him, and he liked to stay with her. He then asked me when I would come back for the sketch. I told him as soon as he had it ready. “Then come to-morrow evening,” he said.

August 6, 1856.

Dined with Elizabeth and told her all my good news. It made her very happy, and we spent a couple of hours, building air castles—but I privately

intend to convert some of them into solid brick and mortar. Went and looked at the property offered to me in settlement for my worthless paper. Find it all right. I can live there and in a five minutes walk be in the business center of the city; it will not take me over fifteen minutes to reach the shop.

Came by Mr. Obermeyer's and got the sketch for the ornaments of the parlor stove. They are certainly very rich—too much so, I should suppose—a very beautiful urn, that is intended to be partly plated. A new job for me. Mr. Olff asked me whether such work as plating with silver or nickel was done here. I told him "no," but that I understood the new process of plating with a battery.

"Ah," said he, "then we can make a beautiful thing of it. I will indicate the parts that are designed to be plated."

Took his pencil, and with the freedom of a writing master, indicated the shadings. He is certainly a master of his craft or art.

Had another hour with Spinoza. "Omnis determination est negatio." Certainly; if absolute being is infinite affirmation, then the opposite, determined being, is negation. But how under this view is God "Causa Sui"? What more is there in "Causa Sui" than there is in abstract essence, or in pure matter? Do I not know that I am its cause? Do I not produce it by simply abstracting from all multiplicity? What difference does it make whether I call this essence, or matter, or "Causa Sui"—as long as it does not cause? It is the result of my activity, a creation of my mind. Abstracting from multiplicity I have unity left—the abstractor. But this abstractor can not abstract from himself. For to abstract is to act, and in order to act he must be. To be, he must have an object, and as he has abstracted from all else, that object is himself. It determines that self, and this act is its existence. It is not before this act save as an abstraction. It is this constitutive act of self-consciousness, the very root of self-conscious existence, that reveals the truth of the proposition that all determination is negation, that is, negation of the abstract unity called "Causa Sui"—that does not cause. It is through this act that the "Causa Sui" becomes real, ceases to be a mere name—becomes effect of itself; and the act of self-determination, the negation of the abstract oneness, the affirmative root of the effect. Hence, the conclusion that while all determination is negation, all negation is not negative.

August 7, 1856.

Sent for Mr. F—— as soon as he came down to the office and showed him the sketch. He was surprised and delighted—surprised at the rapidity with which the man worked, and delighted with the designs. He asked what the shadings meant on the urn and shields. I explained to him that they were to be plated, either in silver or nickel.

"But where is that to be done?" he asked.

"Here, Mr. F——, in this very room, if you so desire. I know the process and it is one of the

simplest operations in the laboratory. All the plated jewelry made in Providence, Rhode Island, is plated by men who were students at the laboratory of the university at the same time with me. There is no witchcraft about that."

"But these ornaments are handsome enough without plating. Still, you must rig up the apparatus in a small way and let me see how it operates."

"Now, Henry, do you think that if we get this man to carve these designs in wood, the same way he did that oven door, you can mold a set of patterns from them with all this difficult ornamentation?"

"I certainly can. What is to hinder? We will commence with the most difficult pieces first, so as to convince ourselves of the practicability."

"That is right. Now you ascertain what he will charge for the whole stove—but in the meantime let him carve that urn anyhow."

Had a visit from Jochen, little Yetta and Henry. They all took dinner with me. The children brought me apples, pears and some excellent melons. But little Yetta wanted to know where Aunt Elizabeth was, as she had a whole basket full of things for her especially. I got out of the embarrassing question as well as I could. The visit cost me an hour and a half, but I could not begrudge it. Sent kind greetings to Feeka, and asked Jochen to explain to her how I was situated—that it was impossible for me to steal an hour out of the twenty-four, either day or night.

August 8, 1856.

Mr. Olff's price proved satisfactory to Mr. F——, although I made him put on twenty-five per cent above what he asked me—the man has no idea of the value of his work, as is not unusually the case with new comers. I told Mr. F—— what I had done. He laughed and said that I had done right; he would do the same to a fellow countryman under the same circumstances. "Besides the work is worth the money here, and to me!"

Determination—I use the term to express the result of any spiritual activity—either mental, moral or emotional—feeling, intuition, conception, fancy, thought, volition—whatever is the result of emotion, volition or cognition is expressed by this general term. But when used in its objective sense, as it is by Spinoza, it means the result of the self-determination of the universal, and hence the source of all determinateness.

It is when understood in this sense that the full meaning of his "all determination is negation" becomes apparent. It sweeps the universe clean of determined existence—of nature, no less than finite spirit, man; and leaves for result the abstract one—or at least, it was intended to do so. But the abstract one is a determination of cognition, no less than any other result of that activity. It follows, therefore, from his definition that the abstract one is a negation. To avoid this conclusion he determines the abstract one as "Causa Sui"; and pushes the contradiction between an affirmative cause and a negative

effect to its final expression. For, in this determination we have the form and content antagonistic. As form, it is a determination and therefore a negation, but its content, its meaning is that it is not a determination, not a result of cognition, but a self-dependent above and beyond cognition—a conclusion drawn in a variety of forms by Jacobi. Both conclusions, however, the one drawn from the form, and the one derived from the content, are one and the same abstract one—destitute of any predicate whatsoever.

August 9, 1856.

Had a pleasant surprise this morning from Mr. F—. He took me with him across the river, on a long drive. It seems there is a project afoot to build a canal from a coal field, some fifteen miles distant, to the river, opposite the city, and he drove over the ground to look at its feasibility. It is to run with a creek called Cahokia, and I could not help poking some fun at the projectors. But I found him in bitter earnest.

"I'm surprised at you," said he, "with your idea about the future of our city! What could be of greater advantage to us than cheap fuel, and how is that to be had without canal transportation?"

I asked him whether he had ever investigated the thing called a railroad. He said he had, and that in his opinion it would do very well for transportation where speed was a factor to be considered.

"But for heavy hauling, where time cuts no figure, a canal will get away with a railroad every time."

I did not ask him in what department of human affairs time cuts no figure, but told him that from my investigation I was forced to the conclusion that the last canal was built, and that nine-tenths of the mileage now in operation would be abandoned in less than fifty years. This remark made him laugh.

"At what rate," he asked, "do you think a railroad can carry a ton of freight the distance of one mile?"

"That depends upon the character of the freight, the distance it is to be hauled, and the nature of the ground it is to be hauled over."

"What have these things to do with it?"

"A great deal. If the freight is heavy, compact, like coal or iron, it can be hauled cheaper than when it is light and bulky—for each car can store a full load. If the distance it is to be hauled is long, there is no time lost in loading and unloading. If the country over which the hauling is to be done is level, with no, or few streams to cross, the cost of building and maintaining the road will be small. Take a country like this, between the Illinois bluff and the river, and the road ought to be built with track raised above high water mark for twenty or thirty thousand dollars a mile, while a railroad across the Allegheny Mountains, of which there is some talk in the east, may cost any where between one and two hundred thousand dollars per mile."

"Well, suppose you have the capital to build such a road as you think best calculated for the purpose of hauling coal between the bluff and the river, and

let her have all she can do, day and night, what could you haul coal for so as to earn ten per cent upon your money invested?"

"From the mines to the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think one-third of a cent per ton per mile."

"What, five cents a ton for fifteen miles haul?"

"It is rather high, I know, but then you have to go back empty; you have to run thirty miles and get pay only for fifteen."

"Will you give me the figures for that, Henry?"

"Certainly. You take—"

"No, not now. You give them to me in the morning—and then I should like to have them on paper."

I also made a discovery to-day that pleases me very much. Ever since I came to the west and south, from the time of my first trip, some ten years ago, when I spent a month in the St. Francis swamp, I have been puzzled by the peculiar channel which streams cut out where they run through alluvial plains, resembling very much the line of a worm fence, as it is called in frontier phrase. The absence of a straight course where a stream forces its way through a hilly, rocky country, is a matter of no surprise, on account of the resistance presented, now on this and then on the other side, by masses of unyielding material. But in an alluvial plain, where the resistance presented by the banks is practically the same on both sides, I could not account for the singular, destructive habits so uniformly observable along the rivers that fall into the Mississippi delta; and from which the main stream is not excepted. All the rivers, and especially those from the west, that drain the eastern, southeastern and southern slopes of the Ozark range, as they approach the delta from their mountain gorges, widen their "bottoms," as they are called, until they pass the last undulating hills, when they commence their regular serpentine course, wriggling from side to side, so that the straight line of their general trend is crossed and recrossed, frequently as often as three times in the distance of one mile. This, of course, quadruples the distance and causes four times as much land to be wasted in furnishing a waterway for the drainage as nature demands. The delta is covered with the heaviest hard timber forest of cottonwood, poplar, oak, ash, walnut, pecan, hickory, hackberry, gum, cypress, sycamore, sassafras and kindred species to be found upon the continent. Through this the streams dangle from side to side, as indicated, and at the apex of each bend the bank is undermined and tumbled into the water with whatever forest growth of giant trees or underbrush there may be found growing upon it. Not seldom it occurs that a tree as high as six feet in diameter and sixty to eighty feet in length, of solid timber, is held where it falls by sustaining roots, on one end, that reach beyond the eroded bank, and strong limbs sunk deep into the bed of the stream, on the other. In every such case the fallen and anchored tree forms a natural "boom," that catches the drift set afloat by this process up stream.

It aggregates this into a tangled mass of logs and brush, until the winds of autumn bring the falling foliage to filter in and fill the interstices, through which the water up to that time has with difficulty found its way. This done, the next flood seals the whole with its silt, and the dam is complete. The river is turned loose into the forest to seek anew the line of least resistance to its destination. This sometimes involves a detour of a hundred miles and more before it returns to its channel. The abandoned bed becomes a stagnant slough, chiefly valuable to man, or recognized by him, as propagating ground for malaria.

Another result from this habit, no less destructive than those described, is that every freshet as soon as it arises above the banks of the stream, begins to straighten the course of the latter, by connecting the series of "bends" on both sides. In this operation it excavates temporary channels from apex of bend to apex, down the series. It also returns to the old bed, mentioned before, by pouring over the dam, and cuts off temporarily all the meanderings established by the new. All these temporary channels, however, are abandoned as the stream returns to its banks, and left as sloughs, valuable as stated above.

Still another effect, with a similar result, is produced, when the erosion in two successive bends continues, until the intervening tongue of land is carried away. The river then pours through the break; dams up the old channel and straightens its course through the "cut-off"—shortening its channel sometimes fifty miles or more. This is the origin of the "Horse-Shoe Lake," one of which, at least, is found in every neighborhood of the delta.

To find a clew to the real cause of these effects, which mar one of the richest endowments which nature has, and is storing up for the use of man the alluvium of the Mississippi delta, was very pleasing, especially as I had carried the problem about with me for years. Still, there is nothing in it but the old story. Familiar with a rocky, hilly, country from my youth, I had seen in the character of the banks alone sufficient ground for the character of the channel of a stream, whether it was straight or crooked. So, when I stand in the presence of a phenomenon, where this source of explanation fails, I still keep looking in the same direction, until I stumble over the fact, have my very nose rubbed against it, as it were.

While eating lunch to-day upon the bank of a creek, called Cahokia, by the side of a considerable pool, where we had stopped in order to have water for our horses, I noticed that the upper end of the hole had an unusual shape—as if it was the result of a water-fall. I went to look at it and found an old walnut log running slantingly across the creek, at an angle of about forty degrees to the line of the current. Both ends of the log were covered by the banks of the creek, to the depth of over nine feet, so that I had to recognize it as a drift deposited by the river ages ago and which had been uncovered in

part of the superimposed mass of alluvium by the action of the creek in excavating its channel. As the erosion reached the log, it had been arrested above the obstruction, and at the same time, accelerated below by the fall of the water induced. There was but little water running over the log, none on the east end, where I was, and only a stream, some four feet wide by twelve to fifteen inches in depth, on the west end, which was depressed to that extent. This depression of one end of the obstruction to the excavating process had given a corresponding depression to that side of the bottom of the channel, and this in turn caused the water to rush against the corresponding bank. Of course unequal erosion of the two banks was the inevitable result, and the course of the stream became zigzag. The banks of a stream, therefore, are but effects answering to the inclination of the plane of the bottom of the channel. This inclination is the primary cause in determining the line of least resistance for the stream, and in varying that line horizontally from a straight to a curved one.

August 10, 1856.

Sent the figures on the cost of railroad transportation to Mr. F—— this morning. I obtained them from a work on railroad construction, which appeared recently in London. It gives the results of special experiments, and also the general experience collected from practical operations. He soon called over and wanted to know where I got "those figures." I told him.

"And you believe them reliable?" he asked.

"I know they are—only they are not likely to remain so long."

"What do you mean?"

"They will be superseded by lower ones."

"Of course, there you are again. It's a mystery to me, Henry, that a man like you, with good common sense on every subject of ordinary interest, should allow himself to be carried away the moment he is called upon to look at anything that points to the future and its development. There seems to be no limit to your belief as to its possibilities; and yet you are no visionary fool!"

"I tell you, Mr. F——, the cause of this mystery. It is such men as you who teach me the faith I entertain as to the future. You have within the last ten years revolutionized the kitchen by furnishing it with new implements. Mr. McCormick only the other day discharged every reaper from all the harvest fields of all the world, and every mower from all the meadows, to keep them company. Mr. Singer and Mr. — have discharged all the tailors and sewing girls, or increased their productive capacity from fifty to a hundred fold. Do you think this will stop with what has been accomplished? How long will it be that the shoemakers, the harnessmakers, the saddler's awl will be where the tailor's needle is today? How long before every implement used upon the farm, in the mill, in the mine, in the shop, in short—every implement of human industry, will

be superseded, replaced by more effective ones, and the world be born anew?

"And whence is this? Around me I see a people, drawn as it were, by lot of destiny from all the nations of the earth. The only condition attached for the individual to become incorporated is that he possess the courage to forsake the old and adopt the new—to forsake the old, his home, the use and wont of his fathers, dare a perilous voyage and not tremble in the untrodden gloom of the wilderness. There is not a man or woman upon this continent whose blood is not freighted with this courage. They could not be fathers and mothers here without it. This people did not inherit a home; they built it; wrought it out with their own toil. It is new! They are furnishing it with new furniture—new implements. The same audacity that bore them beyond the wont and use of their father's house, that caused them to claim a continent for their home, and the world for their enterprise, causes them to call in question every method, every implement transmitted from the past—because it is transmitted.

"Now, look at the natural resources upon the watershed of the Mississippi alone, awaiting the energy of this people, armed anew from day to day."

"Great heavens, Henry, hush! There is more in what you say than I can contradict, and I have no doubt that if I had time to think over these matters, as you do, I would be as great an enthusiast as you are.

"I want to tell you, before I forget it, that I have closed the matter of your paper—provided the land turns out satisfactory to you. He deeds you the half block of ground, three hundred feet front on—street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and one hundred and seventy-five feet front, on the same street, commencing with the corner, in the next block west; in addition to this, one section of land in — Co., Ill. The property, at a fair valuation, is worth about thirty-five per cent of the face of the paper; but it is the best we can do. You must go to-morrow, therefore, and look at the land. I have a man who knows the country and he will go with you. He will drive one of my teams to the wagon we used yesterday. The trip will take you one day going, one day coming, and a day to look around—three days. My brother has given me a letter for you to an old friend, who lives in the neighborhood, with whom you can stay all night and he will show you around."

I thanked him heartily, but demurred to the trip on account of the loss of time. All he said, however, by the way of answer, was: "You go! You need the rest more than you think. You are killing yourself. I am older than you. I have been through the mill and know what it is."

And so I am ready for the trip to-morrow morning—provided I can get any rest to-night.

August 11, 1856.

Reached the ferry in time for the second boat.

With sun up we crossed the bridge, across Cahokia Creek, in East St. Louis, and turning south, followed the east bank until we reached a small French village of the same name. Here I discovered that I had no lunch with me, and inquired of the driver whether he knew of a place along the road where we could supply ourselves.

"That is not necessary, your honor! The lady of the house, Mrs. F—, she packed the lunch basket with her own hands, and told me to present it to yourself with the compliments of Mr. F—," said he.

And sure enough! I had noticed a basket in the wagon, but did not know what it contained. A short distance beyond Cahokia we passed another cluster of cabins, called Prairie Du Po, and here we changed our direction into a southeast course, which took us diagonally across the American Bottom, to the foot of the bluff. Here we struck a road that crosses the bottom on a direct east and west line, striking the river opposite Carondelet. After the junction the two roads, or rather the one road holds a north and south course, at the foot of the bluff—now and then passing over some undulating spurs, that are not too steep for fair driving. The road being in good condition, we traveled at a sharp trot and made good time, occasionally disturbing a turkey hen that was utilizing the road as feeding ground for her young brood.

It is a remarkable instinct that guides these birds to keep their young chicks out of the grass and weeds during the morning hours, when the dew is on, while during the balance of the day such ground is their favorite cover. I have learned from the experience of the settlers that the early dew is fatal to the young. But how the old bird has found this out, that is the mystery. It may perhaps be that the chicks, after exposure to the wet would annoy the mother bird by trying to huddle, to warm themselves under her plumage, and thus prevent her from feeding. She, finding that they were as eager to feed on dry, warm ground as herself, and that on such pasture she was free from the annoyance, might perhaps adopt the habit of seeking such ground exclusively during these hours. However that may be, the fact of the practice is beyond question; and it is also beyond question that the bird never loses its young from sickness, caused by such exposure; while a large percentage of the young of the domesticated birds perish from this cause every season.

Mr. F—'s driver is a good hand with the team, not as good as Jochen, with his colts; but then he has not had the raising and the educating of the horses. He is a good and careful driver, and when he halted under the shade of a large burr oak, by the side of a fine spring of water, and told me that we had made thirty-one miles, I could scarcely believe it, until I saw that it was 11 o'clock by his watch. From indications it seems that this is a general stopping place for travelers on this road. When I remarked this to Pat, he said:

"Yes, and if your honor has no objections, I will give the horses a bite to eat; and we can eat a mouthful ourselves, and then take a rest for a couple of hours, during the heat of the day. It is only twenty miles farther to Mr. Pheyety's, and we can drive that by 6 o'clock if we start by 3."

I consented cheerfully to this suggestion, and on alighting from the wagon, found that the air within a distance of from ten to fifteen feet of the spring was perceptibly cooler than it was beyond that space. This was owing to the temperature and the volume of the water discharged by the spring. On testing it with a small thermometer I found it stood at sixty degrees, Fahrenheit.

When Pat had unhitched his team and given it the necessary attention, he brought out the lunch basket, opened it and placing a camp stool convenient, invited me to help myself; while he turned around as if to look after the horses. I waited a while until I found that it was his idea that I must eat first, and by myself. I asked him whether he did not intend to eat. He made all sorts of excuses, until I convinced him that I would not eat by myself.

It is remarkable how early training will stick to a man, and how its effects can be perverted by circumstances. Necessary and desirable under the conditions under which they have their origin, they may become farcical and untruthful when these conditions change. I am satisfied the man feels himself the peer of anyone, as he in fact is, and yet he has been "honoring" me all the way, and treating me with a deference as if I were some superior being. I said to him:

"Mr. Murphy, it is my habit to regard every man who stands fair in the community as good as myself and no better. If there are things which I can do better than he, there are others that he can do better than I. As for the having—if one has more than the other, the other has more to get, that is all; and the having can never make a difference between man and man in a country where every one has what he needs.

"There was a time in the history of man when human excellence could be transmitted, and thus perpetuated only by blood. It was at that time that the wise seeing that the oak produces the oak, the horse the horse, the dog the dog, and so throughout nature concluded that like produces like. From this they concluded further that if they mated the excellent with the excellent, excellence would result in the offspring—just as we do to-day with our horses, cattle and other animals.

"To do this with more certainty, they divided the people into classes—into noble, less noble and common, and looked with disapproval upon the intermixture of blood between these classes as subversive of the purpose in view—the perpetuation and enhancement of human excellence.

"But man is no longer dependent upon this method

of transmission. He has the printed page. All the achievements of the wisest, the best, the noblest of our race are the common inheritance of all—the humblest and highest alike. They are transmitted from mind to mind through the spiritual channels of art, literature and religion, and all classification of men to facilitate the transmission of human excellence by blood falls to the ground before the spiritual method that rules the world to-day. It only holds its place on the brood farm. There pedigree is a great matter. There we value the colt because of the sire and dam; the calf, because of the bull and cow.

"But who begot our inventors, the heroes of industry? Who are the fathers and mothers of the men who are transforming the world by the deeds of their genius more effectually, more beneficently than all the swords of all the conquerors, of whom history gives such an elaborate and unprofitable account? If you trace them back it is more than likely you will find that they lived in some lowly hovel in your own native country, or in mine—lowly enough, indeed, far enough from their honors, the nobility of the day, but that notwithstanding their lowliness, they were true men and women, with courage in their hearts to dare the unknown, the untried."

"It is mighty nice alisting to you, it is, your honor, but then it is hard for an old dog to learn new tricks. I was raised to observe my place and it is not for the likes of me to change the world!"

When we had finished eating, I strolled up a projecting spur of the bluff, which, destitute of trees, afforded a fine view of the American Bottom. The heavy forest, in full summer foliage, interrupted here and there by lakes and streams, and less frequently by the fresh clearings of the new settlers, furnishes an interesting panorama. This clearing is done by cutting away the underbrush and deadening all trees over eighteen inches in diameter. They are chopped around, about thirty inches above the ground, a cut deep enough to reach the hardwood. In this condition they are left standing, and from the distance, at this season of the year, they present the appearance of patches of winter, transplanted into the midst of summer—the leafless crowns in deep, almost spectral contrast with the color and life of the surrounding forest. Under them the ground is cultivated, and, from year to year, the disintegrating forces of nature bring down the wood-twigs and small limbs the first season, the large branches the next, and so on until in the course of six, eight or at farthest ten years, not a sign is left of even the largest and most lasting specimens of oak. So great is the disintegrating power of the climate in this locality! But no wonder; here the growth of vegetation is so rapid, decay must be in proportion, or the equipoise would be destroyed! Still, it can not be regarded as an invariable rule, for I have observed an annual shoot of the bois d'arc, one of the most durable of woods; and the center of whose

habitat is about three hundred miles south of the city of St. Louis, not less than thirteen feet and three inches in length. While growth and decay, therefore, may stand in the relation of opposites, increasing and decreasing the one with the other, in the rapidity of their process, there are practical exceptions to the rule. But I know of no exception where the rule is applied to the same species, as for example, the oak. Then it holds true that the slower the growth, the more durable the wood produced; and the more rapid the growth, the less durable the result.

While thinking over these matters I had walked up the spur and was approaching the line of the main bluff, when I heard a noise in some hazel brush that filled the head of the ravine or depression to the left of me. A moment later I saw a deer, a buck, clear the brush, making a few jumps on the level of the plateau, and then stop to take a look at me. He was not over ninety or a hundred yards away and I had a good sight of him. His horns were full grown, although still in the velvet, as I judged from their mossy appearance. After he had satisfied himself as to the identity of the intruder, he loped off at a leisurely pace, out of sight. I turned to examine the brush and found his bed. It was situated as usual at this season of the year—a dense shade, edged with bright sunshine, to which he had exposed his horns. The patch of brush was obviously a favorite retreat, as I counted no less than eight different beds, in different positions, as regards light, shade and draft of air. It is the habit of this animal to seclude himself during the time his horns are reproduced—from March to the middle of September. The immense local development absorbs his virility. He is incapable of propagating his species during that period, and avoids the society of his kind. It is a remarkable economy of nature that the same powers should be utilized for such different purposes. But I suppose that it is merely the general condition of vitality and not the specifically developed virility—the general possibility, that may be devoted either to the reproduction of the species, or to the reproduction of a member of the individual organization. When the local development is complete and the system returns to its normal vital equipoise, then virility holds sway—the mating season opens. This withdraws the nutriment from the horns, and the starved members at the end of the season, January-February, drop off. But now the mating season is over, the revulsion takes place and the process repeats itself anew.

Something analogous is observed in other horned beasts that are subject to annual seasons of deficient nutriment, hardships and deteriorating exposure. The wrinkles around the horns of our cattle are caused by the arrest of the growth during the winter. In climates where such arrest does not occur, the horn is smooth. Similar effects, modified to mere depressions, are produced upon the finger and toe nails of human beings, by severe attacks of fever or sudden

shock to the nutritive process by which the system is maintained.

While thinking of these things, I had returned to the point of the spur overlooking the spring, and saw Pat waving his hand, intimating that it was time for us to start. I descended and we continued our journey—not, however, without some sly hints from Pat about a gentleman going out shooting, and leaving his gun in the wagon. This was my return for telling him of the fine buck that I had seen. We rolled along at a brisk gait, our team refreshed by the noon rest, good feed of oats, with abundant spring water, and reached our destination by a little after 6 o'clock. A mile or so back, before we reached Mr. Pheyety's, we ascended the bluff, at the foot of which we had been traveling all day, and found his house in the edge of a belt of timber, which skirts the prairie that stretches east and south without visible limit, one unbroken plain of billowing grass.

The old gentleman received us with true western hospitality; but when he had read the letter from Mr. F——, whose man he recognized in my driver, there was no end of kind attention to our comfort. The next morning, as soon as the dew was off the grass, we mounted a couple of horses and he showed me the corners of the land.

"I selected it myself for Mr. L—— some years ago, and know all about it," he remarked, as we started. "For prairie land there is none better; but I can't see how people can be so foolish as to attempt to live on the naked prairie. But then they are all Germans; they can't speak a word of English, and they don't know any better."

The land is prairie, indeed, with grass knee and in some places breast high to our horses. But the western and northern lines run parallel with belts of timber, one of which the northern line skirts quite closely, cutting off small patches here and there. Upon inquiry I found that this timber occupies a creek bottom not more than half a mile wide from north to south, although extending some eighteen to twenty miles from east to west. I also learned that this is still government land, as it is cut up considerably by ravines, which render it undesirable for farming purposes. The western timber from a half to three-quarters of a mile distant from the western line of the land is the same belt in which Mr. Pheyety lives, and covers the bluff, which constitutes the constant bank of the Mississippi, although in ordinary stages of water from eight to ten miles east of the river.

Here I had another illustration of an opinion which I formed ten years ago, that all these rich alluvial plains owe their present condition, their destitution of forest growth, to the agency of man. Whenever the surface presents large fertile areas, uninterrupted by extensive drainage systems, they are prairies, made and kept so by the annual fires of the Aborigines, who resorted to this method of concentrating the game. These fires produce what they

fed upon. They destroy the young forest growth and reserve the areas exclusively for grass, which once set is indifferent to their ravages, as they only remove the old, the dead, or rather convert it into ashes, the more readily assimilated by the new plant. Hence, whenever we see timber on such plains, we are sure to find one of two conditions prevailing, either there is water in the immediate vicinity that protects it from fire, or the ground is so poor, cut up by ravines and ditches, that it does not produce a growth of grass heavy enough to feed a destructive fire.

In our morning's ride we flushed several broods of prairie chickens, and as they were just right for the table, I expressed a wish that I could shoot some of them. Mr. Pheyety told me:

"You can get all you want in my stubble field this afternoon; I wouldn't bother with them now."

We reached the house by dinner, which had been waiting for us, and a right royal meal it was—a true frontier table, without any attempt at city cookery—a usual error of people out in the country when they have guests from the city. They forget the zest which simple change of diet adds to the appetite.

There is something attractive, enticing even, in such a life, with its restful independence, its inexhaustible themes for thought. It speaks to my innermost self; but for my life's traveling companion I could wish for no better home. But home is not without her and she, she does not fit here. To bring her into a solitude, miles and miles away from the helping hand of man, with all the contingencies of life—I cannot think of it!

After dinner we took a long rest, until I was told by one of Mr. Pheyety's sons that the birds were in the field. I uncased my gun, which he admired very much, and we started in search of the game. He told me that they never shot them, as they had nothing but rifles:

"Sometimes we catch a few in a trap when they come to the corn shocks, in the winter."

We soon found the birds and it proved mere slaughter, as they were wholly uneducated. In less than an hour we had all we could use; although I worked without a dog. My young friend, however, made a fair retriever, as he never missed marking down the dead birds accurately, so that we lost none. I drew them on the spot, and when we got to the house I filled them with nice sweet hay. This I renewed at night and hung them up in the free night air. Next morning early I packed them with an ample supply of hay in the lunch basket, protected this from the sun during our drive and they arrived in good condition at the house of Mrs. F——, for whom I killed them, by way of return, for the excellent lunch which she had been kind enough to provide for us.

It was before sun-up when we started on our return—after we had parted with our host and family, with many kind words and urgent invitations "to call again soon!" We watered our horses at our

former nooning place, but did not stop for rest until we had driven some ten miles farther, as Pat wanted to get from the bluff before the sun would beat against it and give us the reflected heat. We reached home at 5 o'clock and I sent a note to Mr. F—— by Pat, expressing my satisfaction with the land and his entire arrangement.

August 14, 1856.

Received a note from Mr. F—— this morning, requesting me to call at his house. I found him confined to his room, suffering from an attack of indigestion—incipient dyspepsia, I suppose. He was very kind and introduced me to his wife, whom I took the opportunity to thank for her kindness. But she expressed herself as more than paid by the birds I had sent her in return.

"They are very fine; just the right size, and they are so well preserved. I think the hay has added to their flavor. We have never had birds that tasted as nice!" she said.

I requested the privilege of sending her some more of my spoils later on in the season, for that is my failing.

"I will waste time, as some people think, in loafing about with my gun!"

Mr. F—— directed me to take my paper, call on Mr. L—— at his office, and close up the transaction at once. This I did and at 11 o'clock to-day I filed my deed for the city property for record in the clerk's office of the county of St. Louis. The other one I sent by registered mail to the clerk of —— county, Illinois, for the same purpose. I then came by Mr. Olff's to see how he is getting along with the urn.

I found him busy, painting a plaster cast that he has made of it. It is beautiful. He has painted it to resemble iron, and no one could tell it from a well polished casting, without handling it. He promised to send it down in the morning. I also asked Fritz Obermeyer about a carpenter and builder and he engaged to send me one, a friend of his. At this Mr. Olff, who was present, asked whether I intended to build. I told him "yes."

"Have you a plan of the building?" he inquired.

"No, but I have settled in my mind what I want."

"If you let me have the figures I will make you a sketch of it," he remarked.

This suited me and I spent more than an hour with him, explaining and adjusting what I want. I then came by Elizabeth's and gave her all my good news, which made us both very happy.

August 15, 1856.

Mr. Olff brought me the urn and also the sketch of the house. He caught me in the act of arranging the plating apparatus, which I had bought, according to instructions from Mr. F——. Mr. Olff seems not to be acquainted with the process. This is rather surprising to me.

We went over the plans of the house together, and after suggesting some alterations, he asked for

what I would rent the upper floor, consisting of six rooms, per month or year? I told him that I thought it would bring from thirty to thirty-five dollars a month, or four hundred, or in the neighborhood of four hundred a year. He then suggested that I build the house with a flat roof, so that he could get light from above, and he would rent the upper floor for himself and Mr. Obermeyer—he would take a lease for five years. I directed him to draw the plans for both the ordinary roof, and for the one he proposed, and I would see what the builder had to say about it.

He then examined the patterns on which I was at work, and asked whether they had been hewn out with a broad-ax? He also gave me some hints as to how I could work to better advantage; and convinced me before he left that he was perfectly familiar with the method of making patterns with which I had been experimenting—without saying as much directly.

I then told him to go ahead with his work on the rest of the carving for the parlor stove; and he left with the understanding that he would bring or send the modified plan for the house as soon as it was finished.

August 16, 1856.

Mr. F—— came down to-day, for the first time since his attack. I showed him the urn, with which he was very much delighted.

"It will do for a mantle ornament, in the parlor or dining room," he exclaimed.

I told him that I had no doubt that Mr. Olff intended it for that purpose, or he would not have made the mold for the plaster cast. I also told him that the man was familiar with the method of making patterns by help of plaster casts, and that I had taken the responsibility of ordering him to go ahead with the work on the parlor stove.

"That was right, Henry," said he. "There is nothing to wait for, if you are convinced that the method is a success."

I then showed him the apparatus for plating and asked whether he had an hour's time to spare. He told me he had. I then adjusted the battery and suspended a pair of spurs, which I had bought for Master Henry Hanse-Peter, and properly cleaned, for the purpose, in the bath. In this, as I explained to him, I had dissolved or reduced two Mexican silver dollars. After the proper time, during which we went over some of the patterns, which I had overhauled, I broke the current, and requested him to take out the spurs. He seemed perfectly amazed at the change. Nothing would do but I must let him have them to send up home to his wife with the urn. Of course, I could not object. I will get me another pair for little Henry and plate them, too.

He then wished to see how the bath is prepared; and after I had reduced a half dollar, which he handed to me, in the acids he could not get tired looking at the glass, asking:

"What has become of it. That stuff looks like water, just as it did before."

I told him that it was in there somewhere.

August 17, 1856.

Have been chafing and quarreling all the evening with Mr. Stock, the builder. He has agreed, finally, to take one-half, or nearly so, the cost of the building in ground, but will not allow more than thirty dollars per foot for what costs me fifty. Have offered him fifty feet in the center of the block between Sixth and Seventh streets and the western fifty feet in the block west, between Seventh and Eighth, at forty dollars per foot. This would leave me the three corners, each one hundred and twenty-five feet square.

Also saw Mr. F—— and explained my plan to him. He was kind enough to promise me the loan of the money which I will need to carry it out. In addition, he advanced me some three hundred dollars to pay for the half section of timber land that adjoins my purchase in Illinois, which I entered to-day at the land office here. He was very much pleased with this, "as it showed good sense, in making my property complete, for practical use," as he expressed it.

It will make six farms, of one hundred and sixty acres each, and every one supplied with wood and water.

August 18, 1856.

Closed my contract with Mr. Stock, the builder. The house will occupy the corner of Sixth and —— street. It will be two stories high, with finished basement, which comes four feet above the ground. It is sixty by twenty-five feet, with a double one-story kitchen, in the rear. The lower walls are eighteen, the upper thirteen inches, faced on both fronts with stock brick. It will contain eighteen and with the kitchens twenty rooms; lintels, sills and outside steps of cut stone, and the area wall on both streets with cut stone coping. It is planned for six tenements, each with two rooms, and a kitchen. The whole improvement with substantial fence, brick pavements, on both fronts and in the rear yard, woodshed and outhouses to cost seven thousand three hundred and twenty-five dollars; keys to be delivered to me on December 1, next.

Mr. F—— asked me why I made the walls so heavy. I told him I would tell him if he would not laugh at me. I then explained that the additional expense at present was small, and that it would facilitate any change which the future might suggest as profitable; that if I wanted to arrange the place for a business house, which the locality promised to demand some time or other; it could be done at little outlay. He smiled, shook his head and said:

"Well, I suppose you are content now. You have got yourself into debt again, and keep your excuse to live in your hole, to burrow as you have done."

"I certainly shall stay in my present quarters until I am out of debt and after that we will see what

happens and act accordingly. It has perhaps escaped you, Mr. F——, that I have one of the pleasantest rooms to be found in the city, so far as air, temperature, quiet and privacy are concerned, and these are the essentials. The mere looks of the walls and furniture—that cuts no figure, that adds nothing to the essential comfort of a home.”

August 19, 1856.

Saw Jochen to-day. He wanted me to go home with him. I promised to meet him in the morning with Elizabeth and spend the day at his house. Called on my dear one this evening and made arrangements for to-morrow.

There are two matters that I must note down before I forget them—the one is that a river excavates its channel up stream, from the mouth toward the head, instead of from the head toward the mouth, as a person without close observation might suppose. Nor is this confined to the action of streams only, but it is also true of the course of human events, for which they are sometimes used as similes. There, too, the present, which may be regarded as the mouth, the outflow, the outcome of the past, sinks deeper from day to day into the meaning of the spiritual life of the universe, and establishes the banks of its course upon more and more enduring lines.

The other matter is, that a man or a people who habitually question the value of every method, process or implement transmitted to them from the past, simply because it is transmitted, while in an attitude to accomplish much, run the risk of being irreverent. From such a condition, which is most deplorable for both an individual and a people, there is no escape but through thought.

August 20, 1856.

Met Jochen, with my dear one, according to appointment, at the usual time and place, and on the way home I related to him my trip to —— county a week ago, and also told him the amount of land I bought and entered. He whistled, muttered to himself and gave every indication of being highly gratified with what he learned, but said not a word—as is his custom when driving his colts. Now and then he ejaculated: “Narren tant” — that is, “fool’s folly,” as near as it can be rendered into English—but he said this only to himself. On reaching the gate we found little Yetta and Henry awaiting us with great impatience, and had to listen to a long complaint from Yetta, addressed to Uncle, that “Papa stole away and did not take her with him; and it was Sunday, too; and that she had a great mind of being mad at him.”

Mrs. Hanse-Peter also came to receive us at the gate, with her usual cordial smile, but she was not as bright this morning as customary; she was suffering from a headache. While eating breakfast Jochen ordered the horses to be changed.

“You see, Henry,” said Jochen, “you and me will

drive over to the church. There is preaching to-day on the ridge, and the women folks can keep house by themselves. Feeka has one of her headaches and Miss Elizabeth can stay with her, and Henry—she can’t understand our preaching nohow.”

This arrangement, although at first demurred to by the ladies, and in a special manner by the children, was finally acquiesced in, which Jochen accepted in a kind of matter of course manner. As soon as breakfast was over we started, and when we got beyond the last gate he remarked:

“See, Henry, I took these horses because I can drive and talk at the same time; but I can’t do that and I ought not to do it with the colts.

“Now, that land you bought—that is a great matter. I know it. I worked for old man Pheyety during one whole harvest. He lives only eight miles, as the crow flies, from Krome, our old neighbor from Doerren. The great thing is that wood land. Mr. Pheyety, somehow, always allowed it to be understood that he owned it, and there is not a stick of timber cut on it but by him, and he touched it very lightly—always saving it like, intending to buy it, no doubt. Well, sonny, this is all right. There isn’t a finer location between here and Cairo. It’s good enough for a prince. But, sonny, you must promise me one thing.”

“What is that, Jochen?”

“You promise me that you will never sell a foot of it! Yes, you promise me that! You see, sonny, people grow; but land don’t. Folks here think there is no end to it; but you and me know better. We have seen your father pay eighteen hundred dollars an acre for land that can’t produce half the crops with manure that it produces without.”

“But what in the world can I do with it? I can not farm myself; and then I have all that vacant property in the city that must be improved in order to bring in money.”

“What property in the city?”

I explained to him the extent of my acquisition.

“All the better for that, Henry; all the better for that. Now, that is something like. That begins to look like you. “Narren tant”—I told you they didn’t get you when they got your money. But come now, you promise me that you will never sell that land, and I will show you what we can do with it. Give me your hand, sonny, that you will never sell that land as long as it does not bring you the whole money that them fellows stole from you.”

I gave him my hand and made him the promise.

“Now, sonny, you see, that is the reason we are going to church to-day. ‘Fresh eggs, good eggs,’ as your father used to say. God’s blessing is always worth picking up; and our Mr. Pastor has inquired about you, and I have had to explain and to explain why you didn’t come to church. Now, he is a good man and he has several blessings about him that we may as well pick up.

"He has been after us for some time, the older settlers, I mean, who are beginning to get along in the world, to pick up a little for a rainy day—to put a sum of money together for him to buy land with. He wants to rent it out to new comers and new beginners among our people; to give them a chance to earn a home for themselves. Do you see anything now, sonny?"

"No, I do not. I am not familiar with the situation. But let me hear further."

"You see, we go to church and after service I tell him that I have found something for him. Then I explain that you have a thousand acres of land—you see, sonny, you must buy the forty acres to make it a round thousand—a thousand acres, where he can settle twenty families on, if he wants to. Forty acres is enough for a beginner; Witte and Krome had no more. We give them a five-year lease, the first three years free of rent, on condition that they put up the necessary buildings and fences; and put the land under cultivation. The fourth and fifth year they pay you seventy-five cents an acre a year rent. After that your farms are complete and the people will want to buy them, and they will have something to pay for them with, in part at least, if not entirely."

"You see we will divide it into four farms, three eighties or two hundred and forty acres to the farm. That makes it a quarter of a mile wide and a mile and a half long—not as close together as might be, but other things make up for that. The houses are built in front of the timber, on the north line of the farming land, where they are sheltered from the north wind in the winter and have a free draft of air in the summer. That is a great matter for both man and beast. They will also be convenient to water—but you and me have to go out and locate the building places. These four farms can be cut up into as many pieces as they please, for the present. That is a matter for them to consider. Next year, this time, there shan't be a tuft of prairie grass on the land, if we live and have our health."

We arrived in sight of the church before we got through building air castles; and yet there was nothing very extravagant or impracticable in his scheme, when I came to examine it during service. This proved a little tedious to me. The trouble is that I learned the principles and doctrines in the form in which they are presented from the pulpit to-day when I was a child at school, where the Bible was our only reader. At fourteen years of age I could correct from memory any misquotation from its pages. The inner meaning of the Christian creed, its profound theory of the universe, breathed into its conceptive forms by the fathers of the church, from the works of the ancients, from Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, Proclus and the rest, and which the course of the world in its progress only serves to verify more and more clearly to thought, is as much a mystery to the preacher as it is to the congregation. He treats the conceptive forms of poetry and

representative thought, the technique of poetry, as dry, sober prose, and leads what germs of thought are awakened here and there among his hearers into endless difficulties. They look for help but find none, for he has nothing but the formal logic, which itself is helpless, without flat assumptions. It serves, however, to clean their minds of rubbish, to sweep the granary of the soul clean of whatever chaff presents itself to sight, but in this process the grain beneath and not in sight is liable to go with it. This gives us the rhetorical inanity of the press, literature, forum and pulpit.

"There is no holy of holies in man and no priesthood to attend its altar" is the well-founded assurance of the thought of the day.

After the close of the service, the minister shook me by the hand with a special fervor of welcome, and as soon as the opportunity was offered, the crowd having retired, Mr. Hanse-Peter broached the subject nearest his heart. But he had hardly begun when Mr. Witte came up and insisted that we go home with him for dinner, this being pastor's day at his house—that is, when the minister dines with him. This being the case, we took the preacher in our wagon with us and drove down. On the way Jochen opened the matter to him, in detail. But all he said in response was: "Ah, the good God, he still lives. We of little faith!" When we arose from the table, however, he launched out into a regular sermon, directed at Witte and Jochen. He showed them how the Almighty Father of all was not dependent upon the good will of any special set of any of his children, but that when he wanted to accomplish a good work, he could find the means where man least expected it. Here he, the minister, had been laboring for more than a year to get the means to help those who could not help themselves. And when he was well nigh discouraged, not because of the hard-heartedness, but because of the hard, the close-fistedness of his children, the good God sent him help from an entirely unlooked for quarter. Yes, he raised up friends that assisted Mr. B—— to his own, and then gave him light to see far enough to help his fellow men while he was helping himself—God's hand was as clear as the noonday sun in the whole matter.

At first I did not see his drift, but it soon appeared. It was nothing less than to inform his two friends that he confidently relied on them to set a good example to the rest of the brethren, in furnishing teams and implements to assist those he intended to settle on the land.

He then turned to me and wanted to know the terms on which the land could be had. I told him I would leave that to Messrs. Witte and Hanse-Peter, as they were more familiar with what was customary, and that I asked no more. They soon agreed upon the conditions, which Jochen had detailed to me, as fair to all parties. This proved satisfactory to Mr. Pastor and we agreed that I should make out leases to four persons, to be recommended

by the minister, for two hundred and forty acres each; that they should have the privilege of subletting to such persons as Mr. Pastor might recommend—themselves being responsible for the fulfillment of the conditions of the lease.

With these arrangements fairly understood we said "good-bye," and Jochen felt a foot taller, at least.

"Yes, yes; see, sonny! He is a good man. He helps the people to help themselves. We will have to furnish the teams and plows to break the land, but not for nothing. They have to pay us in work. He will see to that. He will see to that. The man or woman that will not work when he or she can is not a member of his church. He would not know them.

"But now, sonny, we must run over to the land not later than next Monday. We will start Saturday morning and be back Monday night. We will go to Krome; take him with us; show him the building sites; and he can attend to everything for us. He speaks the language and can understand our people. Then, Sunday, we drive over to Mr. Pheyety and stop with him over night. Now, you make yourself ready for this."

I agreed to do so and then spoke about the details of the leases—the conditions, etc.

"That is not necessary," said he.

"You don't need a scratch of the pen. We tell Mr. Pastor what we want and he will attend to the rest. You need not to think, sonny, he is a fool; he knows his people. A man that don't do as he tells him don't get any help from him. And then, you know, he sends the black fellow (the devil) after them, and that helps—helps better than to send the constable or sheriff. A member of his church that goes to court is no friend of his."

"That's all very well, Jochen, but then you know there is such a thing as death in the world; and I have adopted the practice, ever since I met with that loss, to do business simply on business principles, as far as the legal side of it is concerned. That does not imply any distrust, but it means that mankind in their experience of more than a thousand years have found it profitable and safest to adopt and follow these rules. It is for the protection of all parties concerned. It does not reach the essence, or the meaning of the contract. In that we can be as liberal as we choose, but the form, it should be legally perfect. That places it above the contingencies of life and death, and beyond the whims and changes of purpose, to which we all are subject."

"Nay, as to that, Henry, you are right. A man who knows these things himself, he is a fool, if he depends upon somebody else. I only meant as long as Mr. Pastor is alive, we will have no trouble."

"But did you notice, sonny, how he threw for the ham with the sausage?" (A great saying among these people. It means that a person concedes a small to gain a greater point or thing).

"How the good God got you friends to help you to get back a part of what was stolen from you."

He forgot to say that the same good God permitted the stealing first.

"Jochen, we can not expect that he should remember everything. He, at least, accomplishes good purposes, and whether his theory is correct or not, if it helps him to do that, or if he believes that it helps him, and so makes his task easier, why should we quarrel over it? His theory may have many flaws, but his actions have none. They help us to transform a wilderness into a home for civilized men; and it occurs to me that that is more than the most beautifully consistent theory about abstract truth ever did or ever will do."

"That may be so, Henry, but then you know he ought not to think that he is talking to children all the time. When I plant my crops at the proper time on land well prepared, 'tend them right, take care of my stock well, and see to it that I am not swindled out of my earnings by sharpers—in all this, I do and only obey the will of God Almighty and His blessings follow my obedience. And when Mr. Pastor says so, I believe him. But when he comes with long rigmaroles about this and about that, and about the other, and all to get me to put money into things that I know nothing about, you see, Henry, I can't see God's will in that. I believe God wants me to keep what I earn. In that I can see His blessing, and I am not going any further than I can see."

With this peculiar confession of faith, we reached home with everybody happy at our return.

"Coffee is on the table waiting for you, Uncle!" was little Yetta's greeting—sweetened with a kiss. We had scarcely sat down to the table, when we were interrupted by the rattling of a wagon, and on looking out saw Mr. Pastor and Conrad Witte at the gate. They had followed us to talk over some matters of detail that had suggested themselves after we had gone. They related chiefly to the time when operations should commence; as in the opinion of Mr. Witte prairie ought to be broken in July or August and not later than the first part of September; and there was not a day to be lost. He explained to us that turning the heavy sod with the roots to the sun during this, the dry season of the year, killed the grass effectually, rotted the sod and pulverized the ground, ready for next spring's crop; while prairie broken at any other time would take double work, and the ground would not be in as good condition for years.

"That stands to reason," said Jochen, "and the whole depends on you, Mr. Pastor. The land is all ready. It is bought and paid for and the people can go to work to-morrow if they are prepared. Have you selected your men?"

"That is one of the reasons we came after you," said the minister. "We have agreed upon three out of the four, but Mr. Witte has doubts about Henry Luebke, who is one of the men, who would be glad of the chance, and is ready to go to work, I suppose, in a few days."

"Conrad objects to him?" asked Jochen.

"Yes; and I suppose you can surmise the reason!" answered the minister.

"Certainly I can," said Jochen, "but that is a question for you to decide. Let him who is without stones cast the first rock. I ain't a pitching any! The way of the transgressor is a corduroy road anyhow. It will churn their cream into butter milk soon enough. Henry is a good man and his wife, poor girl, is industrious and a good house-keeper. They got over the traces, but haven't they done what they could to make it good. We are all flesh and blood, flesh and blood. I'm not a throwing rocks, Mr. Pastor."

"That is all right," said Conrad Witte, "but I want Henry to know, and then he can decide. I believe them to be good people, but I am not selecting tenants for myself. Henry ought to know and then he can decide."

Mrs. Hanse-Peter had found something for herself and Miss Elizabeth to look at in the garden, and the two had left the table as soon as she heard the drift of the conversation—and I hope that if ever some curious chamber maid should feel called upon while cleaning my rooms to spy among my papers, she may light upon this fact, that such a worthy example may teach her manners.

Of course I had surmised the facts of the case and told them that they must have misunderstood me.

"All I want, Mr. Pastor, is your recommendation—the misstep of the two young people, if they recognize the error and give proof by their conduct that they do recognize it, is nothing to me. It is a serious misfortune to them, or may become such if not honestly cast from them. But I cannot increase that misfortune by recalling to life what every true man can only wish buried out of sight."

"Said like a Christian gentleman," ejaculated the minister, while catching my hand. "Still, Mr. Witte was right, too. You have a right to know the people to whom you intrust your property."

"Here then are the four names to whom you can make the leases: Henry Luebke, F. W. Knickmeyer, W. F. Spassman and George F. Lerke. What do you think of them, Mr. Hanse-Peter?"

"Three of them I know. Lerke I do not. The others have either worked for me, or I have worked with them for other people. They would have had their own homes long ago, as well and as good as the best of us, if it had not been that their earnings went to keep their parents from starving in the old country, while their own chance of getting cheap land was slipping away. I am ready to stand for three of them and will help them with teams, tools and if necessary with a little money. They will not need much and I have but little."

"Lerke is all right," said Witte. "I know him; Jochen, I will do a neighbor's part by them with you and so will Krome and the rest."

"How far is the land from Mr. Krome's?" asked the parson.

"Between four and five miles," said Jochen, "and they will have to stay there until they get their cabins up. You will have to attend to that, Mr. Pastor."

"That is not necessary, Mr. Hanse-Peter," said Witte.

"At this season of the year they can camp out for a night or two."

"That is true," said Mr. Pastor, "and when can you go to select the building sites?"

"We have agreed to go Saturday morning next," said Jochen.

"No, you must not go later than Friday. I will meet you at Krome's with the people on Saturday morning—or if you say so, on Friday noon. You can start at 3 o'clock in the morning and reach Krome's at 12 meridian. That gives us the afternoon to look over the land and the men can be at work cutting house logs Saturday morning. I preach in the prairie next Sunday and will get our brethren to help put up the cabins on Tuesday. By a week from next Thursday they must be in their houses, and by a week from next Friday the breaking must commence, and we must see how many plows we can start."

We accepted the suggestion, and after an hour spent in general conversation, in which Miss Elizabeth was not forgotten—for the eye of the parson had detected the relation existing between her and myself—owing to its professional training, as I told him by way of return banter—we started for the city.

Before Jochen and I separated, we agreed to meet at 5 p. m. on Thursday next, at the Cahokia bridge—that being regarded by him as the best arrangement.

August 21, 1856.

Have drawn the first lease and feel tired out. I'll have to copy it seven or eight times, and such work is a nuisance to me—but it must be done.

August 22, 1856.

Have got myself into deeper trouble than ever. Received a very polite note from Mr. L——, requesting me to be kind enough to call at his office during the course of the day. When I called he told me he hoped I would pardon him for giving me the trouble, but that he had observed yesterday that I was preparing to build on one of the lots that I had bought from him, and as he was largely interested he would like to know the character of the improvements that I proposed to put up in the locality.

"Your own interest," he went on to say, "is large enough, Mr. B——, to make it a matter of importance to you to see the neighborhood protected against cheap structures, that have a tendency to depreciate instead of enhance the value of property. Mr. F—— has told me that you are a gentleman of sense and character, and I thought it might be well if we compared views to see if we could not co-operate for our mutual protection."

I thanked him, explained the character of the house contracted for, in a general way, and told him that I should always deem it a high privilege to consult with him and avail myself of his experience, so much more extended than mine, in any future improvements that I might be able to make. This seemed to please him, and when I told him that the present contract called for an expenditure of over seven thousand dollars, and would in my opinion run up fully to eight before I got through, he was actually elated.

"That is a great deal of money in these times, when money is to be had nowhere, and you will get a good house and the neighborhood a fine start. But what do you think of the land over in Illinois? I'm your neighbor there, too. I own four sections down the township line east of you. I have never seen it. What do you think of it? Mr. F—— told me that you went to see it the other day."

"I only know it as naked prairie. I am not a judge in such matters, and only went out to look at the land in order to please Mr. F——. I took the land because it was better than nothing; it was the best I could do. But I told Mr. F—— to close the matter before I saw the land."

"But you have seen it now, and do you think that five dollars an acre is too much for it? What do you intend to do with your tract?"

"I am not prepared to say. I am satisfied, however, that it is not worth five dollars an acre, because you have offered it at that and have not sold—as your agent, Mr. Pheyety, told me."

"But couldn't you sell it? You speak German, don't you?"

"Yes, but I'm a poor hand at a bargain. I can sell a thing for what it is worth, and a man that can not do better than that has no business to meddle with trade."

"Five dollars an acre was my price," said he, "at retail, in eighty acre lots; but I might sell for less, especially in these times, if I could make a lumping trade—say the four sections and a half. I see I own a half section west of you which I had overlooked. What do you think the whole ought to be worth, just as it lays clear of all encumbrances?"

"How long have you held the land?"

"Eight years by the fifteenth of next month," he said, after referring to his book."

"I noticed at the land office the other day that you entered it with land warrants. What were they worth at the time?"

"I do not remember; I think in the neighborhood of sixty-five cents. Why?"

"I wanted to get some data in order to answer your question. You have made no sales and I know of none outside of the government office. Suppose we allow ten per cent interest upon your investment, compounded annually, and I think, without knowing it, that money in small sums ought to be worth that in a new country, your land would be

worth in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars a section."

The upshot of the matter was and is that I came away from his office with a "title bond" in my pocket, that entitles me to call for a deed within thirty days from date for the four sections east of me and the half section west, between me and the bluff, on the payment of five thousand dollars—one-third cash and the balance in one and two years, with six per cent interest. On the first payment I have paid fifty dollars cash, which I lose if I fail to close the contract by the time specified. That is the trouble I have got myself into.

August 23, 1856.

Have finished the last lease. Got a leave of absence from Mr. F—— without explaining the nature of my business. He is very kind. Remarked when I asked him for a leave: "Your health is of more importance than a few tons of iron." He is busy with the plating apparatus. I have shown him how to use it and he is very much interested. What a student such a man would have made in the laboratory! Sent a note to my dear one, explaining my trip and absence.

August 24, 1856.

Met Jochen promptly at the time and place appointed.

"So! Here you are, sonny! But what do you want to do with that?" pointing to my valise.

"I don't know but what I may have to go to M——, the county seat of —— county, before I get back; and so I brought me a suit of business clothes, Jochen."

"That's right. You want them anyhow, because you have to go to church next Sunday. You can't leave the settlement without seeing the people—that wouldn't do, never in the world!"

Before we had finished talking I was in my seat and the team was in full motion.

"Why in the world have you put the top on the wagon, Jochen? It is a regular nuisance. A person can't see a thing except right ahead."

"I didn't know, sonny, but what you might want to sleep in the wagon to-night. You see, I filled it full with hay and I have some blankets and things with me. We must get to the land and have our work done before the rest come. 'Many heads, many opinions' as the saying is—and it is your land. We want the thing laid out to suit us. Now, we will drive to the big spring, where you ate dinner the other day, as you told me, before we stop to-night. There we will put up. You turn in on the hay and I know a good place where I can sleep. You see, sonny, in that way you will not find the top inconvenient; and we don't have to drive about out of our way to find a place to roost. We will be on the land in the morning, as soon as we can get about, on account of the dew. I have a coffee pot with me and a frying-pan, and Feeka has put up something to eat for us. We are all right. You have your gun and I have my blunder-buss, and may be we'll see

something along the road that will help to make the pan smell. Narren tant, Henry! I wouldn't take five dollars for the trip. It makes me feel as we used to when we went out on Sundays huckleberry hunting. You remember the fun we used to have?"

"Yes, Jochen. It just occurred to me as you spoke, and I have had occasion to remember one of those trips a good many times in the course of my life. Do you remember the Sunday morning you scolded me?"

"No, I never did, Henry, I never scolded you; I always liked you too well for that."

"Well, it was not right down scolding, but I have never forgotten it. You remember the morning when you begged mother so hard to let me go with you, promising that you would take good care of me?"

"Yes, I remember; but I never scolded you."

"Well, when we got to the 'Beach Berg,' some forty or fifty of us, streaming over the meadows into the woods, screaming, running and yelling, with our baskets flying about in the air and our bright tin buckets blazing in the sun, I got ahead of most of the little ones in the crowd."

"Of course you did, I remember that; you always could run like a rabbit—but I never scolded you."

"I soon found some berries and one bush of great big ones, and commenced: 'Here they are, here they are! Just look at them! How big they are!'"

"'Hush up, you little fool! 'Tis time enough to holler when we have got them in our baskets!' you said, coming up—and you can't deny it."

"No, sonny, no. I don't deny that. Narren tant! That wasn't scolding! That was only trying to teach you some sense!"

"And that is the reason I have not forgotten it, Jochen; in fact, that is the reason I remembered it this morning. It has done me excellent service sometimes."

"But tell me, do you think that Mr. Pastor will get these people that he was talking about?"

"Get them? Yes, and twenty more if he had land to put them on. You know how it is at our old home. What did I get at your father's? And you know he paid as good wages and gave his people a better table than anybody about. I got eight dollars a year, not our dollars here, but Prussian dollars, worth sixty-five cents a piece. I also got nine yards of linen, worth about eight cents a yard, and a pair of shoes as my year's wages—and I quit head man on the farm. What is the use of talking. If they had only the means to get here, you know we could fill the state of Illinois. I don't know how big it is, but all that I have seen of it wouldn't hold those that would come from our own neighborhood alone."

"Now, you see, those that get here, when they come, can't speak the language; and they go to the settlements, where they have acquaintances. That puts them all in a pile, like a swarm of bees. That makes wages cheap and the land dear, because the

few who have something when they come here, they buy what land is in sight. In a few years they are like calves tied to a stake. They have got all the land that is to be had in the neighborhood and they can't and wouldn't leave, because they can't speak the language, to go where there is land. You see, they eat up the grass as far as the rope reaches, and then they go round and round the stake, licking their chops, at what is in sight, but not in reach. And the preachers, they don't like for them to leave neither. They want them huddled together. They can manage them better that way. They will do anything to keep them together."

"But tell me, Jochen, how is it, can they raise wheat on the prairie land? When I was here twelve years ago and wrote you that letter about this country, the people that I found here then told me that they could not raise wheat; that as soon as July came, it fell down and died with some kind of disease."

"They didn't know when to sow it. Krome, the first of our people, or for that matter of any people who settled in the prairie, told me a week ago last Sunday that he would thresh thirty bushels to the acre this year. 'Narren tant, Henry, the man is coining money! He will thresh twelve hundred bushels of wheat this year. Take it one year with another and he makes a thousand dollars a year off forty acres of wheat. Narren tant, it is coining money, I tell you!'"

"And now they are talking about a new cradle, or something of that kind—when a man can cut six or seven acres a day and sit on his seat with the horses hauling him over the field. But I can't believe it. People will talk, you know!"

"But, Jochen, I have seen the machine. It is called a reaper and does all the work they claim for it."

No, Henry, no, no! What are we coming to! And you saw it at work?"

"I did, Jochen, and I also saw it cut grass, and it did its work cleaner than a man can do it either with scythe or cradle."

"But how does it swing the scythe?"

"It doesn't swing a scythe. It cuts with a blade called the sickle." I drew a rough sketch of the bar and knife and explained the operation as well as I could.

"Well, well, sonny; all I have to say is, keep your land! Keep your land! It will be play to raise wheat. It is terrible hard work to swing the cradle here in July. We have to pay two dollars and a half a day and then feed the men like stable horses, or we can't get them at all. That is a dollar and a quarter an acre, and the threshing is three dollars an acre more, if we have a full crop. You see, that cuts into the pay. But seven acres a day, and work that can be done by a boy or a woman—you can raise all the wheat you want. Henry, keep your land, you will see!"

We were going all this time at a steady trot, at the rate of six and a half or seven miles an hour. We had reached the bluff and were several miles

beyond the junction of the road before the sun touched the western horizon. After it went down we crossed the outflow of a spring. Here Jochen stopped to water his horses, but before he did so he rummaged around in the wagon, hauled out a pone of corn bread, broke it in two and gave half to each horse, without removing their bridles.

"'Tis toning up of their stomachs," said he. "You see we have been driving a pretty stiff pace; but with a mouthful like that to eat, and a drink of water, we will make the spring before the moon leaves us, and they won't know that they have done anything."

"Will you take a bite, too, or wait until we get to our stopping place?"

I told him that I preferred to wait—and we went on. After we got fairly under way, I said: "Tell me, Jochen, whom you regard as best off among our old acquaintances that live here? Who has done best in the way of accumulating property?"

"Old man Kulle, Henry. He is rich. He moved to the prairie some ten years ago, and you know all them white-headed boys of his, six of them in a row, they have made him rich. Since they found out how to raise wheat, he has piled it up. He lives some eight or ten miles northeast of Krome—right in the middle of what is now the 'Dutch Settlement,' as the Americans call it. You see, on this side the land was all bought up by rich fellows from St. Louis. Old Pheyety was the man. He picked it out for them when I worked for him; and he kept our people away—you know he is a Catholic and our people and them kind don't mix well. The land around Pheyety is better than the land on the other side of Krome, but any of it is good enough to raise wheat."

"Well, Kulle, you say, is well off. Who is the next?"

"Krome and Witte. The old fellow, our Conrad, he don't buy so much land; he puts his money on interest; he is smart, he watches the dime well. Then Doerings are well to do; but you know they had a good start when they came; and then, some think that I have done well, too. But you know they always make a mountain out of a mole hill. I have to pay too much for my land. I had to pay twenty-five dollars an acre for the last tract I bought, and that cuts into a man's pocket. No, there are a good many that are well to do; there are the Claus boys and the Wellmeyers, and all that crowd. They are all well to do. You see, they have all the young fellows that come from the old country lying around among them; and they can take their pick when they want their work done. I have to pay more. The town is too close and the fellows can pick up a job almost at any time; if it isn't one thing it is another. It is the wheat that is making our people rich, and if they don't have to cut it by hand they will beat me; they will beat my potato patch—you see, they will raise so much of it."

"But can't you raise wheat, too? I thought that wheat and potatoes did well as alternate crops."

"So they do, sonny; but it takes me eight or ten years before I get rid of the dead trees and stumps on my land—before I can be on even terms with them prairie fellows."

And so we talked on until we reached our camping ground, a little after half-past nine, by Jochen's watch. And I said to myself: "Well, I have learned what I wanted to know, and what I supposed, in a general way, to be the condition of affairs; but as the berries, the big ones, are not exactly in the basket, I better not mention them as yet."

I looked around for some wood to make a light, as the moon was getting low, but Jochen called out: "Never mind, Henry, I have a lantern with me." This he lighted; then he unhitched his horses and turned them loose, one at a time. After they had rolled and smelled about, he called them up and put their jackets on, as he called it. Then he gave them hay.

"Now, Henry, what about coffee? You want it hot or will it do cold? If you can drink it cold we don't need a fire, for I have a jug full with me already made."

"Cold will do as well for me as hot, for I don't drink it at all, Jochen, especially at night. I like good water better than anything else, and when I go away from home I take a few lemons with me to have a drop or so of the acid to mix with it—it doesn't taste quite so wet. In that way it agrees with me excellently—better in fact than anything else I can drink."

We then sat down to our lunch, which tasted good, especially the "dead chickens," as Jochen called some fine spring birds which Feeka had put up for our benefit. When we got through eating Jochen removed the seat from the wagon, smoothed down the hay and unrolled quilts and blankets enough to keep us warm in a midwinter night. But what pleased me most was a pillow, which little Yetta had brought out from the house of her own accord, when they were loading the wagon "because Uncle could not sleep without a pillow!" He also unrolled some yards of mosquito netting, with which to curtain the front of the wagon, and when he had this in place, so as to suit himself, he said: "There now, sonny, you turn in; for it will be morning before many hours." He then took his blanket under his arm and I did not see or hear anything more of him until he awoke me from as sound a sleep as I ever enjoyed, with "Come, Henry, the horses are hitched and coffee is ready."

The cup of coffee fully roused me, but I soon became drowsy again and did not keep track of the road until we crowned the bluff near Mr. Pheyety's house, and broad day light had awakened forest and prairie with the life of a new day. We now turned off to the left and followed a blind road or trail for about half an hour or so, when we emerged into the open prairie from the west while the sun entered it from the east.

"Yonder, in that corner," said Jochen, "where the

timber of the creek joins the timber of the bluff, there must be the northwest corner of the land; and we are now driving on the western line of it, ain't we, Henry?"

"Yes, Jochen, but how do you remember it so well?"

"You see, sonny, I have looked at it a good many times when I worked in them fields back yonder, and I thought that it would suit me. Just look at the slope down towards the creek, enough to make the water run off and not enough to make a plow team feel it. And then it hangs towards the north, the whole tract. That is a great matter, Henry. It don't give the sun such a hold on it as if it sloped towards the south. You always find the grass heaviest on the northern slopes. Bless me, sonny, but won't that be a sight when we come here next year this time? The corn, higher than our heads, sitting, or standing in the wagon, and all in regular lines, like a regiment of infantry on the parade ground in Preuss-Minden, on a Sunday morning?"

It is a fine piece of land and looks much more interesting to me to-day, as its owner, than it did the other day, when I looked at it with much of the unconcern of a stranger. The old Stoics knew very well what it means when we attach ourselves to external objects. I see plainly that I will have a part of myself here, no matter where I may be hereafter bodily.

We had no difficulty in finding the stone that marks the northwest corner, and when I pointed it out to Jochen, he pulled out a hatchet from under the hay, jumped out of the wagon and asked me to hold the horses for a moment. He soon returned from the brush, a short distance off, with an arm full of sticks or poles, some eight feet long. Of these he took one, sharpened the butt end of it, then tied a piece of white rag to the top and planted it firmly into the ground, close to the corner stone. The rest of the poles, but one, he put into the wagon, and then requested me to drive down the line to the half section corner. There he planted another flag pole, so that he could find and mark the quarter. When he had done this he tied the horses and we went down to the creek—taking our guns with us. We followed its meanderings back to the western line of the property and soon found an excellent building site for the western tract; but the adjoining one, on the east, gave us more trouble, and when we finally decided upon the only practicable one, we were by no means satisfied. The water was too far off to be convenient, or else the house would be too far in the woods and not near enough to the land. We finally determined to leave it to the tenant to choose which one of the two alternatives he might prefer. While the building site did not suit us, the timber was all that could be desired. Jochen declared that there was rail timber enough on this eighty alone, to fence the entire section and a half of land. "And not pick it close, either. And

I have found three board trees already and marked them, too."

While returning to the wagon, Jochen had slipped off to one side without me noticing that he was not close at hand, until I heard his blunder-buss down in a strip of prairie that runs into the timber some distance. He soon followed me with half a brood of prairie chicks, seven of which he had potted, on a piece of bare ground, at the mouth and sides of a wash—"Where they were eating breakfast," as he explained.

"But what could they find to eat on that naked ground?"

"Hoppers, sonny, hoppers. You see, the sun strikes there early and the grasshopper likes the sun light, and the chicks like the grasshoppers; so if you want to find chicks, you look for such a place and you will find them. When they see or hear you coming, they run into the edge of the grass to hide and stick their heads out to see what you are doing. That's the time to fool them."

We now went on with our work, which was all done in the course of an hour or so. The first site we found was on the eastern forty, where the creek comes nearest to the north line of the section. Here we found a gentle elevation, covered with a grove of white oak, a few ash and some black walnut. Within a hundred and fifty yards of this, a fine spring of water boils up from under the south bank of the creek. The water has a temperature of sixty-two degrees, Fahrenheit, which indicates the immense depth of the alluvial formation on the plateau, as the summer heat has not affected the temperature of the water of the spring; that is to say, this is the probable conclusion. Of course, it is barely possible that the source of the water may be in some elevated ground a long distance off, but that is not probable in a country as level as this.

Our team had been unhitched for some time and were enjoying the rich grass. Jochen had staked out one and the other was running around at pleasure—but not entirely so; for whenever he was hid from his confined mate by the high grass, or some brush, the latter would nicker and call until he showed himself. Although but companions in slavery, still they are attached to each other.

We now sat down to breakfast and it is unnecessary to note that we enjoyed the Westphalinger ham, sausage and a splendid goose breast, with keen appetites. When this was done, Jochen said: "Now, sonny, we will cross the creek and look round for an hour or so, while the horses are feeding, and then I will drive over to Mr. Krome's to meet the folks, and you can go with me or else stay here."

I chose the latter. We started with our guns, after Jochen had changed the horses, by tying up the one that had been at large and letting the one loose that had been confined. We found the timber on the north side of the creek fully as good as on the south, with a considerable sprinkle of black walnut, some of them very fine trees.

"See, Henry, these we must not cut down now; you must make that a special condition in the leases. They may pay for the land all that you have paid for it, some time or another. The fellows are already skinning everything close to town; and they will go farther off when they can't get any more near by. These walnuts will keep; you don't need them now. But you must pay attention to it, or they will split them up into rails. They make the best kind of rails. But you have enough white oak, burr oak and basket oak for that. You can fence ten times the land you have before you need to touch a black walnut or an ash. And then the house logs—just see! Straight as if they had been cast in a mold!"

So it went on, from one thing to another, until we found a colony of squirrels cutting hickory nuts on a clump of trees near the bank of the creek, and we succeeded in bagging three of them before they got away. They crossed a considerable pool of water, that happened to be spanned by the powerful limbs of a large burr oak, which grew on the southern and was leaning over towards the northern bank. One of its limbs came within a few feet of an elm, on our side of the creek, the limbs of which interlocked with the hickories, where the squirrels were feeding. This was their crossing and I dropped two of them when they made the leap from the elm to the burr oak—to the great amusement of Jochen, who has "to catch and hold them before he can hit them," as he puts it. After he had gathered the squirrels we killed, I told him he might go on toward the wagon; that I would loaf here a while, and that he would find me on his return from Krome's at the spring.

When he had left I took a seat on a dead log, from which I could cover the bridge, and remained perfectly quiet, as is my habit when I am in the forest; for it is only when I have become at one with it, as it were, that I can see the inhabitants act true to their natural character. As soon as the presence of a man is suspected even, they are no longer themselves. Fear transforms them at once. It is wonderful to see the life that springs up from hollow tree, from thicket, from burrow in the ground, from all conceivable and inconceivable nooks and corners as perfect quiet is restored, after the interruption that the arrival of a man upon the scene has caused!

Sooner than I expected, which indicated that the animals were not hunted much for I had not sat more than eight or ten minutes in my position, a family of youngsters, in an adjoining tree to the big burr oak opposite, became restless. First one, then another, and another, and still another came out of the same hole, situated on the side of a dry projecting top of an ash of which, perhaps, twenty or thirty feet had been broken off. I had seen the hole and watched it for some time, as I regarded it as probably the home of some female and her litter of young.

When the noise had died away, caused by our presence, and everything was perfectly still, I saw

the point of a nose pushed up, just a little beyond the edge of the hole; after ten or fifteen seconds the head appeared, with eyes and ears in sight, wide awake, reconnoitering. This proving satisfactory, out popped the blithe form and took position upon the projecting, upper edge of the hole, which formed a kind of eave—the remains of a broken limb. From this point the reconnoissance was completed, and as soon as the little fellow took a hop or two up the body of the tree, accompanied by the peculiar twitch of his beautiful brush, which indicates, or seems to express, perfect confidence that everything is safe, out jumped his companions, one after another, without any apprehension of danger or further investigation.

But the first is already away, to finish the interrupted meal; for while the nut is sweet, the shell is hard, and it takes time to satisfy the appetite. Here they come, with flying leaps, from twig to limb, and from limb to twig, until the jump confronts them from the burr oak to the elm. A moment the leader hesitates, measures the distance, changes position, once, twice and then, while the breeze is waving the wished for limb, with inviting motion, the space is cleared in safety; for the hunter forgets his gun for the moment. He feels the unity of life, its kinship throughout its various forms. He realizes the sacredness of the emotion that caused the man of old to say "Kill not." But what are they doing? See, they have gained the topmost limb of the hickory. There on the very verge of the sky for a moment he dangles from the extremest twig, and now, with the delicious nut in his teeth, he retreats along the substantial limb to the place where it joins the tree. Here, with the solid wood of the tree for a support, and cover to his back, the broad limb for his seat, he goes to work. The outer hull is removed in sections, which patter through the leaves below to the ground, and the inner shell is attacked, sawed through with the rah, rah, rah, of his powerful gnawers. But listen! What was that, hitting the ground. Oh, nothing! It was that other fellow, Jake or Jim, up there among the twigs. He missed his nut, and it fell striking a limb, then a log and for an instant rolls among the dry leaves under the brush beneath. He is not an expert collector yet. But his neighbor on the other limb—and the farther one! The tree is full of squirrels, and so is the next and the next, and the next. All is motion and eager life, where fifteen minutes ago there was not the sign of a living thing.

And what are they doing, I asked? "Kill not!" said the wisest in their generation. "Kill not, ye four-footed heathens!" The beautiful tree whose nuts you devour is alive; his self end—the nut, his ideal self, is his mode of self-perpetuation! How dare you puny rascals attack the lord of the forest! For the mighty oak is not secure against you! How dare you divert his purpose of self-perpetuation to your greed?

And I thought I heard an old fellow, bragging, on

the other side of the creek answer: "Well, what of it! What is he going to do about it! We, if we are puny, are free!" giving his tail a compound twitch by way of emphasis. "He, big lubberly fellow, stands rooted to the ground, quarreling with the wind, the year around! What is he good for, but to be play ground for us, to give us fun! Is not this our orchard? I can prove that our forefathers planted every one of these trees some centuries ago, for our special benefit! We are free and he is not"—and with a switch of his tail he jumped from his perch to an adjoining tree, some eight feet distant, as if to prove to me his superiority. But the reach of my gun proved sufficient and he brags no more.

Instantly everything was still. All was attention. The nut was held in position for the rasp; but not a jaw stirred. All was still. So was I. A minute passed, perhaps two and ras, ras, ras, the work started up; for that noise, that quick explosion, was nothing dangerous; only the falling of a tree. "We did not see anything, nor hear any crashing about, as if some one was looking for us; so here goes."

Still, an old female, wise from experience and timid by nature, has caught the gleam of my eye, considers the matter attentively. Everybody is busy with his rasp, but she can not explain the appearance there at the foot of the tree satisfactorily to herself. To doubt, in questions of life and death, is not pleasant. She draws nearer and closer inspection does not reassure. "We will retire—not to alarm anybody, not to scamper off, but gently, leisurely." From limb she passes on to limb until she takes the flying leap and there—another explosion, and instead of the burr oak bridge she lands at the foot of the elm and all is over. Silence once more in camp—and the occurrence repeats itself, with the variation that the explosions grow more and more frequent, until the gunner has an ample supply, piled together in a space of eight or ten square feet, which he, now the only body about, gathers for his bag at quiet leisure.

To him "Kill not" means "Live not;" for to him the organic is of the organic, life of the living, and spirit alone the abiding. It is not of life only but of death also—the whole process not of one side. How could it be the abiding if it had a neighbor, another? No, death is its implement no less than life, and as much as life, and the one not more sacred than the other, for it is as necessary as the other.

I crossed the creek at the first opportunity, gathered my old braggart and walked up the southern bank, as I had noticed signs of fish in the pools, and wanted to get the light at such an angle that I could see what they were. I was gratified to find in the next pool, which I reached in a few minutes walk, a fine school of black bass. I counted four together, and two by themselves, patrolling the banks, as is their habit at this season of the year, when they are confined in such waters.

I laid down my gun, threw off my jacket, which was troublesome, with the squirrels that filled the

pockets, and caught some grasshoppers. These I threw on the water, where the heavy shade of a mulberry darkened the surface, and instantly the pool was in motion. Strike after strike, right and left, until the last grasshopper disappeared. With the promise that I would call again, some time in the near future, I resumed my gun and jacket, the latter of which I found quite a burden before I reached the spring.

Here I sat down and attended to my game. After cleaning it, I sorted the broilers, that is, last spring's squirrels, from the fryers, the yearlings, and found that I had besides nine old residents to make a pot of bouillon. This is the finest drink that the forest affords, provided it is not spoiled in the preparation, by the use of too much water. All the conditions wanted are a few grains of salt and plenty of squirrels; then if a person wants to add anything more, let him put in a few more squirrels.

On looking around where I had left the wagon, I found that Jochen had unloaded a cross-cut saw, a keg of nails, a box of spikes, a set of augers and two axes, newly ground. Our lunch basket he had hung up under the dense shade of a black jack, that stood a few feet south of the timber line, in the prairie. Here I also found the coffee pot, a frying pan and an iron boiler. This latter I pressed into service to make me my favorite drink—squirrel bouillon. When this was started over an ample fire, I stepped down to the spring to examine the formation of the adjacent bank, and found that at a distance of about a hundred yards up the creek there was a strata of argillaceous limestone in the bottom, partly uncovered by the action of the water. It is lost in the bank and not readily detected, unless a person has a suspicion of its presence.

I tested a specimen and found that it will do very well for frontier building purposes, such as foundations for cabins, chimneys and the like. I also examined the general economy of the stream and find that it has ample water way, as the drift lodged in the trees and other indications show that it never rises above its permanent banks, which are quite high, reaching an elevation of twenty-seven feet in the perpendicular. This makes fording difficult, but will facilitate bridging.

I returned to attend to my fire, which I found burned down enough to give me coals for broiling my dinner, and the question arose: "What shall it be? Young prairie chickens or young squirrels?" I chose the latter, especially as I could not find what Jochen had done with the chicks he killed, and I was too tired to go and shoot some myself.

When I had finished my forest meal, to which Feeka's fresh, aromatic butter added zest, I changed my hunting clothes for a business suit, and stretched out in the shade of a friendly black jack. I slept so soundly that I heard nothing of the approach and arrival of the wagon, and was only aroused by Jochen trying to turn me over—"To see whether I was alive yet," as he expressed it.

I jumped up, went down to the spring to bathe my head and face, then returned and shook hands with Mr. Pastor, who had come with Jochen in his wagon. They told me that the rest were close at hand. Jochen remarked that he had driven ahead, not knowing but that I might want to see Mr. Pastor for a moment or so, before the crowd came up.

I told him that I was glad he had done so, as I would like to know how to distribute the different tracts of land between the parties.

"I have drawn the leases," said I, "but left the names blank, not knowing whether the parties may have preferences as to whom they would like to have for their next door neighbor. At the same time, I don't think it would be well to let them choose as to which tract each should occupy. The land is practically the same in value, one tract with the other, and a free choice can be of no benefit to any one, and may lead to disagreement and bad feeling."

"That is well thought of," said the minister, "and I know them well enough to give you the names. Commencing with the east tract, you put down Luebke, then Knickmeyer, Spassman and Lerke. That will suit them best.

I took my pen and ink from my valise, with the leases, and before the first wagon came in sight, the papers were ready for their signature.

"See, Henry," said Jochen, "there is Moses leading the children of the Lord into the promised land. That is Witte. Don't you see his mules, carrying the 'posaanun' (trumpets), to be blown around this Irish Jericho, on their heads? And there is his brother, Joshua Krome, but he drives horses; and next is the 'Olle Kulle' himself. And he drives two more trumpeters than Witte does—the rest are the children of Israel."

"Mr. Hanse-Peter you better be careful how you cast rocks, that is, biblical quotations, about you. That requires more skill than a person is likely to suck out of a pair of plow handles."

"Literally—a plow's tail," said the minister, roaring with laughter.

In the meantime, as they approached Jochen took charge of affairs and assigned each wagon its place in the encampment. Witte, Krome and Kulle soon left their wagons in charge of the drivers and came up to shake hands with Mr. Pastor and myself—with abundant congratulations upon the occasion which reunited me in interest with life-long neighbors.

"No, folks, I have heard of Jericho ever since I lived in the prairie, and what fine land it was, but they never told me this! Just look at that," waving his hand toward the south.

"And then, that we should get it at last, through Mr. Pastor, and my old friend B——'s son, Henry!" said the "Olle Kulle," looking over the gently sloping prairie east, south and west, and scratching his head.

In the meantime my prospective tenants came up and were introduced by Mr. Pastor. I requested

them to call their wives, and when they were all together I explained the leases to them in detail. This done, the papers were signed and I gave to each his copy, with the injunction to take good care of it.

The minister then suggested that Mr. Hanse-Peter take charge of the building operations, as he knew the building sites; and that Mr. Kulle and Witte lay off the land and start to plowing.

"The building operations are simple," said Jochen. "We start with two cabins first; and when they are up and under cover, we have more time for the other two. Each house will be a single rough cabin, sixteen by eighteen feet inside measure. This will be used hereafter as one-half of the stable, when the permanent house is built. You hear that"—and the whick, whack of a pair of choppers echoed from the bottom. "That is your two men, Mr. Luebke and Knickmeyer, cutting down the board tree. I set them to work while you were fixing the papers. You two go ahead on the logs. You know the length. I will show Fritz and Lerke where they are located. You women folks and children can unload the wagons, put up a lean-to for the night, and get supper ready."

"See, see! That is the Olle Jochen, his father, himself," said Mr. Kulle.

"No, it is the Olle Fraek, Henry's father!" said Witte. "There is where Hanse-Peter learned what he knows."

With that they too started off, each with a handful of straight sticks with white flags attached. Kulle before he started called to his two sons, who had each hitched a pair of powerful mules to a prairie breaker: "When I get to the far corner of the forty and plant the flag you come to me. Conrad, I think you better go with me to the next eighty; we must see whether it will do to skin, or whether it is too dry. This here will do first rate, but on account of the slope it may be better if we take the upper eighties first, as this will not dry out so quick."

"Yes, that is right," said Witte, "but tell me; you do not expect to break prairie with two mules?"

"With two like them I do, Conrad! But you see I have skinners. We skin along about two inches and a half deep. The plow turns this over flat and every grass root is exposed to the sun. In a week of good baking weather the grass is gone, root and all, beyond the help of rain, and in six weeks, if the weather is anyway right, the sod is ready for further work."

"Ha, ha! But I brought my big 'stump sucker,' as the boys call them. You see, I break wood land. You prairie fellows have different plows," said Witte.

"Yes, I know; but I have an extra one in the wagon. We are a good distance from a blacksmith's shop, and so I brought an extra one—if anything should break. You can use that until the balance come from the settlement," replied Kulle.

They gave the necessary orders to their men and

started for the far corner of the forty. As soon as the flag appeared above the grass, Mr. Kulle's teams started and drew a couple of furrows up the west line of the northeast forty, as straight as if they had been laid down with a mathematical instrument.

"God be praised!" ejaculated the minister. "A start has been made, and good old Plat Deutsche, old Saxon, perseverance will bring the end—with His blessing."

"Amen, your reverence," said I. "And without both together, nothing of real value to man ever was or ever will be achieved in this world."

He took me by the hand, looked at me with the eye of a true, honest, trusting soul, and said, his voice trembling:

"And you believe that, Mr. B——?"

"I do," was my answer.

In the meantime the axes were playing in every direction and a mighty crash, that caused the earth to tremble under our feet, announced that the board tree had been felled. The women were busy fixing up a lean-to—that is, they had planted three substantial forks in the ground, in a straight line from east to west, in front of the timber. And they had placed two straight poles of considerable size in the forks, one from each corner to the middle fork. Against these they had placed a series of smaller poles, leaning them against the scaffolding from the north. Over this frame they were drawing the wagon sheets, making an effectual shelter against any moderate rain, as well as against the dews of the night.

But one of the women was out a short distance in the prairie with a scythe, cutting down the heavy grass—a swath as wide as a man.

"I wonder what she can be up to," said I to the minister.

"That is Mrs. Luebke, cutting grass for bedding; she knows how to manage, I warrant you. You see that flaxhead yonder, carrying water to the choppers? That is her oldest son, and the little one with him, who wants to get the bucket, that is her second. They have helpers already."

The boys were hardly out of sight when a robust girl, of perhaps eleven or twelve years of age, came by with a bucket on her head.

"You see her? That is Knickmeyer's eldest. She is taking water up to Mr. Kulle. They think he is not going to be back here, but will break the upper eighties first."

"Yes, Mr. B——, it is an industrious, God-fearing people. My heart bleeds when I think of the many thousands in the old country who bend their knees every night to beseech their Heavenly Father to give them the opportunity to work, that they may earn bread for themselves and their little ones. And here, look around you and see! We take this drop out of the ceaseless waves of God's blessings and hand it to a few of his little ones, while the shoreless ocean of his mercies goes to waste, and millions of his

creatures are perishing for the want of bread—for the want of the opportunity to earn their bread with honest toil."

"It is a subject, your reverence, that I do not like to reflect upon. Here it is not so bad; but you go south and west. See the human beings, the besotted bestiality, the mere talking animalism called man, reeling in abundance! I mean the millions of blacks, idle, thieving, worthless, talking animals, of the south; and the other worthless millions that roam the forests and prairies of the west, their sweet will, their caprice, their only guide—all cared for with lavish abundance. Then, when I remember what I have seen in Europe and what you have just described, I feel impatient. Millions of God-fearing, devout, pious, God-worshipping men and women, starving for want of opportunities to earn their bread by honest toil; and millions of Godless barbarians rolling in the overflowing abundance of nature! 'Can there be a just God who governs and directs human events?'—wells up from the heart. I have to get above my feelings, or I could curse my maker and die!

"But I know the present abundance of these so unworthy is not their own. I know that the earth belongs to the honest, the industrious, the economic, and that that people, and that people alone, which practices these virtues will inherit and possess the earth. And what I see here to-day is a proof, small it is true, when viewed in a quantitative sense, but a proof nevertheless, a fulfillment of what shall be!"

"My son, you have warmed my heart," said the minister. "But do you not think that a man with your knowledge of the country and its ways; and with this faith in your heart, you could do much to assist to bring about what you so clearly see? You know, or you can find out the people who own these idle lands. You can talk to them. Our people can only speak to their agents. Some of these don't like our people, because they don't know them. Others seek dishonest gains—cheating both their employers, the sellers and the purchasers. Our people don't like that; they get mad and will have nothing to do with them. When I try to explain how we could use our present blessings to help our brethren before it is too late, my people use this as an excuse and do not help me. Now, you can go to the owners of these lands themselves; you know their ways and they will respect you, they must respect you."

"But, do you think, Mr. Fromme, we could get tenants for those wild lands up there the same as we have done for this?"

"Yes, yes, certainly, I know we can. I know over forty families. We have now provided for eight—they are scattered through the parishes I preach in myself, without calling on others from a greater distance. I can get forty families at least in a very short time. Of course, you know if we could draw from Germany there would be no end."

"But you could not give them a start like you do to these."

"No, for it is late in the season. But we could start them all now, so that they would be in excellent shape for effective work next year. These that are here will make a full crop next season. Luebke has agreed to give two-thirds of the crop of eighty acres to Mr. Kulle, and the rest have made similar arrangements with others in the settlement. They will have every foot under cultivation by next March; no danger of that!"

"But we could not fit out more than ten or fifteen in a similar way this fall. Our people, with lands that are comparatively old, they raise wheat, and are eager for new land to plant in corn. If they can not buy they will rent; if they can not rent they will cultivate on shares. They are all on their own feet; they don't concern me. But it is these little ones that can not help themselves, and every year the land in the market becomes less and less, and the chances for a home more and more remote. They have worked hard during the four, five, six, or eight years that they have been here. They have saved what they earned, but they had helpless ones in the old country; and so they have lost the golden opportunity to get good land when it was to be had for the asking."

"I see the situation. But tell me, how far is it to M——, the county seat of this county?"

"It is twenty miles from Mr. Krome's, by the section lines; by the road, it is a little farther, but not much."

"I have to go there to-morrow and when I come back we will talk about this matter further. In the meantime we better keep it to ourselves. I want to see the records of this land, because I propose to have clean papers, and as I can attend to it myself, there is no reason why I should not have absolute certainty."

We were now interrupted by one of the ladies—I think they deserve to be called so—bringing us a cup of coffee, with a very rich sandwich of Westphalinger sausage. I drank the coffee mechanically, out of courtesy, which he noticed and smiling remarked:

"You're not a friend of stimulants of any kind, Mr. B——?"

"Oh yes, but they don't agree with me. I have, however, a favorite drink and I expect there is some of it nearly prepared."

I went to the fire, but found that the old squirrels were not as yet done, and therefore had not as yet given up all the juices which they contained. I explained to him what I was preparing and he seemed quite amused. He then asked me:

"My son, how do you expect to go to M—— to-morrow? Would it not be a little trying for Mr. Hanse-Peter's team to make that trip to-morrow and next day to go home to St. Louis?"

"I had calculated to get a saddle horse from Mr. Krome," I answered.

"No, Mr. B——, that will be too hard on you. You are not accustomed to riding on horse back. You shall drive my horse. I have a very easy riding,

substantial buggy and a good gentle horse. He is at Mr. Krome's and he will make the trip without any injury to him. It will be easier on you and I am interested for you to go there. It will show these people, the officials, that we have men among us who can protect our people against wrong; and that is always of value to persons situated as we are."

We then started down through the timber to where the men were at work—that is, to those nearest to us, for I soon found that the reverend gentleman was no great walker. We managed, however, to get down as far as where they had cut the board tree and found that they were taking off the second cut. They had not chopped the tree down, but only partly so, on one side. The main work had been done with the cross-cut saw. They explained that by this means they saved one cut and, they thought, probably the cutting down of another tree, as this one was likely to make the boards wanted. They were making their boards three feet six inches long and figured that it would take from nine hundred to a thousand boards to cover each house.

In returning we found the logs of one side of Mr. Luebke's house dragged up and the men were busy with the second. In reply to my question, he thought that he would get the logs up for the two sides before night. Mr. Hanse-Peter had distributed his men so that he had four axes going, cutting house logs, two for each house, and a man and team with each set to drag up the logs as soon as cut. Of the three sets of plowmen we saw nothing until I got up in Hanse-Peter's wagon. Then I saw them at work with their seven teams, two of Witte's, two of Krome's and three of Mr. Kulle's, upon the extreme southern tier of the forties. This promised well, for they had obviously found moisture enough for their purpose, and if they have enough up there, on the highest part of the ground, there is no danger of their work being interrupted on the lower part of the slope for the want of it, said I to myself. The day was now drawing to a close; the air began to moisten the grass and we returned to camp. We found the sleeping accommodations had been arranged under the lean-to, and the evening table was set in the open air, with eighteen plates, and supper was ready to be dished up. Still the axes kept going in the timber and not a sign was visible of the teams in the prairie. Finally the lanterns were lighted; then the woods became silent and soon all hands gathered in. After the horses and mules were attended to and the men had washed, we sat down to the evening meal. Mr. Pastor asked God's blessing upon this, the first meal eaten in the new settlement.

After the first edge of the appetite had been taken off, the different parties commenced relating what they had seen and what they thought of the land and its situation. Mr. Kulle got to chaffing with Mr. Luebke to let him have another forty to break on the same terms as he had the eighty he was at work upon. Krome proposed to Lerke to take twenty acres more, so that he would have sixty. Mr. Spass-

man said that his was all promised, but that if the parties did not show up by Monday he was ready for another bargain. Knickmeyer had not an acre more to spare. After supper I asked Conrad Witte what he thought of the land.

"It can't be better, Henry. If it did cost you a whole lot of money, it is worth every cent of it. Jochen told me that it cost you thirteen thousand dollars. That is a good deal of money; but if a man can meet the first outlay, it is not too much.

"I promised Knickmeyer to help him break a week or ten days; and they told me last night at Krome's that they didn't need us ridge fellows to come down here to help them break prairie. They talked as if in fun, but I knew some of them meant it, just the same. They wanted to get to break all of it for a part of the crop. They want all their land for wheat and when it comes to corn, if they will work this land right, I mean work it as well as they work their own, and it has the same season—no, it don't need as much rain—this land will produce two bushels where they can raise one. Kulle told me so and he knows."

After this I had a short talk with Jochen about my trip to-morrow, and then he hitched up and drove Mr. Pastor and myself over to Krome's, where we staid all night.

I found myself more fatigued on retiring than I supposed and slept very soundly. Indeed, breakfast was waiting when I arose in the morning and Jochen was very impatient to see me off. I told him that I had forgotten my squirrel bouillon and to take care of it for me when he got down to camp. Finally, he handed me the reins and with a great many instructions how to manage them, he bade me good morning. I had a good vehicle and the drive was a pleasant one. So many new things had crowded in upon me in the last few days, that it was a luxury to be by myself, so that I could arrange them in their logical relations. This once fairly done, and everything becomes easy to me.

My trip seemed exceedingly short. Still it was 10 o'clock and past before I reached M——. I put up at a country hotel, called "A Tavern" and had my horse attended to in my presence. After that I went to the clerk's office. I introduced myself to an exceedingly pleasant gentleman, a Mr. M——, who is clerk of the county. When I called for the records I found the book which I wanted upon his desk and the deed which I had sent by mail in process of being transcribed. Mr. M—— had not caught my name—and told me that he had received the first deed relating to the tract of land owned by Mr. L——, of St. Louis, in —— Co., only a few days ago; that no other transfers were recorded in his office, and that the original patents had not as yet been sent there for record; that this, however, was nothing unusual, as the land office in Washington was ordinarily about ten years behind with its business. He showed me, by the actual register of the office, that what he said was true,

and also produced the tax books, which showed that the taxes had been paid regularly.

"There is nothing here but this deed and that I received only Thursday morning," he said.

"Yes, I know that, Mr. M——, for I sent it myself."

He then excused himself for not having recognized the name and made himself exceedingly agreeable. After I was through in the office he accompanied me to the hotel, where he lives, and proposed that we step to the bar and take something to drink. He staid with me until I was ready to start and gave me a good deal of information in regard to the local affairs of the county; also about a great question, that seems to occupy everybody's attention—of granting some wild lands to a corporation as an inducement to build a railroad.

On my return trip I took it leisurely and did not arrive at Mr. Krome's until nearly sun-down. Mr. Fromme, the minister, met me at the gate and remarked:

"My son, you have not abused my pet; he enters no complaint against you"—and explained that if a member of his family drove the animal and urged him beyond what was agreeable, or did not attend to his wants properly, he was sure to nicker on seeing his master. I answered that it was my habit to treat everything that serves me with consideration, even to a simple tool of steel or wood.

"For experience has taught me that without such care I cannot have the service that I want."

"A very simple truth, and yet how few will think enough to realize its value," he remarked.

He then wanted to know how I found everything; and I gave him a brief account of what I saw, and also the legal meaning of it. I then added that I thought there was some likelihood that by a week from to-morrow I might have information that would interest him in regard to extending our operations; but begged him not to mention anything, as all was as yet uncertain.

"Still, it may be well to hold yourself ready to act promptly in case I succeed in getting definite control of some more land."

He thanked me for my interest, gave me his address, where I could reach him at any time, and bade me good night, as he had to go home and prepare himself for to-morrow. When he turned to go he stopped and said:

"Mr. B——, you must come to church to-morrow morning, even if you can not stay until the close of the service. I will see that you get down to the camp by 11 o'clock."

I thanked him and promised to come as he requested. I then enjoyed an hour's conversation with Mrs. Krome, one of my old sweethearts, although some five or six years older than myself, before the people came home from work. She told me about our old acquaintances, who was married to whom, who staid in the old country and who came to this, and where they were located; how many

children they had, and how many horses they worked—a standard by which wealth is measured among these people; also who had died and whether they made a good end and were blessed forever, or whether Mr. Pastor entertained doubts upon that point, to the great regret of the surviving relatives.

"But, of course, Henry," she remarked, "if people misbehave they must take what comes hereafter. They are not all as innocent and simple as we were when I kissed you behind the big pear tree in our orchard—where I caught you stealing plums, and you said you didn't care if I did it again. Dear me, how time flies! You were a chunk of a boy then—tall enough for your age. You looked like a young man and we girls all liked you. How you have grown and become a man; and such a man! Our Mr. Pastor thinks more of you than of all the rest!"

And so it went, between going and coming, as her household duties called. When her eldest daughter came home from school, and put some restraint upon the conversation, or rather the rehearsal, I was as well-informed about the happenings among our former acquaintances as if I had given a full hour every morning to the reading of a first-class paper especially devoted to the dishing up of all the evanescent nothings of the day, fresh, every morning for breakfast. After supper Mrs. Krome, I and some of the smaller children—the two eldest were attending to the household work—seated ourselves upon the porch to enjoy the pleasant air and await the coming of Mr. Krome from camp. He soon arrived and Mr. Kulle with him, who after the most persistent urging on the part of Mrs. Krome, consented to stay all night. After seating himself he related what they had done and how the work progressed. In answer to Mrs. Krome, he said:

"Yes, yes; Hinnerick has a fine piece of land. There isn't five acres of waste on the tract and I tell you that is a mighty big thing. You see, when all the land you work, every furrow and part of a furrow which you plow brings its crop, the one with and like the other, it helps. You don't lose no time going over waste places. Every spot pulls with the other. I have plowed all day and I haven't seen a foot yet that isn't as good as the other. And I haven't seen any on what the boys and Mr. Witte have broken. It plows like cutting a piece of side meat; it turns up greasy like. He paid a good deal of money for it, but when I consider what it is, he didn't make a mistake. If I had known that he had it, our Mr. Pastor wouldn't have had the chance to poke his nose into our business."

"Oh yes, you men folks have always something to find fault with about our Mr. Pastor. Every one of you wants the whole prairie himself—all out of doors," said Mrs. Krome.

"Yes, yes, girl. It is his business to look out for a place for us up yonder, in the hereafter; let him attend to that. But here you see—

"What here? What here? What there, Mr. Kulle?

Don't you know, that if people have no place here they can't have any hereafter? If people have no homes here, have no children here, if they ain't born here, there will be nobody there! It will be worse than this prairie was when we moved here; there wouldn't even be the wolves to howl!"

This was such a palpable hit that I could not help laughing and Kulle and Krome joined in with right good will.

"Well, well! Minken (Mrs. Krome), don't get angry," said the Olle Kulle. "I didn't mean it that way. But as to leaving that country without people, I think you and Christian here have done your share to prevent that."

"So have other people as well as we, and I am glad of it; glad that we were able; and if we have more, we have something to eat for them, as well as our neighbors," said Mrs. Krome.

"There, you're at it again," said Krome. "You two can never meet but you must quarrel, and would die if you didn't see each other every week of your lives. Let us go to bed. I am tired, and Henry there, I expect, will need no rocking either to-night."

With this we broke up and retired to our rooms, but as Kulle and myself occupied the same one, it was some time before I got to sleep, as I had an excellent opportunity to inform myself about the economic situation of the settlement, and I availed myself of it to the fullest extent.

August 25, 1856.

When I awoke next morning I found Mr. Kulle's bed and the room empty and the sun high above the prairie. I dressed somewhat in a hurry, and to my surprise found washstand, bowl and water pitcher, with comb, brush, mirror and towels in the room—a thing not very common in the country. But then I had always regarded Minken as above the ordinary run of girls; whether that was because she happened to be the first woman that ever kissed me, or not, I am not prepared to say. I was soon dressed and as I stepped out of the room, Mrs. Krome met me with a bright "good morning! I am glad you enjoyed your night's rest. Step in and take a bite to eat. The rest have eaten breakfast and are preparing to go to church. You will stay with me an hour or two before you go to camp. The boy will take you down and you will have plenty time to get there before 11 o'clock."

I told her my arrangement with the minister and that he seemed to lay too much stress upon me seeing the people before I left for me to disappoint him.

"Although I should like to stay, and have a long, long talk with you, Minken, I think we will have to put it off to some other time."

Then putting on a very serious face, I added:

"You know I owe you that kiss yet, and if I thought Christian wouldn't mind it, I would pay it back to you now, to get rid of that debt, which I never have and never can forget. I have tried to quiet my conscience with the thought that if honest repentance deserves forgiveness, I'm entitled to and

have received full pardon long ago; but still, the sin of owing a kiss to a lovely woman for years—how many is it, Minken, and what is the rate of interest?"

"I tell you what you do, Henry. You just pay that debt to Christian, he keeps all of my small change of that kind, and I will give you a receipt in full."

We bantered each other—I her, about catching a thief to kiss him, and she me, with the thief that was so greedy as to take that with the other plums and never say thank you in return—until the folks called out "All ready for church!"

The "Meeting House," as the country people call a church, stands a little east of north and is a stiff hour's drive from Krome's when the roads are good. We found a large part of the congregation already there when we arrived. The majority of them I knew personally and all of them knew my parents in the old country. I spent an hour with them in conversation and shared the mutual pleasure of a reunion that promised to be permanent. At last the minister came to say "good-bye," explaining to the people that I had to be at camp by 11 o'clock and then would have to drive until late in the night in order to reach the city, where my business demanded my presence in the morning. So I bade "good-bye," with the assurance that I would attend the very next "preaching," and requesting those present to remember me to those absent, I jumped into the minister's buggy and started for camp.

I might have cut off a considerable distance by trusting to directions only, but deemed it safest to drive back to Mr. Krome's, or nearly so, and take the trail, which was already as plain as a road, from there to my destination. I arrived fifteen minutes ahead of time and found Jochen busy hitching up his team. Two of the cabins were up and the men were putting on the roofs.

"You see we have not been idle here, Henry, and everything is fairly on the way. To-morrow morning Luebke and the rest will start four more plows and the other men will put up the cabins. The women and children will be under roof to-night, and that is a good deal, because the ground is dry and they have a good floor, without planks or puncheons."

When the horses were hitched up Mrs. Luebke insisted earnestly that we eat a lunch, with which she served me a bowl of my squirrel bouillon. It was excellent, so Jochen thought—she had taken good care of it. After eating, the men folks came up and said "good-bye," and with an earnest "God bless you, Mr. B——," from Mrs. Knickmeyer, we started.

I asked Jochen how it was that Mr. Pastor permitted them to work on a Sunday, as ordinarily I had observed that ministers were very jealous about that.

"Nay, Henry, you see he isn't that way. When I asked him about it the other day, he said:

"Mr. Hanse-Peter, I work on Sunday. I do God's work, it is true; but there is a good deal of God's work outside of the pulpit. Some of it is on the prairie. God will not withdraw his blessings from

you because you work on Sunday to shelter these brave mothers and their little ones. We do not know when the storm may come, bringing sickness and suffering to the shelterless, the homeless; but we do know that when they have a roof over their heads, they are safe from the storm. You go ahead, in God's name, and I will ask our indulgent Father to pardon our poverty, that compels us to break the holy Sabbath in His name.

"You see, that is the way he talks," added Jochen.

As we were driving along the front of the timber on the bluff, I asked him whether we would have time enough for me to spend a few minutes to look at something that had occurred to me as worth knowing—when we got to the edge of the bluff. He said:

"Yes, but it must not be too long. You see, we have to go by Mr. Pheyety's. It would never do to pass him. He is our next neighbor if he is three miles off. And then I ought not to pass him either. He is a good man, if he is Irish. I can say that to you; but you know, the people in the settlement, they hate him, because they think he kept them from getting this land. They call it Jericho among themselves because Mr. Pheyety is a Philistine, in their estimation. Now, I don't know that he was very anxious to have them crowd in here. It stands to reason that he should like all this fine pasture and hay ground for his own use. When a man has lived a long time alone in the country that way, he sorta hates to see a fence unless it is his own. I don't blame him. But that he played any tricks to keep them out, that I don't believe. I know him; he is not that kind of a man."

When we reached Mr. Pheyety's we found that everybody had gone to church except the eldest boy; and after expressing our regrets that we did not find the old people at home, and leaving our compliments for them, we continued our journey.

"Now sonny, you have time to loaf around a little when we get to the jumping off place," said Jochen, as we drove on; and of this I availed myself when we reached the descent from the bluff.

The question that I wanted to investigate was whether the bluff carries any "wind land," as I call it, for want of a better name. It is a soil peculiar to the permanent banks of heavy silt-bearing streams, such as the Missouri and the Mississippi, for some distance below the confluence of the two rivers. There is no soil that can compare with it in fertility and friendliness, as I may call it, to the husbandman. It can be worked in any weather, wet or dry; never clods, holds moisture better than clay and never wears out. The land is known in Missouri as hemp land, which indicates that it is highly appreciated.

But while recognized as to its value by the settlers up the Missouri, the origin of it was a puzzle to me. It is not river or lake bottom. Its location and character both forbid that conclusion. It was a puzzle from the first time I saw it, above a village

on the Missouri, called St. Charles, until I went ashore from a steamer, at a landing called St. Joe, on the same river. The boat tied up on account of a high northwest wind. I stepped into a store to transact some business and found every counter, desk and shelf covered with dust, so that it took the proprietor some time to clean it off before he could show me the goods I asked for. During this operation he explained, by way of excusing the delay, that whenever they had a northwest wind, of any strength, they suffered from this annoyance.

"It picks up," said he, "the sand bank opposite our place, on the other side of the river, and while it drops the sand back again into the water, it brings the dust, all the fine stuff—this nuisance—to plague us." This casual remark struck me. I went aboard the steamer and asked the captain how long we would stay at the landing. "As long as the wind blows the way it does now," was the answer. I then went ashore and started up the bluff to track up the dust, that covered every leaf, blade of grass, limb and twig in sight. I followed it inland some three miles, as I judged, when it became perceptibly lighter. All this distance I was walking upon the finest hemp land, as it is called, which was being made by the wind right before my eyes. I could see why it does not wear out, for I saw it renewed; and every high wind from the same direction continues the operation.

I then examined the sand bank below the landing and in sight of the steamer. Here and there I found low places, where pools of water were standing. On examining these I saw how the water had precipitated the fine particles of silt in the form of an unctuous slime at the bottom of each pool. In other places the water had dried up, or sunk into the sand with the falling stream, and left the depressions, where it had stood, covered with a coating in some places over an inch thick made up of this impalpable silt. In still other places, this mud had dried and cracked into many sided pieces, with the edges turned up, so that they resembled irregular sided saucers. I took up one, dipped up some water from the river and drank out of it.

Here then I had the material out of which these wind lands are made. The mud becomes redistributed through the sand, and at seasons of low water and high winds, usually in autumn, the mixture is swept up by the currents of air, twirled aloft, the heavy particles, with the sand, are dropped into or near the river, while the fine impalpable powder, the pulverized vegetable and animal, the organic remains are carried inland for miles to form the richest soil that human labor can be bestowed upon.

It was in search of this that I examined the bluff; but while I found abundant indications of an ancient formation of the kind in question, there were no signs of any recent deposit. The river has moved its channel and sand banks too far west, where in addition the banks are protected from the full effects

of these northwest winds by the western bluff shore.

When I returned to the wagon, I asked Jochen whether there was any road from Mr. Pheyety's to the river.

"Not that I know of, Henry," he answered, "but I don't see why there should not be. You can go almost in a straight line. You only have to go around the head of one slough, if I remember. Mike Pheyety and me used to go hunting in the bottom and we went over to the river a couple of times. But what made you think of that, sonny?"

"I don't know, Jochen, but what our people over yonder may have something to sell some of these days; and if they should have, I think it would be cheaper to haul it eight, ten or twelve miles to the river and send it to market by steamer, than to haul it some sixty or seventy miles by wagon."

"Yes, Henry, yes! That is so! Narren tant! What's the use of talking! You think of everything; that does it. Just last night the boys were talking in camp about Kulle and Krome and the rest having a better road to haul their wheat; never looking but in one direction. Narren tant—they will have to haul all the way from twenty to twenty-five miles farther than we. Ha! I never thought of that; never once thought of it! And I have been over the ground, too; stood right there on the river bank and saw them puffers that breathe through their horns go by, right up to town, as if it was fun!"

It kept him busy making plans and drawing conclusions of consequences until we reached our old camp ground, the big spring; although we were not driving at the gait at which we came out, on account of the heat of the sun. Here we rested for a couple of hours in the shade of the big burr oak. What a pity that some thoughtless person should have built a fire against the magnificent tree and shortened its life and usefulness at least a hundred years!

"I tell you one thing, Henry; it was a good thing for Luebke and the rest that neither Witte nor myself knew more about that land than we did when we fixed the price on the leases! They have a mighty good bargain. It is worth a dollar an acre rent a year if it is worth a cent; I mean for the fourth and fifth years. They ought to have paid that. But you see, I only saw it when I didn't know any more about land than one of Kulle's trumpeters; and Conrad, he never saw it at all. He told me last night that we hadn't done you right, and the Olle Kulle thought so, too."

"But it is all right, Jochen. No one can do better than he knows, and you did what you thought was right—the best can do no more. It is better that they should have the long end of the bargain than if I had it. They have children; I have none. And on general principles, Jochen, it is my opinion that a bargain just to both parties is better than a one-sided one, always—but especially when it takes years in the performance."

"But right is right," he insisted. "I told them what it cost you and they thought it mighty big money, but neither of them would sell it for that if they owned it. The 'Olle Kulle' would pay the money for it to-morrow if he could get it. But let that be as it may, I think you have your own again."

"What I have not now I expect to get before I get through with these gentlemen, Jochen. Never you fear! It is a strange rope that doesn't have two ends to it; and when you are pulling on one you don't always know who may have hold of the other. They will perhaps find out that I am not swindled quite so badly as they supposed. At any rate, we will not ask any sympathy from them. We will treat them according to the 'Golden Rule'—that is, we will do by them as they do by us. Then if they do by us as they wish to be done by, and we do by them as they do by us, both sides are governed by the 'Golden Rule,' and everything is lovely. There is nobody to complain. I don't mean that I will swindle them, as they swindled me, by paying them thirty cents when I owe them a dollar. No, that would be lowering myself to their level; but in dealing with them I propose to look out for myself, as they do for themselves. I will pay what I agreed to pay and they may swindle; and let him who has grain in his craw longest crow loudest. I am not through collecting my money from them yet, Jochen; you will see that before we get a month older. They have started me. They have torn me from my chosen occupation—the contemplation of the nature of things—ordered me to the sand heap to dig and toil for the daily necessities of life, and I will sacrifice a few days or weeks to see who is master, thought or stupidity, honest dealing between man and man, or midnight wolfishness. I know facts from fancies, laws that produce things from lies that rot things, when I see them in broad daylight. There may be more behind the bush than there is in front for the man who looks all around it.

"But let the future take care of these things. Tell me, Jochen, don't you think it would have been well to put a condition in the leases that the men should work so and so many days per year with such and such teams, on a road that might be established from the land to the river?"

"That was not necessary, sonny; they will do that anyhow. They get the benefit of it."

"Yes, but I am old enough to have seen that it is not always enough that a thing be a common benefit to make it of common concern. One pulls 'Gee' and the other 'Haw' sometimes, and no head-way is made in either direction. It occurred to me that if the landlord could say 'Do that thing now!' it would not make it any the less their road and it would prevent disagreements."

"Yes, sonny, yes! That is it. That is what I say. What is the use of talking to you! It would be better. But I tell you! We just tell Mr. Pastor and you'll see the road will be built. He'll get the

black fellow (the devil) after them. It will be built!"

"But what is the use, Jochen, of using such powers when we can manage our affairs without them? To tell you the truth, I don't object to a scare-crow in a melon patch, or orchard, but I don't like to rely upon one of them to raise the crop, to plow and tend it, I mean. I would always prefer to do that myself, or to have a good, trustworthy, live man, and I think that the Lord's vineyard would be less weedy, and in better condition generally, if those in charge relied less upon scare-crows and more upon an honest tilling of the soil."

"Likely you're right, sonny, but when shall we go to look out that road? You see, we take our wagon, fix it up just as it is now, and we can go and stay a month anywhere, wherever we please. But of course, I can't get away from home that long. When my marketing is done I can get away, but not until then."

"There is no hurry—no particular hurry about that, Jochen. Only when a thing is done it requires no more care; and all these things are easy now, when they may be troublesome years hence. We don't have to go through people's fields now, and a road once established is respected, because needed by everybody; houses are put up and fields are cleared accordingly."

"Yes, Henry, and we will go and look it over as soon as ever you can get off. Mr. Pheyety will help us; and you see, I make a whole week by the trip we made this time. I had promised Mr. Pastor to give them a week with a team. But he didn't know how hungry them prairie wolves, I mean, them prairie fellows in the settlement, were for land. He told me himself that as soon as he commenced talking about it to Kulle and Krome and them fellows, they jumped at the chance and told him he needn't to trouble anybody else, that they would break the land and put it under cultivation for a share of the crops. That lets me out, you see, and I can spare a few days for something else."

"There is no hurry about it. We can go at any time this fall, before the roads and weather get bad. But I should like to attend to it before winter sets in. I brought a set of plats of the county from the clerk's office the other day, and if we get Mr. Pheyety, who knows the corners for some distance round, to help us, I can fix the papers and have the whole matter attended to in a very little time."

"Now, sonny, we must start. It is 4 o'clock," he said, bridling up the horses. "By half-past eight or nine o'clock we will be at the Cahokia bridge and by 10 I will be at home. To-morrow morning I will bring the chicks over, which you promised to kill for Mrs. F——, but forgot all about; and some 'berry thieves' that were stealing your nuts. I think I better bring some of them, too. Perhaps the old gentleman would like them; he is sick anyhow."

We had started by this time and he had planted himself in his seat, as if he wanted to drive and not

talk, so I commenced arranging things in my own mind and did not disturb him.

At the watering place the horses stopped as if of their own accord, and he gave them their usual bite to munch and some water; with the remark, "That was a good little pull. Now, once more boys, and we will be at the bridge." This was reached half an hour ahead of time and he remarked:

"I thought that oats step of yours would amount to something, but I didn't think it would be so much. You see, Henry, them fellows have their own tricks. They may seem to you to go as fast when you are going from home as when you are coming back, but when you time them you find that they have cheated you in spite of everything you can do. Now, good night, sonny. To-morrow morning I will take the game up to Mr. F——'s house and tell them that you sent it."

"Good night, Jochen; remember me at home, and don't forget to kiss little Yetta for me for the pillow she sent."

August 28, 1856.

Have written all the evening on my last trip and have not caught up yet; but I must write it out because it will be of interest to me hereafter.

August 29, 1856.

Still writing on my last trip; and working hard all day to push the patterns into shape before the fifth of next month, when the shop commences running again.

August 30, 1856.

Have nearly finished writing up my trip. Had a very pleasant time this morning with Mr. F——. We looked over my work, all the work I have done since the shop closed, and he remarked that if anybody had told him, without himself seeing it, that two men had done the work in the time in which it was done, he could not have believed him.

"These pattern men keep their own counsel and you never know what is a fair day's work for your money. But I have never troubled myself much about it, for the reason that the cost of a pattern is a small matter, provided that it is a good one—has the iron in the right place. Have you seen the man at work yet on your house? I came by there this morning and he seems to be a good man—he is doing good work."

I remarked that one of the molders, Fritz Obermeyer, had sent him to me and that I had formed a good opinion of the man.

"You must introduce him to me if he does his work well. I always need men of that kind; they are sometimes hard to find; I mean fair men; not thieves! By the by, my wife asked me to thank you for the basket of game you sent up to the house. I believe I shall have to hire you to hunt for me. The young squirrels were excellent, and I feel better after eating them than I have after meals for weeks."

I told him that squirrels were my favorite meat.

Another call from Mr. F—— in the evening. He came in laughing, with an open letter in his hand.

"What have you been doing over in Illinois?" he said. "Our old friend, Mr. Pheety, to whom I sent you the other day, writes to me that all the Dutch of the prairie have migrated into his neighborhood. He says that they started in last Saturday with seven plows and had twenty-three going last Monday, upon the land that he showed to you; that they have built two houses in one day, with roof and doors complete, and will have two more finished before the letter can reach me, and that, too, on government land, more than a hundred yards beyond your line. He asks me to go at once and enter that piece of woodland for him—a thing he should have done long ago and always intended to do; but he thought he had time enough—the Dutch wouldn't find it out. What does it mean, Henry? Are these men really on your land?"

"I think they are, Mr. F——. I left them there last Sunday, and I think they are there yet and likely to stay for the next five years, at least."

"With twenty-three plows?"

"I expect there are more there by this time. You see, they think that prairie can't be broken to advantage after this month. They are in a hurry. The season crowds them."

"And you have leased the land, you say, for five years?"

"Yes. They fence the land; build the necessary farm buildings for four farms, into which the tract is divided. They break the land and put it into good cultivatable condition, and for doing this they have the use of it for three years from last Friday. Then for the two following years they pay me seventy-five cents an acre per year for the land under cultivation."

"But how did you manage to do that? You have been gone only three days and had to travel one hundred and twenty miles."

"More than that! I have been to M——, the county seat, to examine the record, to see that my title is all right."

"Then, where did you get these people?"

"Where there are plenty more—the thing that I have been talking about and you always shake your head at when I mention it."

After he had walked for some time up and down the room he stopped and said:

"Henry, you ought to have told me of this. I could have shown you how you could have gotten even with those fellows, who have sixty per cent of your money in their pockets. You are going to make a heap of money for them on the top of it."

"How, Mr. F——?"

"They own four or five sections of land, right in a body, adjoining yours; and those people that you have brought into the neighborhood, they are workers, and will make the land of Mr. L—— worth double and triple what it was before."

"But Mr. F——, I bought from Mr. L—— all

that land last Thursday. That is, I hold his land for a deed, in legal form, good any time these twenty days, and paid fifty dollars cash on account of the purchase. Do you think he will refuse to make that bond good?"

I handed him the paper and after looking at it he said:

"No, he couldn't if he wanted to, and he will not try to do that. I know him for that. Now, Henry, you are even. You want some money to make the first payment, don't you?"

"Yes. I have drawn a deed of trust upon my Sixth street property, which I will give as security. I will need five thousand, two hundred dollars to finish my house and make the first payment upon this land."

"No, Henry. I do not want a deed of trust from you; your note or memorandum is good enough for me. You go up to-morrow morning and close that trade with Mr. L——. I will give you a check—no, I will send for the money myself, and hand it to you to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. This will please my brother and my wife—who have taken quite a liking to you."

I thanked him.

"But what can I write to Mr. Pheyety! Oh well, I know. The old fellow objects to being made rich. I will try and explain matters so that he will not get mad with you because he is your next neighbor, if he is three miles off."

I laughed and said:

"Mr. F——, that is precisely what another gentleman said upon the same subject—a man who used to work for him and who to-day owns a much better farm than his old boss."

August 31, 1856.

Closed my business with Mr. L——, who was very glad to see me. Told me that the improvement on Sixth street was coming on finely and made a show, as if the owner had confidence in himself and in the future of the city. He had the deed drawn, acknowledged it before a notary and commissioner of deeds, in the office, and I paid him the money. I then signed the notes for the deferred payments, and the deed of trust, and acknowledged it before the same functionary, exchanged the papers with him and bade him "good morning."

From there I went to kiss my dear one. I then came by my house and was surprised at the progress of the work. The entire cellar or basement is excavated and the area wall is up, all except the coping which Mr. Stock explained to me was the last work done, to prevent injury during the construction of the house.

Came by Mr. Olff's to see what progress he is making with the parlor stove. We can commence casting as soon as the shop starts up and gives us iron. I then went to Mr. F——'s house, as he had requested me to do in the morning, and showed him the deed for the land. Was affected by Mrs.

F——; the interest she took in the transaction. She said:

"Mr. B——, it makes me feel that there is a just God in Heaven when I see an honest man escape out of the clutches of these sharpers, who think everything is their own that they can put their hands on."

I thanked the good lady for her kindness. She then asked how she could manage to get young squirrels for Mr. F——.

"He feels so much better after eating them, than I would pay any price if I could get them regularly fresh. Those I find in the market have a queer flavor, they don't taste natural, and I don't think they are healthy," she remarked.

I explained to her that they lost their natural flavor by being neglected after they are killed.

"The food in their stomachs," said I, "consists of the most concentrated vegetable matter, fermented and liberates gases, which permeate the flesh and destroy its flavor, especially where a number of them are piled together before the animal heat has left the carcass. I will see whether I can not make arrangements by which you will be supplied with what you want and, I may add, with what you need. I speak from experience, carefully collected, when I say that there is no food in reach of us, of the people of an inland city, as healthy and nourishing for men who work with their heads as squirrels."

I then told Mr. F—— the condition of the wood on the parlor stove with which he was pleased.

"But," said I, "Mr. F——, you will have to get up another cook stove."

"Why, have you seen anything new?"

"No, but I saw one of your stoves used in a new way. In a German settlement, where I was a few days ago, the blacksmith's wife used coal for fuel in one of your stoves. I asked her how it worked and she told me:

"'Very well, only it takes a good deal to start it but I can do with half the wood.'"

"You know they live in the 'naked prairie,' and Mr. Pheyety says, on land, in fact, whose fertility prevents it from producing wood, 'forest growth.'"

"How do you make that out, Mr. B——? Land too rich to grow trees?"

"We may regard it as a paradox in nature, but it is a fact. The great fertility of the land produces an immense growth of grass. This annually ripens and dies in the fall and feeds the autumnal fires. These destroy the yearly arboreal plantings, as the young sprouts show a foot or two above the ground. Where there is no great fertility there is no grass where there is no grass there are no annual fires and where there are no annual fires the forest takes possession and maintains itself, if the meteorological conditions are any way favorable."

"And the ground is suitable?" he added.

"The ground makes no difference in the long run for forest growth. It creates its own soil. Barren sand, so-called, is all right provided it lies still."

The only thing that it cannot subdue to its purpose is a naked rock with a perfectly smooth surface, without fissure, crack or crevice; and such does not exist in nature—at least not of any size. The meteorological conditions control and they are favorable as far as the watershed of the Mississippi is concerned; for the drainage system of that area is itself proof of the excess of precipitation over evaporation, of humid weather over dry; for it carries off that excess back to nature's reservoir, the ocean. We have a right, therefore, to conclude that for the area in question, the Mississippi basin, the rule holds—unless it be the extreme western edge, where modifications may occur on account of the elevation above the sea level—that wherever we see forest it is protected by water in the immediate vicinity, or by the poverty of the soil; and wherever we see those vast oceans of grass, we see the future granaries of our country. For what are wheat, rye, barley, oats, hay, corn itself but grasses; and from my earliest recollections up to this day, I never saw a piece of land that produced good grass but what also produced good wheat, rye and the rest of the cereals, if properly cultivated."

"And you think that Mr. Pheyety and the frontier people, the first comers, picked out the poorest land to clear and left the richest land, that was cleared, for those that come later? That is not natural, Henry."

"And yet it may be, Mr. F——. But if it is not natural, it is a fact, and that is, or ought to be enough. Let Mr. Pheyety offer Mr. Kulle, who has a prairie farm, and has just threshed his forty-three hundred bushels of wheat, his crop for this year—let Mr. Pheyety offer him his land, the upland forest which he selected and cleared fifteen years ago, in exchange for the naked prairie and see what Mr. Kulle will say. He can offer him five acres for one and Mr. Kulle will decline the trade. But you think it is unnatural that the first comers should fail to take the best land. I thought so, too, when I saw these prairies the first time, some ten years ago, and found the practice of these people in contradiction with my conviction. But shortly afterward I made a trip with some gentlemen, looking at the country, as they called it.

"We camped out, and when we started off after our noonday rest, it was the practice that some of us rode ahead to pick out the trail and to select the camp ground for the night. One day I was one of those who had to perform this duty, and after we had selected the place to stay all night, I rode back to meet the wagon, so that the driver would have less trouble to find us. As I approached he called out:

"'Have you found a place, Cap?'"

"Yes," I answered.

"A good one?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of wood and water?"

"Yes; and some grass, too, for the horses!"

"Plenty of wood and water—that was the question for the camper, and plenty wood and water is the question for the frontiersman. What does he care or know about land? Wood and water are prime necessities—he is a camper!"

"His practice was and is perfectly natural and not in conflict with my conviction; and so I advised my neighbors in Europe accordingly, and to-day it is no longer a question. Ten years ago Mr. Pheyety thought that Mr. Krome, poor man, had been swindled by some unconscionable dog, with eighty acres of land in the prairie! What in the world he could do with it—not a stick of wood, not a drop of water on it—what the poor man would do, he, Mr. Pheyety, could not see! What he has done is plain enough!"

"The twenty plows which Mr. Pheyety saw last Monday upon one small piece of that naked prairie—and there are forty plows there to-day, or I am disappointed—ought to be enough, if the mountains of grass which he saw go to waste and causing waste year by year were not sufficient—these plows, I think, ought to be enough to teach him what these poor people are going to, or can do.

"But if it is not enough for him, it ought to be enough for us; and I want a coal cooking stove for these people—for coal is so much cheaper—so the woman said—cheaper even in a wood stove, without the necessary draft."

"Did you hear him, Mary?" he said with a laugh. "You shall have one, Henry. The thing is too important to be laughed at. It is bound to come, even in town here.

"But there is sense in what you say about the grass. I never saw a good meadow that didn't make a good field when broken up. Just think of it, if all these lands which have been regarded as waste turn out to be productive, Mary! It makes a man's head swim!"

"Yes, and then you give them transportation from the interior to the great waterways, and over them to the ocean, and so on to the markets of the world—transportation, say, at half a cent a ton per mile, and you have the foundation of the west side of what you call my air castles."

"And what is the foundation of the other side, Mr. B——?" said Mrs. F——.

"The forty plows that are breaking a section of this land in a week or ten days—the source where they come from—the east."

"He is bottomless, Mary! There is no limit to his faith in the future of this country!"

"But tell me, Henry, how in the world did you manage to get these people together in so short a time?"

"It is a long story, Mr. F——, and if I were to try to meet your question, the answers might look as if they were made to order. But I have written all the details in my notebook, and when you have an hour to spare some evening, drop down to my

den, as you call it, where you have a chair of your own, and I will read it to you."

"No, no, Mr. B——, you come up here and read it to us. I want to hear it, too," said Mrs. F——.

"But, Mrs. F——, I am not accustomed to ladies' society, and I have never read anything that I remember before ladies. It would embarrass me."

"There shall be nobody here but ourselves and brother Oliver. He will be so much interested. No, you must come; you are not embarrassed by my presence!"

"I tell you, Mrs. F——, how we can get out of the difficulty. You know I work for your husband; I have to do what he tells me. Now, if he orders me to come up here, I cannot refuse. You just talk to him!"

"I told you he is bottomless!" said Mr. F——, giggling. "Never mind, I will make him come up after I see brother Oliver!"

"I would suggest, Mr. F——, that when you order me to come up here you also devise some method to get rid of me again. I have been talking here as if there was no work to do at the shop. Good day!"

September 1, 1856.

Saw Mr. Hanse-Peter this morning early at his stand and told him that we might have to make our trip over again to-night or to-morrow morning. Asked him whether we could go to-night.

"Yes, but we can't start until 6 o'clock. You see, I have to sell out first and then go home and get the other team and wagon. If I tell you by 11 o'clock, will that be time enough?"

"Plenty."

At 10 I saw Mr. F——, and asked his advice.

"Go, Henry, but don't forget your notebook. We want to hear it when you get back; say Tuesday night, that will suit my brother."

"I thanked him and promised to be on hand."

Met Jochen at the bridge at 6 o'clock but was disappointed. He drove the colts, his driving team—he could not talk.

"Get in Henry, and go to sleep as soon as you want to; you see I have to drive," he said.

And drive he did, with attention on his team and the road, no less unremitting than that of a locomotive engineer on his machine, striking for forty miles an hour. A strangely exhilarating luxury, a drive with such a team and such a driver! I was far enough from going to sleep with all the business before me, and the opportunity to cry "Big berries—here they are, safe in the basket" to the man whom it would give more real pleasure than it could to myself, right at my side. But I restrained myself and observed the propriety of the occasion by perfect silence, intimating thereby that the ride itself was sufficient to entertain me. I knew that Jochen appreciated this, as much as the musician appreciates the attention which he elicits by his exertion for the amusement of his hearers. His way of intimating or

expressing his appreciation might be rude, or he might have no way of expressing it at all. Still, he felt it as keenly as ever did an artist on the piano; and they are usually regarded as extremely thin-skinned in such matters.

We swept on; mile after mile was left behind, until we got to the watering place, where Jochen halted, jumped out of the wagon, had a word with his colts, gave them a bite of bread, then a gallon or so of water each, and remounted.

"You're still awake, Henry? Wrap up in the blanket; the cool air is not warmed by the pace of the colts. They go!"—and we were off again.

"That's all right; steady, Jobe!" and on looking ahead, I saw the flags of several deer going up a spur of the bluff which we were just passing. They had crossed the road just ahead of the horses, and but for the vigilance of the driver and his encouraging voice at the right time, we would no doubt have scared them, young as they are. As it was we swept on, while the deer gave a snort of defiance, as they gained the elevated ground above us and felt secure from danger.

But the snort announced that the buck has left his retirement for the season, and is ready to challenge instead of avoid attention. He is a great braggart then and not at all averse to try conclusions for supremacy with any rival that may invade his chosen bailiwick. These tests sometimes prove fatal to both combatants. They strike their antlers together with such force that the prongs become interlocked, and all their strength proves insufficient to extricate themselves. I may add here that in my forest experience I have never witnessed the occurrence, although I have in my possession a pair of skulls with the horns interlocked, which were picked up after the animals were dead. The condition of the adhering scraps of skin, frayed sinews and flesh prove conclusively that both were exposed to the same disintegrating influences, and this of course could only have occurred under the condition that both animals perished simultaneously. They remain locked and can not be separated without breaking some of the prongs. I have often when looking at them wondered which of these two was fittest to survive and which to perish. Nature seems to have been impartial; cared as much for the one as for the other, and nothing for either.

We arrived in camp in ample time for a good night's rest; if daylight did not usually come so early with Jochen. But considerably before the first red streak appeared in the east, I was aroused by his voice, "Henry, sonny, come! It is time to be astir, or we miss the first boat"—either talking by rote, from habit, or intending to fool me into a momentary belief that we were at his house. But I jumped up, out of my hay bed, bathed my head, arms, shoulders and chest in the glorious waters of the spring, and when the reaction set in, and I drank a cup of his coffee on the top of that, I felt all the pleasures that mere physical life can yield, at its very

best. We were soon on the road. I hummed to myself by way of a feeler to see whether I could not draw Jochen into a talk. But no. Straight as a Prussian ram rod, and with as little utterance, he sat, minding his colts and them alone. And they seemed to require all the attention he gave them. Instead of showing the effects of a hard drive, as I regarded it, of the night before, they seemed to feel like myself, as if their skins lacked considerable of being large enough to hold them. We swept on, and I am confident the twenty odd miles which we drove before Jochen opened his lips and we halted on the southwest corner of section five, my first purchase, were driven in two hours and a half, although I had no time-piece to ascertain the fact with anything like certainty. As the horses came to a stand Jochen rose to his feet, and looking east and then to the north, said:

"Henry, sonny, get up and look! See, where's our grass? What has become of it? Nay, may the hangman take it if they ain't on the last two eighties down yonder at the camp! Nay, sonny, say what you will, what is true is true. Them prairie gophers know how to play with grass. They are death on it. Narren tant, Henry! Narren tant, sonny! We wouldn't have grass enough to stake out the colts to-night but for our neighbors!"

"Why, Jochen, is there not grass enough for two horses between here and the timber over there, on the edge of the bluff? Or over yonder, on the other side of the breaking?"

"Yes, yes, sonny, that is what I say; we have to feed off our neighbors!"

"What neighbors, Jochen?"

"You know! I don't!"

"Well, Jochen, I will tell you. I own that grass—this half section here and the four sections yonder, beyond the breaking. I would have told you so last night but you had to drive."

"Jobe, get up! Vlp!"

And away we went down the line. We had scarcely driven a hundred yards or so when he stopped, looked me squarely in the face, and said:

"And you are not making fun of me, Henerick?"

"I own that land and here is the deed for it"—handing him the document.

"I had bought it a week ago when we were here before, but I did not have the deed and that was the reason that I spoke of the berries—that I would not halloo until I had them in the basket—just to show you that I remembered your lesson. I also told you then that I would get even with my men; the men who had swindled me out of my hard earnings; and, Jochen, you see I have got even! I have collected my money with a very respectable interest. The land reaches five miles from where we are clean to Krome's corner."

"Jobe, get up."

"No, Jochen, don't drive yet. I want to ask you a question that is important to me now. When we were here before I found out what I did not know.

I supposed that all this work would be done out of Christian charity; that the people of the settlement would help the new neighbors, because Mr. Pastor told them that it was their duty. Now, how much of the work was there done that way?"

"It wouldn't amount to two eighties. You see, we would have helped them, but it was not necessary."

"Just so. Neither scare-crow nor the promise of golden wings was necessary. The simple fact that the people in the settlement wanted more land to work has turned this section of grass into manure for future crops, in one week's time. Now that, Jochen, is God Almighty's own arrangement. That is the way he works, with perfectly plain, open and self-evident means. The other way may be all right, too, but they seem to me just here to lead in a little different direction."

"Mr. Pastor asked me last week whether I could not help him get some more land. He said that he could settle all this tract with good, honest, hard-working people in a very short time, on the same terms that we have done this section."

"Narren tant, man! That will never do at all! On the same terms? Why on the same terms? Yes, the same terms! The Olle Kulle will pay you twenty dollars an acre for that farther section, and if you let me sell it, he will not get it! No! Krome would sell the shirt off his back before Kulle would get it. Same terms! But you don't sell! Not a foot of it! Not a foot! You know you promised me! You can't sell a foot of it with my consent! What would your father say if he heard that I stood by and allowed his son, my own Henry, to throw away—yes, just throw away such a thing!"

"But, Jochen, you're flying off the handle. I'm not talking about selling, yet."

"Yet, Henry, yet! Never spoil a piece like that! You want just—let me see, yes, you want a hundred and sixty acres more and that makes it. Four thousand acres and you can sit on your porch, up there on the bluff, and look over every acre of it—every acre of it! Just one hundred and sixty acres!"

"How about the six by three feet that I will need some day, or they will need for me? Have you counted them in?"

"Sonny, that comes of its own accord; never mind that!"

"Now, if you will be quiet and listen, I will ask you the question that I started to ask. Suppose I conclude to keep the land; do you think that it would be better to let Mr. Pastor find me new tenants for the whole of it, or shall I lease a part of it to the well-to-do fellows of the settlement? That is the question that I want you to think of—and just be quiet about the wonderful thing, as it seems to you, to own a few acres of land. It doesn't make me one particle better or worse if I control it as a reasonable being. It is that which I have to attend to now and in that you can help me.

"I have determined to accommodate Mr. Pastor, at least in part—but whether I might not do better

by letting in some of the other fellows directly, or make them rent from the beginners, as they do here, that I have not decided yet.

"Drive up, the people below have seen us; think it over and let me know before we say anything to anybody—mark that, Jochen. You shall crow and brag to your heart's content, but you must wait until day-break, until the proper times comes."

We soon reached Lerke, on the upper turn of the lower forty; and he was happy to see us, but could not leave the plow to shake hands. We drove down to Lerke's house, the first on the west, and found the grove around it trimmed up, the under brush cut out and piled in vacant places, to be burned out of the way when dry—that is, the part unfit for fire wood. As we approached, Mrs. Lerke came out and shook us by the hand, with every expression of good will that could be crowded into her face and manner.

"Get out and step in. We are all up-side down yet; we have had such a crowd to take care of all the week. But, God be thanked, we got under roof before we had any bad weather—we beat our floor a little and it does very well."

This was in response to my stamping with my feet, to see how solid the earth was in the house. They have dug shallow trenches around the houses, so as to prevent the water from seeping in, and as the ground was dry when they were roofed in, the floors are in fair condition.

"I haven't had time to clean up yet this morning. Mrs. Spassman and I just finished fencing in our calf pasture. Come and see."

Sure enough, they had fenced more than two acres of prairie to keep their calves in—a quite important matter, as the keeping of the calf up causes the cow to remain in the vicinity and to come home at night.

Spassman was next. He has solved the difficulty about water by relying for the present upon a barrel mounted upon a pair of runners.

"We like the place better than any of the rest, because we have so much land on this side of the creek," said Mrs. Spassman. "That will give us the handiest pasture; and as for water, we can get that any where by digging a well."

The house stands in line with the rest, and what the good woman said about the desirableness of the place was perfectly self-evident, after the practical situation pointed it out. Still, I had overlooked it entirely and was afraid they would consider themselves unfairly dealt with. The cost of sinking a well and walling it up will be inconsiderable when compared with the other advantages of the place.

We found Mrs. Knickmeyer and Mrs. Luebke in as good humor, or if anything, better, for they had improved the time which we had spent in the other houses to "straighten up things" and put on a clean apron.

Mrs. Luebke was very glad we came, "Because," she said, "last Monday there was a man here on horse back. He rode up and down the line in front of our houses and asked my husband who had given

him permission to build on government land; that all our houses stood more than a hundred yards over the line of our land; and we didn't know what to say. But my husband told him that we had rented the land from a man in St. Louis and that he had shown us where to build. Then he said that the man didn't know where the line was and that we better be careful how we cut the big timber, or we might get into trouble. And you see, we didn't know. But Mr. Witte and Mr. Krome told us that you knew more about such things than all the Irishmen in the prairie. They said that it was a man that lives up yonder in the timber, near the bluff, and that he had always let on that he owned this tract of timber land. And Mr. Witte said:

"If it was government land ten days ago, it wouldn't be government land long after Henry bought that prairie. I know him for that. It wouldn't be like his father's son."

I told her not to worry about what people might say.

"If anybody comes to trouble you, unless it is a government officer, you use the old house-right. Go for him with the broom stick, or anything that comes handy, as your mother used to do in the old country. This is your house and your land, as long as you do as you agreed to do with me. There is nobody that has anything to say here in the absence of your husband but yourself, unless it is with your permission."

"Just let him come again! I'll show him!" she said, shaking her fist in the direction where she supposed he might live. "I'll show him—to make people sleepless nights. Henry didn't sleep a wink the whole night, worrying about it! You see, people get fooled so much in this country!"

"He will not come again, Mrs. Luebke. He is not a bad man. He only made a mistake—like any one of us can make. I saw a letter from him to a friend in St. Louis. He wanted to buy this land and waited too long. He was the agent for the man in St. Louis who owned all that prairie. He selected the land for Mr. L—— when he entered it. He thought nobody would want that strip of timber until Mr. L—— should sell the prairie, and then he would buy the wood. He just missed it by a day or two. But he is a good man and will be a good neighbor. He will not trouble you any more about cutting timber upon government land."

Jochen had been busy with his colts, and after he had them located to suit himself he called me out ostensibly to go and see some of the men, but really to talk to me about the matter I had submitted to him. We walked down to the spring and sat down.

"Yes, Henry," he commenced, "that is as it is. I look at it from this side and it is all right, and I look at it from that side and it is all right, too. We can get more money from the well-to-do fellows, but if we start thirty or thirty-five families on this land, they will be well-to-do, too, in a few years, before the lease is out. Then you see, sonny, there will be still more fellows hungry for land. And when I

look on that side, I like it; but then I should like to get the money, too."

"Now, suppose we can't get both, Jochen, then what?"

"I tell you, Henry, they must pay you one dollar an acre a year for the last two years; that is certain. Nobody can have that land for less. Witte said so; Kulle said so, Krome said so, and I say so! Now, that is flat. Then you make them work on that road; and I will tell these fellows here that it is your road, and if they want to use it they must help to make it, or you will charge toll.

"Then let Mr. Pastor settle his people on it, and let these other fellows help them—work it on shares. In five years from now it will be the best. Every one of these fellows that rents now will buy then, or will want to. Witte did it; Krome did it; Gehrke did it; all did it; 'Olle Kulle' did it; all did it but a few, who had enough to get a forty or eighty acres, themselves."

"But I should like Mr. Krome to have eighty acres or so. It corners with him and it looks like he ought to have the refusal of some of it."

"Of course, of course; that is one of your tricks! You haven't forgotten Minken, his wife, yet, have you, sonny? You always were a kind of soft on her. I don't blame you, sonny. She is a good woman, and if he always pulled in the direction she leads it would be better for him.

"But, you see, we can't break into the arrangement. And then, you're not selling the land. He can get what he wants by helping the fellows that get the tract next to him. You tell Mr. Pastor that you want some people on that section that are on good terms with Mr. Krome, and the next you give to friends of Mr. Kulle; that's the way, sonny."

By this time Mrs. Luebke blew the horn for the men to stop at the end nearest to the house for their breakfast, which was brought to them, and they ate, sitting on their plows. So we went up and shook hands with Mr. Witte, the "Olle Kulle" and the rest, and explained to them the anxiety of Mr. Pheyety about the government lands. When they were through eating, the line of plows, thirty-two in number, started with the regularity of a squadron of cavalry, or some well-adjusted piece of machinery; while Jochen and I were expected to go to four places at once for breakfast, if we did not want to hurt somebody's feelings. I settled the difficulty by telling Mrs. Luebke that I had eaten with her, and that this time I would eat with Mrs. Knickmeyer, her neighbor; and the next time with Mrs. Spassman, and then with Mrs. Lerke, and after that I would commence the row again from the start. This was satisfactory all around.

After we had finished eating, I asked Jochen how we could get the deed to the county seat. I explained to him that I had relied upon making arrangements with Mr. Bauer, but found that he had already gone home. Jochen called Mrs. Knickmeyer

and asked her whether she knew anything about Mr. Pastor.

"Is he at home yet, or is he gone already to preach at Mascoutah?" he inquired.

"He is at home with a sore throat; it is not bad, but he can't preach. He promised to come down here this afternoon," was the answer.

"I tell you, Henry," said Jochen, "what we will do; you lay down and rest a while. I will drive over to the Pastor's and tell him that you are here and want to see him. Then I leave the colts at his place, take his horse and the 'play wagon' you had the other day, and take the deed to Mr. M——, the clerk. You're tired and want to see Mr. Pastor anyhow, and while you attend to that, I can attend to the other matter. In that way we will be through here to-night, and to-morrow we have all day to drive home in and look round a little about that road."

This suited me. I gave him the deed and asked him to bring me back the other, if it was recorded. I then took my gun and shooting apparatus out of the wagon; and he hitched up and was gone, in his usual off-hand manner, before I had reviewed the arrangements in my own mind, as is my habit when I have talked over a matter with somebody else.

I now spent some time with Mrs. Knickmeyer, who was very proud to show me her children; of whom she has three. The eldest, a daughter, is remarkably strong and tall for her age, as is uniformly the case with the children of these people. The parents, developed under hard labor and harder fare, have notwithstanding healthy constitutions and the children, begotten and raised under more generous nurture, grow up with a rapidity and strength of physique almost phenomenal. The two youngest of her children are boys.

"Do you know any way, Mr. B——, —the Mr. Pastor says you know everything—how we could manage to change a girl into a boy? It would be such a help to our father if our eldest was a boy," she said with a smile.

I remarked that I had not noticed anything among recent inventions that would enable us to do that, and asked her how many children there were in the eight families on the place.

"You see, four of the families are not here yet—the men are only here. They will bring their families as soon as they get through breaking their land and get their houses up. But in the four families that are here now we have seventeen altogether at this time, and if we have anything like luck we ought to have twenty by Christmas, I think."

"That would make in the neighborhood of forty children in sight by that time, if the other four families are as well off as you are."

"Yes, and you can depend on it that they are; because one of them, Mr. Dasseler, the man who will live on our place, he has six or seven alone."

I thanked her for her kindness and the excellent breakfast she had served; then told her to tell Mrs. Spassman that I would take dinner with her.

"No, you don't", said she. "I have it already on the fire. You said you would eat with us to-day and you must stick to your promise!"

Of course I had to accept her understanding of the morning's arrangements. I then started up the creek a piece to determine a matter that had escaped me until I saw and heard of all these little ones; and that was the location of a school house. Forty children in sight and no one, not even Mr. Pastor inquires about or reminds me of the site for one! It will require two at least, said I to myself, for the whole settlement. There must be two and centrality of location must govern in selecting the sites. I will reserve five acres of land for each, compel the people to plant shade trees this fall and erect the houses as soon as they get settled.

Then a church! That we will place on the main road near the bluff. Yes, a central location is not as necessary for a church as for a school house. The people want to show off anyhow, and nobody goes to church afoot in this country.

Revolving these matters in my mind, I had followed the section line eastward and found that the creek bears off a point or two north, so that there is no reliance to be placed upon it for water to supply the three eastern sections. The fourth section of these has abundance, as a bend of the creek cuts into it above the spring and gives me some twenty or twenty-five acres of timber. From the formation and general indications, however, there is no likelihood that there can be any serious question about the water supply. Fifty dollars will build a well anywhere, in my judgment. I turned back and examined the creek for additional indications of rock, but found none except near the spring. When I reached there I sat down in the shade of a black-jack and after resting awhile I must have fallen asleep; for I thought I heard a horn, once or twice, but was satisfied that it could not be dinner time as yet. I was undeceived, however, and aroused from my half-unconscious state when Luebke and Witte came down to the spring to look for dinner.

They had a pleasant joke at my expense, that I could sleep without knowing it, and yet it has happened to me once or twice before.

"Yes, Henerick, it looks big, but it don't amount to much," said Witte, after we had eaten dinner and were resting in the shade, speaking about the sight of seeing so many plows.

"Last Wednesday and Thursday," he continued, "it looked well. But thirty plows on a tract of land like that isn't much. You divide it up and you haven't got two plows to the forty acres—it takes thirty-two to give you that. People fool themselves. They don't know what a section of land is, what it takes to handle it and what it can produce. Kulle, he knows—and he is the only one that knows how to handle prairie. He has found it out by experience and has tinkered and tinkered until he has got a plow that suits him. And then he has the teams. He runs seven plows at home—six boys and himself. That

means something. When the roads are good he has three four-muled teams a-going between his house and the mill, at Belleville, the year around—except in harvest time. You see, he has averaged here breaking two acres a day to the plow, and he has been running five since Monday. He works three teams to two plows and uses each team only four days out of seven. But, Henry, what has become of Jochen? I don't see his wagon."

I told him where he had gone and the nature of his errand.

"Well, well, Henry, God's blessing has been with you. It had to come. When they told me how you had been swindled I could not understand it. Riches gotten by unjust means are worse than nothing. They go as they have come and leave the man a wreck. But I knew you; your father and your mother. For eight years I ate my bread at their table, and I knew I was certain you could not have done wrong. It was only a lesson to you, Henry. He meant it as a lesson, to teach you how to take care of much. You see, we all can take care of little; but there must be rich people, and there can not be unless some can take care of much. I don't know why there must be rich people; but I know that is the way things are arranged."

I then asked him what he thought of the plan of turning the land to use, that I had talked over with Jochen.

"There is no doubt, Henry, it is God's will that these poor people should have homes; and when you give them a chance to earn themselves homes, you're doing His will. If it don't look as profitable now, that makes no difference. Perhaps we don't see all. The blessing may be on the other side of the bush, but it is around some where; depend upon it, Henry, it is around and will find you.

"But, I tell you," he continued, after thinking for some time, "Henry, you better let Mr. Pastor manage the whole matter—I mean as to who shall have the land. You see, if it looks as if he got you to buy the land for his people, nobody will feel hard about it, because he has been after us for some time to do the same thing; and it will look but natural that when he gets the land he wouldn't let us have it. If Kulle and one or two others do talk a little about him, that makes no difference; they can't hurt him, and they will only think that he played on your good nature, as he has tried to play on theirs."

"But tell me, Conrad, what would be the best way to lay out the roads—I don't want them to run at haphazard. I want one road to run on the northern front, the whole five miles and a half of the property. I want to continue that road through the American Bottom to some point on the river where there is a practicable landing for steamboats, so that my people don't have to earn their crops over again while hauling them to market. This much I have settled. But the roads that will be necessary upon the property itself, so that it will make it convenient of access—I mean the different quarter sections into

which it will be divided—from the main road; that is the question that puzzles me.”

“You haven’t taken hold of the right end, Henry, that is all. Your main road that you mention must not run on the northern line of your property, but upon the half section line, right through the middle of the tract. Then, you see, one-half of the houses, those on the southern quarter sections, will stand on the southern, and those on the northern quarter sections, on the northern side of the road—every half mile a house. It costs one string of fence more at the start, but only at the start, for you will have to have that anyhow. You see here, on this section and, if you choose, on the next the houses may stand, at least for the present, where they are. But up yonder you have no reason to build them so inconvenient to the land. Here it is all right, on account of the wood and water, but there it would be all wrong.”

“And that would give us good locations for our school houses, too—and the church we could put up—”

“What about the church?” said a voice coming up behind us, which we recognized as that of Mr. Pastor. “What about the church? What have laymen to say about the church in the absence of the minister?”

“There were two of us together, Mr. Pastor, and I hope and trust that He who promised that where two or three are gathered together in His name, He would be in the midst of them—I trust, Mr. Pastor, that He was not far distant,” said Conrad.

“And I hope, permit me to add,” said I, “that He will not withdraw His presence simply because His representative appears; for we need both the spirit of the Master and the practical sense of His servant.”

“Don’t speak lightly, children, of sacred matters!” he admonished.

“Not lightly, but from the bottom of our hearts, did we speak,” said I, “and to answer your question, it was the location of the church for our new settlement that we were considering when you arrived.”

“But is not our settlement too small for that? You see, for eight families we may need a school, for they are blessed with many children—how many children are there, let me see?”

“I have estimated forty up to date, or by next Christmas, as one of the ladies said.”

“Forty, my son? Yes, yes—I would not be surprised. There are that many and we must bethink ourselves of a school house. But for a church—”

“Mr. Hanse-Peter, then, did not tell you his errand to M——?”

“No he did not. He did not go for you and on business that appertains to what we spoke of a week ago, did he?”

“Yes, I have bought these lands for you.”

“Our blessed Father in heaven be praised for his might and goodness. His blessings have come upon us, His unworthy children. This is too much, my children, you must excuse me for a little while. I will return soon.” And he retired.

I saw him walking up and down on the bank of the creek, his head bent on his breast, and his hands folded on his back as if lost in thought, some moments afterwards.

Conrad and I continued our planning of the roads.

“Yes Henry,” said he, “that is true. With a road to the river these people here have a better market than I have. They can send their grain and stock and things right down the river. It don’t have to come up to town. I have seen them take corn and hogs and horses and mules and cows and cabbage and potatoes—everything, yes, everything—down the river; bacon and ham and everything, and why shouldn’t this go from here? Henry, this will be a great thing for these people. Have you picked out the road yet through the bottom?”

“No, there is no great hurry about that.”

“Yes, but there is, Henry. You see, you can never get it as easy as now. I mean it will be more difficult to get next year than this, and the year after that than next year. When I came to the bluff we drove anywhere; just as the people do here now. We didn’t think about roads then. And now we have to wriggle in and wriggle out, now this way, now that, and pay more for the land we drive over in the time we lose than the best land in our fields is worth. But nobody wants to lose a foot and so it goes. Don’t put it off. I tell you, I will go with you. Jochen and I will help you look it over. You see, it is more difficult to get a good road through the bottom than it is here. There you have to do with sloughs and ponds; there you must go where you can; here you go where you please.”

Mr. Pastor returning, and the time to hitch up having arrived, Conrad went to his team, with the remark:

“We will leave it that way, Henry. I will go with you; and this here you must lay out as I told you.”

My business with the minister was soon arranged. I explained to him that I left it entirely in his hands to select the tenants; that as soon as I could fill out the leases I would send them to him, in duplicate, he to have them signed by the parties; and that at the first opportunity I would come out and close the transaction. In the meantime the people could go on with their work. The land would be divided into quarter sections, with a road, to be kept in repair by the adjoining property, through the entire tract. The terms of the leases would be the same as those made a week ago. It had been suggested that the rental for the last two years was too low.

“That is true, Mr. B——, and I intended to tell you that I have been told by Mr. Kulle and the best judges in such matters that you ought to have a dollar an acre per year. And you know God loves what is right.”

“It may be true that the land is or may be worth that, but I can not make a distinction between the two sets of tenants—it neither looks nor is well. The people here have advantages which the others will not have first, in time. These have a full crop year,

while the others can only expect a partial one. Then, these have excellent stock facilities, as regards wood for shelter, and an abundant supply of water—both of which will not be as handy for the balance of the property. If any difference ought to be made in the rental, it ought to be made in favor of those who come, instead of these who are here.

"But above all, Mr. Pastor, the community will be one, and all ought to have an equal chance to prosper. At least, it would be bad policy for me for the sake of a few dollars to weaken the motive of rivalry that will exist among them—for each to do as well as his neighbor—by establishing a difference between them in the burdens they have to bear. The leases therefore will be the same in every respect as those already granted, except that the new ones will contain only a privilege to cut wood for the use of the farm upon the forest lands, while the others have also the right to live upon them. Another difference will be that I shall reserve two school house sites, of five acres each, and shall require the ground set out with trees and a comfortable log house to be built upon each. Another difference will be that I shall require each tenant to work one week in each and every year, with such teams as may be necessary, upon a road, that I will establish and build to a practicable landing place on the river, through the American Bottom. In these common affairs, in which all are equally interested, I have to rely upon you to induce the people that are now here to join, as they had not suggested themselves when I drew the other leases, nor had the matter assumed the proportion at the time to make them so important."

"All this, Mr. B——, is most excellent forethought and I will see to it that these people here do their duty; and if you think it best they shall subscribe to the new conditions that will be so beneficial to us all. And now about the church; you were considering the location of that when I interrupted you."

"My own plan is to place it at the head of the main road, where that strikes the bluff. It will furnish the best view of the settlement on the east, and the great bottom, with the mighty stream, on the west. That is my intention now, but I am not prepared to say for certain at this moment. I reserve the half section on the bluff from present settlement and will determine, as the subject unfolds itself, what is reasonable. But for immediate use, we can increase the size of one of the school houses so as to serve the present want. The people will have their hands full with their own houses for some time to come, and if you can manage to have God's work done in each one of them, and done every day in the year, the house especially devoted to His service for one day in seven only can wait a month or two.

"Now, I will go and loaf a little in the woods; you, Mr. Pastor, please think over what I have said, pay your visit to the women and children and when I

come back give me the benefit of any suggestions that have occurred to you."

"But, Mr. B——, your thoughts reach so far that it is difficult to keep up, much less get ahead of them. That road will revolutionize everything in the old settlement. They have congratulated themselves that if this is the best land they have the nearest market; and here you turn everything upside down. You cut their road in two and still leave them half a day's journey behind your people; for they all will have to come your road. The difference in the distance is too great."

"They shall be welcome, provided they assist in building and keeping it in repair. If they don't I will make it a toll road and compel them to pay their share, or do without the use. But think these matters over and then make your suggestions when I return."

I took my gun and walked down to the hickory grove to see whether the squirrels were still at work—or rather at table. But not a squirrel was to be seen. The ground was covered with the debris of their industry—hulls and gnawed shells—with an abundance of what we might call sawdust covering the ground, but neither nut nor squirrel anywhere in sight. The feast was ended; the food exhausted.

Proceeding down farther, with a special eye upon the white and burr oak, I saw at some distance off that their attention had been transferred to this kind of product, and succeeded, as I had done before, in bagging what I wanted. I took more, however, as I had a special occasion to supply myself in order to meet my engagements with Mrs. F——. After I got through shooting I hung up my jacket on the shady side of a large black walnut and continued down the creek. I wanted to see where and how it enters the bottom; for it occurred to me that if it continued its course straight on toward the west, as it seemed to do, it ought to furnish an excellent grade for my contemplated road down the bluff. While thinking of this I disturbed a flock of turkeys, but it was too early in the season, although they looked well grown. I did not shoot at them, but examined them carefully, as they soon got over the first alarm and gave me a good opportunity. They were feeding in the small brush, on the edge of the prairie, upon a plant called a "beggar's louse"—a pea with a hull covered with small hooks, like a burr, by which it attaches itself to a person's clothes, or other rough movable objects with which it comes in contact. The birds, judging from their color and the shading of their plumage, were natives of the prairie.

It is a remarkable provision of nature that the color, the coat of bird or animal, is always in harmony with the prevailing color of their habitat. Even when this seems not to be the case, as for example in the fawn, the young of the deer, who at first sight forms an exception, close observation will convince anyone that it is an instance of the strongest confirmation of the rule. The favorite cover of the little, dappled fool is the stunted post-oak brush,

dwarfed by the recurring fires on the adjacent prairie. I have seen one dodge into a patch of this cover, not over eight feet square in extent, and escape detection after the most patient examination, until in desperation I smoked him out by firing the dead leaves on the ground under the brush—and thus convinced myself of his actual presence there and of the almost utter impossibility to distinguish his dappled skin from the dapple appearance of the ground, caused by the patches of sunlight and shade in which he had taken refuge.

After walking a full quarter of a mile beyond the western line of my property, I found that the creek turned almost at right angles to her former course, toward the north. This bend is obscured from the distant observer by the timber, and by the circumstance that the wood of the creek joins that of the bluff. It was therefore in vain to seek a grade for the new road from the bluff in that direction, and as the sun lengthened the shadows perceptibly, I retraced my steps—not exactly, but cutting off the corner made by the changed direction of the stream, I returned to my hunting jacket. I soon reached camp and found Mr. Witte in consultation with Mr. Pastor.

"See, Henry, I have been waiting for you. I have got through with my work here and intended to start home, but after thinking the matter over I did not know but what Jochen, you and I might look over that matter in the bottom to-morrow. You see, I have driven through that bottom for the last ten years right smartly and am perhaps better acquainted with its tricks than Jochen; for he only drives a 'cat's jump,' as he calls it, and has an old road at that. I talked it over with Mr. Pastor and we thought we might take my mules and wagon along, leave Jochen's team at the foot of the bluff and take our wagon to drive down to the river. We might possibly do that way in one trip what will be a good long one if we have to come back for it; and when the thing is done it's done—it has to be done sometime. When we come back from the river I will change my mules and Jochen's team will be fresh, and as we have moonlight there will be no difficulty in getting home."

"That is all right, Mr. Witte, only we must wait until Mr. Hanse-Peter comes back before we decide. I am prepared to do as you suggest."

"That is all right, Mr. B——. Mr. Hanse-Peter will join you. You may as well unhitch the mules, Mr. Witte," said Mr. Pastor.

"I think so," said Conrad.

"He is half an owl anyway, as I sometimes tell him. He always catches the early worm on the market."

"Now, Mr. B——, Mr. Witte has told me that we ought to have your opinion about our schools. He says he has heard you express dissatisfaction about the manner in which our schools are conducted."

"Yes, Mr. Pastor. There is something in that and

I am glad you called my attention to it. But all I want is very simple. I want no tenant on the place who will not see to it that his children learn to read and write the English language. Mr. Hanse-Peter told me the other day that these settlements reminded him of a calf, tied out in the meadow to a stake. It eats up the grass in reach, and then starves until it is moved by somebody to a fresh place. But if I wanted to illustrate the situation, as I understand it, I would say that they resemble a herd of sheep, all tied together and turned out into a rich pasture. The ones in front and on the two sides get fat, and those in the rear and center—they starve. Now, the rope that ties them together is their common ignorance of the language of the country, of which they themselves are citizens and their children natives. I want that rope cut. It is not right to raise up citizens ignorant of the language in which the laws for their obedience and protection are written. They are not only required to obey, but they are required to assist in making that law. That is God's will here and they must obey it or suffer, nay perish. It is useless for you and me to assist in giving them the opportunity to make homes for themselves, if these homes do not produce citizens capable of governing themselves—capable of appreciating, obeying and making the law of the land that protects those homes. They will vanish like the tepees of the Indians, who owned and occupied these beautiful lands before them; and their only memorial will be the smutch of their fires upon the walls of some leaning rock, as it is the only memorial of their predecessors.

"What I want is simple; what else is taught (the more there is taught of Luther and his spirit the better) is indifferent to me. This, however, I will and must have. I owe it to these little ones and I owe it to the country that has welcomed me to comfort and abundance."

"Go on, Mr. B——, go on. You shall have what you ask and my whole heart will co-operate with you; but you must come with me some time soon, as soon as we have everything started here. You must talk to our people. You are the man to do us good. Your word is act, and that our people understand. What you say is their wish, but poverty has had them under the thumb, and as they see a chance to escape that terrible master, they are apt to forget everything else—like people escaping from a fire, they will trample on their own dear ones to reach an escape. They will trample their own souls under foot, in their eagerness to escape the dreaded enemy, although there is a wide ocean between them and him."

He was interrupted by the arrival of Jochen in sight, and it was beautiful to see, as he swept around the upper bend of the creek, the dappled gray coats of his team and their powerful action, relieved against the deep green of the forest, increased by its own shadows. He was soon informed of the arrangements for to-morrow and they met his hearty approval.

"Narren tant, man! Ask your pardon, Mr. Pastor, but I had a nice drive. What did you do, Mr. B——, to that man, the clerk in M——? He talks of you like you were the President of the United States."

"I did nothing to him, Jochen, but he is a man of sense; he is an American politician, who sees votes around here that he will want when election time comes. He has always relied upon Mr. Pastor here to get them for him, and he is not certain but that I may have to be consulted in the future. I was talking about that when you came up, Jochen. If we know the duties of these people, they are the best of servants and our government is a blessing to all; but if we don't know these duties, they are like other men—they will attend to their own business and interests and let the public affairs and interests attend to themselves. Did you bring my deed?"

"Yes, here it is. See how he has done it up!"

"Of course, he knows his business."

"I wanted to pay him his fee, as you told me, but he refused to take it. He said that he felt so glad that you broke into Jericho that he would not charge a cent for recording all the deeds that you might get."

"Did you ask him how much land he owns over the rise yonder?"

"No. Does he own any?"

"I don't know, but it looks that way to me."

Mr. Pastor now thought it was time for him to start for home.

"The night air is getting heavy," said he, "and I have a sore throat. But this business has relieved me so much that I have sent word up to the settlement that we will have a business meeting of the church to-morrow. I will go ahead with the people, Mr. B——. You come as soon as you can and bring the papers with you. But if anything occurs to me that needs immediate attention, I will see you to-morrow, at the foot of that bluff, before you leave for the city. I should like to know about that road."

"Pardon me, Mr. Pastor, you will please say nothing about that until you hear from me further. It is only known to us four, and I did not see how to keep it from you, or you would not have known anything about my intentions until they were realized—I rely upon you all to keep this matter to ourselves."

The minister left for home, Conrad and Jochen attended to their teams and I started to walk to the bluff, but found that the grass was already attracting moisture from the air and so contented myself with fixing my gun. While at this I remembered that the change in our plans would be fatal to my game, unless I could use it at once, as the weather is still too warm for the meat to keep over twenty-four hours. I therefore selected my old squirrels out of the lot, asked Mrs. Luebke to prepare the others for supper and breakfast and started to convert the former into bouillon, as I could secure that in Jochen's coffee jug. Mrs. Luebke, however, insisted upon attending to that, too, and after directing her what to do, I left

and strolled over the plowed land until supper was called.

"To plow the poorest furrow of land, Mr. B——, costs you and your team as many steps as to plow a furrow of the richest land. The cost of fencing is the same for both, the attention and tilling of the crop are the same—the difference is in harvesting. Then you have more to do, more work—for you gather twice and three times as much from your rich as from your poor soil. You ask Witte there, he knows. Hanse-Peter knows nothing about it. He farms on a bacon side. He knows nothing about poor land, but we can't all of us have such land," said the "Olle Kulle" at the supper table, when Jochen had been twitting them about their lands.

"Yes," said Conrad, "good land is a good thing and then even, all alike—like this that we have broke. There is no waste work in tending land like that. It is like chopping with an ax that is sharp, with a keen and smooth edge, not a nick in it."

"No, nor a rock within five miles to make a nick," said Jochen. "Henry, where are you going to get rock for your chimneys?"

"Right here, Jochen, within three hundred yards of Mr. Luebke's house."

"Not within twenty-five feet of the top of the ground!" retorted Jochen.

"Yes, within sight. But not quite in the prairie—it is in the bottom of the creek, the only place you could expect to find it. In a week, if it doesn't rain, they can get all the rock they want and not wet a foot."

"What is it then that you want and have not got ready made to your hand?"

"Well, we might be able to use a couple of brick kilns, ready burned, in a year or two from now. Jochen. If you should run across any of them you mark the spot so that we can find them again."

"I haven't found the brick kilns ready burned, but I have found the clay to make the brick out of, and I have marked the place, too," Jochen retorted.

We broke up early, however, to get a good night's rest. Next morning we met daybreak on the prairie as is customary with these people, and by the time we could fairly see, we stopped at the half mile stone, in the western line of the land that is broken up. From here we drove up to the edge of the bluff, due west, looking for the corresponding line, but failed to locate it, as we did not want to lose too much time and only aimed to get a general outline of the situation. We returned to the former line and traced it to Mr. Pheyety's inclosure. Here we found the corner, and with this located upon the county map, a blank sectionalized affair, but sufficient for our purpose, I followed the section line to the bluff and located the road that we followed through the bottom, as near as the nature of the ground would permit us. Before we started down the bluff, I located definitely our point of departure, took the bearings with a pocket compass, which Mr. Pastor had loaned me for the purpose, as I did not have mine

with me, and we had no difficulty in reaching the river bank at a point due west. Here we found a steep bank, with deep water extending for over two miles below and a mile and a half above our stopping place. This latter distance I ascertained with certainty, as I located the corners of the government survey. I deemed it important to do so, as it indicated the probability of the permanence of deep water. I located the point on my map and found that we were within a hundred yards of the half section corner. This corresponded with the point I had marked on the bluff from which we had started. The land is high, subject to overflow in extreme high water only, and Mr. Witte suggested that it would be a good idea if I entered the land in case it had not as yet been entered. I answered that there was a limit to all things, as I had understood, but I expected that this rule did not apply to a Low Dutchman's appetite for land. Conrad laughed, but Jochen put in and declared that if I would not enter it they would, and make me a present of it.

"Why Conrad, he needs it worse than he needs a shirt to his back! Narrant tant, man! What is money to that, with the land you have depending upon it!"

"I tell you, boys," said I, "what we will do. We will compromise the matter. I will buy the land if it is not entered and you can loan me the money to pay for it until I can pay you back. How will that do?"

"That is all right, Henry, if Jochen there will go your security. I think I can find that much money among the neighbors."

"He wasn't talking to you, Conrad. You can't come any of your Jew tricks on Henry. I reckon Feeka has a little, and between her and me, we will see that he don't fall in the hands of the uncircumcised on the bluff." And so they went on.

"Well, I am in earnest. I owe a great deal of money, and although I have property for it, I do not feel like straining good nature. Mr. F——, who has been so kind to me, helping me to recover what I lost, has also given me the use of such money as I may need; but I am determined not to call on him any more."

"You do not need to, Henry. We have all you will want; and neither Jochen nor myself know as well what to do with it as you do. We have to stretch ourselves in accordance with the length of our blankets, and they are short; when we let a fellow have money we have nothing to rely on but his good will and the fear of the Pastor to get it back."

"Now he talks like a Christian, Henry, but don't you trust him for all that."

"Never you mind, Jochen, I sat on Conrad's knee before I sat on yours, and I reckon we will get along without much hair-pulling. If the land is not entered I will buy it, and if either of you have the money, you have to bring it to me before 10 o'clock Monday morning, or I will get it somewhere else."

"Now, let us go and examine the line back which

you have blazed and see how we can get across the slough, where we had to turn out of our course."

After we reached the slough, I located the line of the road straight across, as it is my judgment that we will have to bridge anyway.

"It is best, Henry, to keep the straight line; if it costs a little more at first, it will all come back in a short time," said Conrad.

I also ascertained the distance to be seven miles and a half from the bluff road to the river bank. I drew the line of the road upon the map and then extended it by following the old road up to Mr. Pheety's; from this down to the west line of my first purchase, and down this to the half section corner; from this, straight east to my eastern boundary line, where it strikes the county road, that runs from the county seat to the settlement. When I showed this to Witte and Jochen they acted like children, especially Jochen.

"Sixteen miles for the farthest and eleven for the nearest! That is something to open the eyes of Mr. Kulle. Bless you, how he will look and chew his cud when he hears that!" exclaimed Jochen.

When we got to our wagon we were hungry. We had lost more time than we supposed. We sat down and ate our lunch, the young squirrels, which Mrs. Luebke had prepared in excellent style and put up for us. She had also sent us a large jug of fresh buttermilk, of which she had seen me drink heartily at her table. We had hardly finished when we saw Mr. Pastor drive down the hill. He was happy at our success and the bearer of the happiness that the announcement of the success of his scheme had caused in the settlement.

"A hundred voices," said he, "will be lifted up to-night in prayer to our loving Father to grant life, health and prosperity to you, my son. May He bless and preserve you for His work that you are doing."

I then showed him the line of the road upon the map, and told him that I would draw up the necessary papers and send them to him; that I desired him to hand them to Mr. M——, the clerk, with the request that they be laid before the county court, in order that the legal steps might be taken to have the road established.

"My dedication of five miles and a half of road, which will accompany the papers, will be upon condition that the rest of it is opened by the court."

He agreed to attend to this and to anything I might suggest wherein he could be of service.

"You do so much you do not leave me anything to do," he remarked.

The teams having been changed, we said "good-bye" to Mr. Pastor and started for home. We had not driven a hundred yards, however, when Jochen stopped and waited for Conrad. As he came up Jochen said:

"Henry, you better say 'good-bye' to Conrad, and I want to see you a moment, Witte; I forgot something."

They both got out and a few moments later Conrad shook me by the hand, Jochen returned to his seat and we took a new start. We soon lost sight of Conrad's "trumpeters," as was to be expected. We had daylight for more than five miles on this side of the big spring, and in all that distance not the slightest indication where the creek comes from the bluff. I half suspect that it takes a subterranean course and reappears as the spring itself. I cannot see any other solution. I will, however, solve it some time or other.

We reached the bridge over the Cahokia at 9 o'clock, and as I shook Jochen by the hand he said:

"About that money, Henry; I will bring it to you in the morning. I talked with Conrad about it. Good night, sonny; this will be the happiest evening of my life."

September 4, 1856.

Mr. F—— called early this morning—that is early for him—before 10 o'clock. He told me that he had another letter from Mr. Pheyety, announcing that he would have to move in his old age. He says that "the Dutch with their teams are thicker in the prairie than black-birds in the spring. They will tear up the whole prairie in a month. They have broke up that section, practically the whole of it. They have built four houses and nobody can see where it will end."

"What Mr. Pheyety says in exaggeration," I answered, "will be the simple truth before many weeks expire. This is the lay of the land"—I unrolled the map on which I had marked my purchase. After looking at it for some time he asked:

"What is this line here," pointing to the projected road.

I explained to him.

"Have you examined the river; is there water at that point for a landing?"

I told him the facts.

"Henry, this is a big, a very big operation. It will make you independent. But had you not better go up to the land office and buy that section of land at the river landing?"

"I came from there, Mr. F——, a few minutes before you came in. I did not get the section, but I have entered the half of it that fronts the river for a mile up and down."

"You ought to have bought the whole. The moment you send the papers to the county court with that map the land will be worth double and triple what it is to-day."

"But, Mr. F——, I cannot own the earth, in fee simple. I must stop some where."

"That is true, Henry. And another thing; you must not work more than ten hours a day from this on. You have no reasons for it, except that it will save us some iron, and I will not permit you to destroy your health on that account. My own is gone and now I appreciate it."

"By the by, I brought you a jug full of medicine. I forgot it last night in the wagon, but my friend

brought it to me early this morning. I wish you would try a glass full of it right now. I think it will do you good."

I poured out a glass of bouillon. He tasted it and said:

"That doesn't taste like medicine," and drank it out.

"What is it, Henry?"

"I can't explain it to you now, but you send it up home and keep it corked perfectly tight, air tight, if possible and place it in the coolest place you have. Then, in the morning, when you get up, instead of coffee—"

"I don't touch coffee. I like it, but it is poison to me."

"You don't drink it then? So much the better—but you drink of this as much as you want; cold or warm, as it suits you best. But the best temperature for you is blood heat, as they call it; that is, mild warm. If you can drink it at that temperature, do so. I have made arrangements for your wife; she will have young squirrels for you whenever you want them. Just try it for a week or such a matter, but don't take any medicine, or wine, or such stuff. When you want a drink try this and see how you feel."

"I am much obliged to you, Henry. I think I will try it—that stuff tastes good and it doesn't feel bad on my stomach."

He took another glass and sent the jug up to the house, with the direction I had given him.

"But don't you want some money to pay for the land?" he asked.

"No, I have some friends over the river, whom assisted when they were in need, and they have supplied me. I could not say 'no' without offending them."

"There was no occasion for that, because two friends are better than one and ten better than five if they are the right kind. Now, Henry, you must not forget to come up to-morrow night and let us hear how you managed your affairs over the river. And this evening you stop work with the bell."

Saw my house and will have to make the first payment next Saturday, for the basement will be completed by that time. It looks very large and attracts considerable attention. Closed the lease of the upper story for five years with Mr. Obermeyer as Mr. Olff desired the arrangement made in that way. He pays thirty-five dollars a month, but I am at some extra expense in having the light arranged from above, in the southeast corner room of the building. Got Mr. Olff to draw me a decent map of my land, showing the bluff and the road to the river landing.

September 5, 1856.

Had a fine time working in my room last night. Would have had the same to-night if I had not had to take tea with Mrs. F—— and then stay until half past nine o'clock, reading my notes. There was nobody present but Mr. and Mrs. F—— and Mr. O. D. F——, who seemed to enjoy the evening very

much. Of course I skipped the scriptural quotations of Mr. Hanse-Peter and also Mrs. Krome's way of catching and punishing plum thieves. But I caught myself, to the great amusement of Mrs. F——, when I read:

"Went to kiss my dear one."

"You are not married, Mr. B——?" she broke in.

"No," I answered, "but I expect to be."

"Who is it, tell me!"

"A lady that I love dearly, but whose parents have been very unfortunate, and live in humble circumstances."

"That is nothing, so she is a worthy woman."

"I know she is and I love her. I will marry her as soon as I see my way clear, so that I can meet the responsibility that such a step involves. The unfortunate situation of her family may put it off a little longer than I wish, but these are matters that we have to meet as we find them."

"But, you must bring her up to see me; I should like so much to see the lady that can make such a man as you are love her. You will bring her up some time to please me, won't you?"

"I shall be very happy to do so, because I should like to have my own judgment confirmed, or corrected, by your experience. I have no women relatives that I can consult, and I think that a woman can judge a woman much better than a man—at least, better than I can."

"Come now, less talk and more work," said Mr. F——. And I went on with my reading. But when step by step his own part became apparent, both he and his brother became very serious, and when Mrs. F——'s own name occurred she listened with strained attention. When I got through, she said:

"Mr. B——, that sounds like a novel, only there are not so many love quarrels in it—but if you write down everything that people say or do to or for you, we have to be on our guard. You make Mr. F—— quite a hero."

"Did you not know, Mrs. F——, that he is one in fact? Is there anything in what I have read that is not true—anything that I say that Mr. F—— did or said that he did not do or say? If the acts and thoughts of a man make him a hero, who is going to unmake him, and if they don't, who is going to make him one with mere words? The liar never existed that could do that, Mrs. F——. The attempt to do that is the vainest of all vain follies under the sun."

"I understand a hero to be a man with a creative mind; one who originates in some sphere of human achievement what was not; a genius who originates new species that did not exist before him. It is in this sense that I call Mr. F—— a hero, a hero of industry; and I cite the records of the patent office in Washington City as proof that the language is correctly used. I write these notes for my own use, only; and knowingly there shall not be an untruth on one of these pages. Why, what for? Why should I put down untruths when I have not time

enough to put down the facts? What can I do with lies? They cannot help me. But facts will."

"You are very much in the right, Mr. B——; and as for being on our guard as to what we do or say in his presence, it seems to me, sister, that every human being with whom we talk, though it be but our servant in the kitchen, or in the stable, and every person with whom we have any business transaction, they all keep note books—there memories—and what is more, they use indelible ink, too. Mr. B——'s note book is nothing compared to the record that follows our words and actions in the minds of our fellow men—nay in the minds of dumb beasts even—I like it. I wish I had some fellow with me always who would say: 'What is that, Mr. F——? I did not catch that,' or 'What is the nature of that transaction, I do not wish to do you injustice in the record?' It would teach me how to respect myself and not blotch up my own note book, which has been given me, I suppose, for this purpose, like a heedless school boy," said Mr. O. D. F——.

"But, there is one thing I am very much surprised at, Mr. B——, and that is, the bitter words you use when you speak of the colored people in the South. How does that happen? All your countrymen are opposed to slavery, and from your language about them it sounds as if you thought that slavery is good enough for them, if not too good."

"I hate idleness and waste. It is the only thing that I do hate. Such things as stealing, in its different forms, of lying, swindling, robbing, and the like, they are at least entertaining. They amuse me—just as I never can look at the silly action of a chicken that has a string tied around its neck, trying to get its head out of the noose by running backwards, without laughing. The thing is so extremely comical to me that a human being should make exertions so little calculated to accomplish the purpose he has in view. They remind me of a cage of squirrels that I saw at a friend's house. It contained a fine collection of all the varieties that are to be found in our country. There was our gray squirrel, our fox squirrel, the black squirrel, the California squirrel, and a pure white albino—all in the same cage. The latter was quite roomy and it was highly entertaining to give one of the inmates a nut. Instantly there was a scamper, a tussle, red, white, black, gray—all mixed up in a knot, so that nobody could tell what tail belonged to what head—with scratching, biting, squealing, growling, grunting until the fuss quieted down, when you saw the fellow with the nut quietly crouching in one corner of the cage, with his nose stuck out between the corner wire and the wire next to the corner, holding his nut out beyond the reach of all comers. When everybody had retired, and he was assured that the field was clear, then and not until then he withdrew his nose, looked over the cage, and with an eye on the alert, to see that he was not observed, deposited his treasure in some

place deemed secure. This done, he too retired to his burrow, with confidence that his hoard was safe from depredation. But no sooner was the cage still than out jumped a competitor from his nest; and without any searching here or there, makes straight for the hidden nut. The owner and depositor of it has been over-reached, was lulled into false security and his treasure is gone—but not without a struggle. This arouses the community and everybody is in for a chance and the play starts anew. I have watched the same nut, the property of every occupant of the cage in turn, first of one and then of another, and while still it remained only the one nut, and all this fuss did not add one atom to the nutriment, the nourishment on hand for the community, the strife was entertaining at least, as I said at the start. But your idleness—who could bear watching a sloth for an hour! It is a pure, unadulterated abomination, and only less abominable than its twin brother, waste.”

“He will get off on some side question if you don’t watch him, brother,” said Mr. F——. “What has all that to do with the harsh language which you use when you speak of the colored people.”

“Nothing but this, Mr. F——: That, as I hate idleness and waste, I cannot love the men who make them the specialty of their lives—I hate them, too. I am the descendant of a race of men, and so are you, who have wrought out the sovereignty of the earth which they enjoy not by idleness and waste, but by hitting nature square between the eyes with bare knuckles, compelling her to yield up her power. That race was not the special pet of some pitiful despot, called a god, who played hide and seek with a prophet in a burning bush and the like. The creator of this universe is the mighty God. He has no pets, no favorite race or people. Alike the sun arises with its vivifying power for the white, the red and the black. Alike for all the rain descends with fructifying power. Alike for all the earth spreads its plains and rolls them into mountains, hills and vales.

“’Tis pitiful to see the infant clad in innocence and helplessness drown in the merciless flood! ’Tis pitiful to see the young maiden, glowing with the first blush of womanhood, perish in the flames of some raging conflagration, her shrieks of agony drowned by its horrible roar! But the water cannot fructify without drowning; the fire cannot vivify without burning. Oh man! See to it that they are thy obedient servants, or they will be thy consuming fate! Is this not true of all alike? Is it not as far from England, Holland, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, European Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal and the United States of America up to the empyrean as it is from Asia, Africa, China, Japan and the islands of the sea? Is not the sky as high above the one as it is above the other? What hinders then their growth to equal stature? Sloth and bestial waste!

“A few years ago the land, about which I read tonight, was the home of the red man. What dispos-

sessed him? This very spot was his meadow. He tilled it with the torch. Annually he swept its spontaneous, abundant harvest into waste, that he might corral the animals that fed upon that harvest into narrower limits, where they were at his mercy. He owned not this little tract, but as far as the eye could reach, for he needed large areas to sustain his dignity as the first of brutes—was their master, who by the wave of his hand swept their homes with the besom of destruction and claimed and maintained lordship over all. What right had he to their homes? The wave of his hand, armed with that torch.

“To-day that patch, much too small to sustain one such lordship, is, or will be in less than a month, the home of abundance for two hundred human beings; and in ten years hence, of a thousand; they, armed with industry, economy and a will imbued with rational principles of conduct; he, armed with a torch, waste and a will given to caprice and idleness. To whom does that land belong by the records in the office of the recorder of the universe—to the one or to the one thousand? To whom does it belong? To sloth, waste and bestial lordship, or to industry, frugality and human control? If to the former, let him maintain his title. So reads the record. Water must drown; fire must burn. Industry, frugality and justice must be, for they are of the abiding. Idleness, waste and bestial lordship are not of the abiding—are not divine!

“Weep by the side of the stream that bears away the engulfed infant! Curse if you will at the roar of the conflagration that snatches the beautiful bride from the arms of the lover! But the flood heeds not your tears, and the conflagration’s roar drowns your puny voice. Your curse is idle, and idle are your tears. Thought, intelligence, earnest, sincere thought alone can help you.”

“You see he is running off again. We are not speaking of the Indian. We are speaking of the colored people.”

“Yes, something lower, far lower than the red lordship over beasts. This, at least, did not eat itself—only waited in idleness, drifted along, until the stream swept it as cumberers off the earth. But the other, in its native habitat, has not even arrived at the point to recognize itself. It can’t distinguish between itself and anything else good to eat. It simply devours what comes. Its public diversion, a public slaughter! Kill a few hundred. The crowd must be entertained!

“And this, the lowest form of animated nature, tied to the neck of the latest born of time—the brightest, the most hopeful of all the peoples of the earth! In the very act of taking possession of the arena of its future achievements, its loins girded for the contest as no other; drawing the sinew and bone, the honesty, the courage, the loyalty to fact and truth from all the nations of the earth, it is chained to a corpse!”

“But can we not break that chain? Are we not

strong enough for that, Mr. B——," asked Mr. O. D. F——.

"No, we cannot and remain the same people. That chain will be broken. No danger of that! But the cost of breaking it fills me with apprehension for my country.

"It is difficult for man to appreciate anything without contrast. We can not even see an object a short distance removed from our eyes unless it has a back-ground of a different color. It is so with objects that we can only realize through thought—such as political institutions. And it is this inherent characteristic of our mental organization which explains to me the indifference, the apathy, the matter of course manner and spirit with which the citizens, born in this country, regard and accept the blessings that flow from their form of government. But to me these blessings are not a matter of course. They do not fall from heaven like the rain and the sunshine from the sky. They are the result of a spirit in the breasts of the citizens back of these institutions that values justice above all price. It is this spirit that renders the institutions possible, that gives them the breath of life. Without it they are dead forms, nay worse! From the best they become the worst ever devised by man. From instrumentalities that render justice, with its train of blessings, possible to man, they become instrumentalities for graft and greed to ensnare, oppress and curse the citizen.

"It is this spirit that is in danger. It is already excluded even from the consideration of the question. It is no longer 'What is just to all?' but 'What is advantageous to our party?' The logical answer to this question is 'Kill the other.' And kill it will be—but not this party or that party, but the spirit that gives our institutions their value. And this for and on behalf of a people that could not exist under the conditions under which millions and millions of our own race have to—and do exist—for a month, nay not for a week. Their idle, lazy, bestial besottedness would land them in the toils of starvation and sweep them from the face of the earth!

"Gentlemen, I do not like that; and this danger that ought to be patent to all, this menace to what I regard as the highest, the holiest interest of a people, this danger, which has its roots in the worthlessness of the black race makes me hate them. Pardon my frankness, gentlemen, but I cannot help it."

The conversation then turned on political subjects, from which I endeavor to keep aloof, so far as the party strife of the day is concerned, when finally Mrs. F—— asked me:

"Couldn't you use initials instead of the names of persons in your notes? It seems to me that if your papers should fall into the hands of some bad man and he should make them public, it would be disagreeable for your friends and for yourself, too. I mean instead of saying 'Mr. Stock' you might say 'Mr. S——,' and so through the list, and then for dates and localities, where they cut no important

figure in the events themselves you might disguise them, too. You would know what they mean, and nobody else could use your notes to hurt or injure you—if they should happen to get out of your hands."

I promised to consider the matter and let her know.

"Now tell me," she asked, "who is that man Jochen, or what is his name, that you mentioned so often?"

"You mean Mr. Jochen Hanse-Peter?"

"Yes."

"He is the gentleman who brought you up the game when we returned from our trip."

"No! Why he looks so common. He can't talk that way, can he?"

"Yes, and a great deal better, if we could only understand him in his own language."

I then explained to her that many of the awkward expressions in the text resulted from the endeavor of the translator to reproduce the effect of the original, the old Saxon, in which Mr. Hanse-Peter usually speaks, as his mother tongue.

"And that is Mr. Hanse-Peter? By the by, Mr. F—— has drunk up nearly all his medicine. He would have been through with it before this evening if I had let him."

"Oh yes. But I think I have had help, Henry. It is good and I feel like I could drink all I want; it doesn't hurt me; it doesn't affect my stomach like the slops they send me from the apothecary shops."

"All right, Mr. F——. I think it will straighten you up. Only be careful and keep it well stopped so that the air can't get to it, and if it has the least sour taste throw it away. You will have a fresh jug full to-morrow morning. Drink what you want of it and never mind Mrs. F——."

Mr. O. D. F—— now asked me how far it was from my land to Mr. Pheyety's house. I told him and then unrolled the map Mr. Olff had made me, which showed the river in the foreground, then the bluff so shaded that it lifts the eye up on to the plateau, and then the rectangle of prairie bounded on two sides, the west and the north, by forests. He has also laid down the road and shaded the sections that are mine with a light green, just enough to reveal the lines definitely to the eye. Mr. O. D. F—— said:

"I remember it now. I was up there once with Mr. Pheyety and remember the way that the woods cut off the two sides of the prairie, as you look north and west from his house. You have done a good work, Mr. B——, and nothing but good will come of it. The act that we do to a fellow man that is not of mutual benefit is an injury to both. If you had been able and given this land to these people as an alms, as a free gift, it would have puffed you up with moral conceit, and they would not have known how to manage it. We only own what we earn at last. As it is, they will make a competence, a home, for themselves and you will be

independent, too. You know that they are worthy of your confidence, and then it is that we can help a man and benefit ourselves at the same time. I think this is the way that you look at things, too; and I hope that now, when both of you, brother and yourself, have no longer any excuse why you should not come around and spend an hour now and then I will see you in my shop some time. You know I am getting old and don't go out much, but I like to see men like you and talk with them."

I thanked and promised him to call around often.

"Yes," said Mrs. F——, "and you know what you promised me. You come and bring your lady with you Thursday evening. Come and take tea with us. There will be nobody here but sister and myself," and so I bade her "good night."

September 6, 1856.

Finished noting down my last night's experience, but am still behind with a part of my last trip.

September 7, 1856.

Took tea again with Mrs. F——, with Elizabeth, to whom I explained, beforehand, why we were invited.

"I am glad, Henry, she has invited us. I do not want you to feel embarrassed on my account after we are married and you have to meet these rich people. I know there is not as much difference between them and other folks as is usually supposed, because at my aunt's, in New York, I have met them frequently when I was but a girl. I saw no difference between them and my mother and grandmother before my mother met with her misfortune. The only difference is they have more time to study how to meet people with a pleasant manner, with a pleasant outside, no matter how they feel within. I don't think there is such a world of excellence in that. All the people that I like like me, and those I don't like I avoid."

"I know it, dearest; that is your manner; and anybody will know it before he is many days with you. And I love you for it."

I was amused at the impression which Miss Elizabeth made upon the two ladies—Mrs. F—— and her sister—the latter a maiden, somewhat advanced in years. Of course they sought to conceal it, but a person of even my appreciation in such matters could not avoid noting that the very first glance disarmed all criticism. She had plain sailing after that, and before tea was half over a look from Mrs. F—— said: "Mr. B——, you have made no mistake. This is a worthy woman," so plainly that when she said so to me an hour afterward in the outer parlor, where she had taken me under some pretence, for that purpose, I told her: "Yes, that is what you said at the table."

"You conceited fellow. You're all alike. You all think you can read a woman's thoughts by looking at her nose. But you're mightily fooled some times, I can tell you!"

"Mrs. F——, I have never received an unexpected answer from a true woman in my life, and I have always been proud of the fact; for I knew from that fact that I had not wronged her or her sisters in thought, word or deed."

"That is a great word to say, Mr. B——. But any true man ought to be able to say it with the same emphasis that you do—an emphasis that carries conviction with it. It is this belief with which you inspired me the first time I met you that has interested me in you, and that led me to request you to bring the lady up here, and not mere idle curiosity. You love the lady and your true heart has found a true heart for you. You will find a world of happiness in each other's daily society. I hope and pray that it may last to a good, ripe old age. But don't defer your marriage. Two people like you have nothing to fear. You're not alone in the world."

I thanked her from the bottom of my heart. Before we left Mr. F—— too expressed his approval of my choice and said:

"Henry, don't waste your time in idle dreams. You have found a good woman; be thankful and marry at once. The rest will take care of itself."

In going home, I kissed my dear one and told her what had transpired.

"That is as it should be, Henry. When you told me that you loved me, and that I must become your wife, you were poor like myself. You are rich now and—"

Her voice began to quiver, so I interrupted her—

"And you will not have me for your husband? Is that it, Eliza?"

I kissed the tears from her eyes and we were happy as only love—honest, true, virtuous love—can make two mortal beings.

September 8, 1856.

Still behind. It seems I will never catch up. Spent an hour to-day with Mr. O. D. F—— in his office shop. While there a young man came in and inquired of Mr. O. D. F—— the price of block tin. Mr. F—— told him and asked in return what he wanted the tin for.

"To make—— cans" (I did not catch the kind of cans) was the answer.

"You cannot make them," said Mr. O. D. F——. "You have not got the tools."

"But we do make them and make a profit on them."

"But you cannot"—reiterated Mr. F——.

"You see, Mr. O. D., we have a man who makes three dozen a day. We pay him twelve dollars a week and that leaves us a profit."

"Yes, but you must pay that man eighteen dollars a week; that is what he earns," insisted Mr. O. D. F——.

"Well, he has not asked for more pay."

"But you must not wait until he asks it. That is for you to know. That is why you are boss. He cannot know the changes in the market. That is

for you to watch. You spoil the best men in the world that way."

After the man had retired, Mr. O. D. F—— remarked, shaking his head:

"That is the way the people are ruined; lose the confidence which every journeyman ought to have in his boss, that he is looking out for their common interest; and then the employer complains that he does not enjoy the confidence of the employes! The trouble is that the capable and honest employers will have to suffer with the incapable and the scoundrels. Now this young man, who learned his trade in my shop, ought to know better! But as soon as they can make a tin cup or can, they think they know the business, and away they go—half instructed, and become wholly bad, for the want of a full knowledge of the business they commence to meddle with."

September 9, 1856.

Have caught up with my work and can enjoy the Sabbath to-morrow with a clean conscience. I paid my builder the first payment on the house to-day, as they commenced the brick work. Finished one of the patterns of the urn and showed it to Mr. F—— and Mr. W——. It met their entire approval. Received another cast from Mr. Olff and molded it on the floor in the new shop, which Mr. W—— has had fenced off from the rest, so that the molders poked fun at me as being stuck up. "The common shop is no longer good enough for him"—and the like. But it was in good nature. All the leading men, who are running the most important patterns, are my warm friends, as they too receive a part of the benefit of my labors, in the improved running qualities of the patterns.

Fritz, too, since the shop has started up has noised it abroad that I have become rich again, that he will be one of my tenants; that I own ever so much property in the city and nobody knows how much out in the country, as Mr. W—— reports. But, of course, Mr. W—— "knows better. A very likely story, and the man hard at work as ever!"

September 10, 1856.

Enjoyed a quiet day. Dined with Elizabeth and had a talk with her father about our future intentions.

"In God's name, Henry, marry my daughter, but when you do you take my all from me. I cannot say 'no.' I cannot stand between her and you. But you do not know what it is that I lose!"

"Never mind about that, Mr. Robertson. Perhaps our home will be large enough for you, too. It is the balance of the family that we have to consider."

"If I could tell you all, Henry, but I can't. It is impossible. My way out is the grave. My only way."

"No, it is not. We will see how we can shape things."

He wept like a child. But his health is gone. His will is gone. His manhood is gone!

When I got home, about 2 o'clock, I was surprised to find a horse hitched in front of the house, below, and Mr. Witte waiting for me. When we got to my room, he said:

"Henry, I wanted to see you. I have felt restless ever since last Sunday when we parted. I did not know but what you might have misunderstood me when I was joking about that money. You know it is not my way. But Jochen is enough to make anybody lose his head. And I came to see you so that you might not misunderstand me. I have some money and it will be an accommodation to me to let you have it. But you do not need it; if you want to sell some of the property out yonder. Mr. Kulle came over last Wednesday expressly to see me about it and wanted me to see you for him. But I told him that it was no use; that I heard you promise Mr. Pastor that he should have the land to settle such people on as he might select; and that I knew you would not go back on your word. But I wanted to tell you that if you wanted more money than what I have you need not to worry, because I could go down to Mr. Pastor and make it all right with him; and Kulle would pay you a good price for the eastern section."

"How much money could you spare me if I should come in need of some?"

"I think I have some nineteen hundred dollars together just now, that you are welcome to use as long as you want. But by Christmas I could let you have more."

"How much more, Conrad?"

"In the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred dollars, I reckon."

"I am very glad, Conrad, you came to see me. But you need not to be afraid that any unusual or casual word from you will ever disturb my opinion of you, or the love and respect which I have always entertained for you. We have lived under the same roof for so many years that I would as soon take offense at my own father, were he alive to-day, or think he intended to treat me with unkindness, as to believe that Conrad Witte could do so. No, no, Conrad! I have grown up to be a man not only in years, but in the knowledge of men and things also. Nothing that you can say or do, unless you come to me as now, and say that you no longer trust me, will ever convince me that I have lost your friendship and respect."

"That is all right, Henry. And it makes me feel all right again. I did not think you would misunderstand me, but somehow I couldn't feel right about it until I saw you."

"Now as to the money, Conrad, I have no use for any now; the man for whom I work—"

"You still keep on working, Henry, and still live in this room! You ought not to do that!" he interrupted.

"I was going to say that the man for whom I work has given me the use of the money that I need, and he has made his arrangements for it. I never

thought of you and Jochen having accumulated as much as you have, or I would have come to you. Now, as to my working 'now' as I have done heretofore, I feel that I cannot quit all at once and leave the work of the man that has befriended me and put me on my legs again undone. It would not be right and then if I want to hold all the property that I have, the bulk of which is unproductive, that is, brings in nothing, I have to work. I have a great deal of property, but I can't eat it, and if I want to keep it I can't sell it, so as to get something to eat. Then, Conrad, I am young. The work I am doing now is play by the side of what you do, and you are getting old.

"If the country keeps quiet, if we do not get into trouble about that worthless creature, the negro, I will get through with my work in three years. I will be out of debt and will have all the property that a reasonable man can want to be burdened with. But if we get into trouble before that time, and I think there is danger, I will go to my farm, dive under, like a duck when a hawk or eagle makes a swoop at it, and wait for a sky clear of danger before I come to the surface again. I have taken the risk of being caught out of doors, I mean in debt, in case trouble comes in the next three years. But I have done so under the impression that I can foretell the storm, and the likelihood of its coming over, as well as some, and that I will be able to reach shelter sooner than many. But now you must eat a bite with me and then we will go and see my new house."

To this Conrad agreed.

When we came to the new building and he saw the foundation, the area wall and the strong eighteen-inch brick walls, about a foot high, he could not comprehend what in the world I wanted with such a house. But after I explained things to him he said:

"Yes, yes, Henry. It has always been my belief, and I know it, that a man with a good head is better off than one with a good purse. I always loved you because you could see through a thing when I was beating around on the outside, and your brothers didn't come within a mile of it. And that will be your house!"

"One of them, Conrad. But you see I have three more such corners that I will have to put houses upon, and this one requires four more houses like this before it is full."

"Well, Henry, you have your hands full to do that. But if it can be done by man, you can do it. That I know."

I then explained to him that it was very simple; that I would let one build the other, and the two together the third, and the three the fourth—

"And so on to the last one," he interrupted.

"Yes, that is the way; that is the way; that's the way we buy land. The first forty pays for the next, and the eighty for the eighty, and the one hundred and sixty for the next piece in sight. Like a stone

rolling down hill; the farther down it gets the faster it goes. But you have to start it first, and that is sometimes hard."

"I thought you were going to say, Conrad, like the ball of snow that you rolled for me to the brow of Heath Hill, one thawy spring morning, and made me start down; the farther it got the faster it went and the bigger it grew."

"Yes, yes, and you remember that yet? I would have never thought of it again if you hadn't mentioned it. Yes, I had carried you up the hill on my back, the snow was so deep, and you walked down in the path the snow-ball made, after you got through with your play. Now, Henry, I must go. I will stay here talking with you all day, and then I will have to ride in the night."

"Before you go, tell me, when will you have service at your church the next time?"

"To-day a week, and I hope you will come up. I would send a team for you, but I reckon Jochen would not like that—I reckon I better not. What do you think?"

"No, Conrad, that will never do. You know how he is. He claims special charge of me, and I would not hurt his feelings for anything."

"You must not, Henry, because he means well if he is a little wild sometimes. You know we all have our failings. Well, good-bye."

And so we parted.

September 11, 1856.

I have written out one of the new leases and wanted to get a man to copy them for me, but Mr. F—— suggested to have them printed. I have inquired and find that it will be cheaper. Have ordered fifty copies struck off.

Mr. F—— is highly elated with his diet. He is really better—"picking up," as they say. Jochen supplies him regularly with all the young squirrels he wants. They are killed by some French boys, over in the bottom, in the evening. Jochen cleans them at once, wraps them in a napkin, wrung out of salt water, and puts them in the basket, well packed in sweet, dry hay. Every two days he brings me a gallon of bouillon, made by Feeka, out of the old squirrels, which naturally come in the lot. Mr. F—— does not know as yet what he is drinking, or he might want to climb trees sure enough—as he said the other day to his brother.

"Henry, there, has taught my wife to feed me on squirrels, until I feel like I want to climb every tree that I pass!"

He surprised me to-day with the design of a coal burning cook stove, and told me to look it over and tell him what I thought of it. The sketch is very rough and I asked him whether I had not better have it put into clear outline by Mr. Olff; it would facilitate the farther work with it.

"By all means, Henry. I had not thought of him, and did not care of exposing my idea to the other fellows before I have it secured by patent. They

are growling because I get you to overhaul their work. But I hope we will manage to become less dependent on them in the future."

September 12, 1856.

Woke up this morning with a remarkable dream, standing before my mind as clear as reality itself. Something started my mind on the 'nigger' discussion of a week ago, and then a confusion of shapes and pictures succeeded, until I thought all was over. There was no more slavery in the country. I was sitting in my easy chair and was looking over the morning papers, when I came across an editorial, which has printed itself on my mind as if I held the paper before my eyes this moment. It read as follows:

"Our readers will miss in to-day's issue the usual report of the legislative proceedings—not because we did not receive our customary photographic duplicate of the transactions of the two houses, but because we deemed them altogether too trifling to merit the space they would occupy in our valuable paper. If the General Assembly can afford to waste the people's time in discussing such antiquated fossils, imported centuries ago from the lumber garrets of superstition, we must say, most distinctly, that we can not afford either the space to print or the time of our readers to peruse such discussions. What do we, or the people at large, care whether the monosyllable 'NOT' is in the old saying, 'Thou shalt not steal,' that the honorable Mr —— should bring in a special act to strike it out; and a committee of the house should dignify it with a report; nay, that the whole house should consider it in open session, with serious discussions, pro and con, with roll-calls and all the grimaces of actual legislative work. Come, come, gentlemen; this is below contempt. These superstitions are dead. They harm no one. Whether this fossil consists of three or four monosyllables does not concern us in this enlightened day—has not even an archaeological interest, as it was not found in our soil."

This strange language interested me. I looked at the head of the paper and found in large display letters—"PAN-ANARCHIC BANNER"—"Daily circulation 5,789,643 and a half copies, to actual subscribers. Sales at balloon stations not counted."

This of course brought me to my senses—that is, I discovered that I was dreaming.

September 13, 1856.

Had an unpleasant experience to-day. I went up this evening, about the close of business hours, to see the effect of the stock brick, and of the distribution of the windows, especially on the eastern front, or the side of the house. While there, talking with the builder, Mr. L—— came by in his open carriage, and when he recognized me, directed the driver to stop. He nodded to Mr. Stock and myself and, as his manner indicated that he desired to say something further, we walked up to him. He looked

as though he was not well, or out of humor, and broke out in an ill-natured tone of voice, with:

"I understand, Mr. B——, that you found out what to do with the land which I was generous enough to give you for your worthless paper, in a remarkably short time, after you bought all that I owned in the neighborhood for a mere song!"

"And so prevented you, as foretaller, from sponging up other people's labor for nothing. Is that what you mean, Mr. L——?"

"I mean that when I asked you the other day what you intended to do with that land you pretended to be very ignorant, very innocent—when, in fact, you had all your arrangements made to gobble up the whole tract."

"When you asked me what I intended to do with my own, I stated to you that I was not prepared to say. If you understood that language to mean that I did not know what I intended to do with it, you made a mistake in understanding, not I in stating what I intended to say. I don't owe you, or any other living mortal an account of my business. That was all I told you in answer to your impertinent question—in as polite language as I have been taught to use."

"Now, another mistake you made, Mr. L——, and that is, in talking about my 'worthless paper' and your 'generosity.' When did you or any other man see any of my paper that is or was worthless?"

"Was not the paper which I took in exchange for that land and for my property worthless, and was it not yours?"

"Of course, Mr. L——, it was mine. I had bought and paid for it. Certainly it was mine. But whose paper was it in the commercial sense in which the language you employ can be and is understood? Who was the maker of that paper? It was the paper of the banking firm of P. B. & Co., the company being yourself. It was your worthless paper, not mine, Mr. L——, for which you saw fit to give me property at three times its cash value, and called it liquidating your debt."

"I am not the firm. If I was a member of it and if you were fool enough to intrust your money to the firm—"

"Pardon me, Mr. L——. I was in a situation where I had to risk my money, or I had to risk my money and my life both. I was fifteen hundred miles from the place, this town, that I wanted to go to, and either I had to carry the money on my person and face the highway robbers and footpads that scour the streets of the city of New York, or I had to trust their brethren, who ride in carriages, paid for by the sweat and toil of the community, like you. My choice was narrowed down to this and I preferred to risk the cowardly swindler to the courageous highway robber."

"You will pay for this!"

"All I owe, Mr. L——, where and whenever it is due, here and now, or at any time. My paper is worth its face in the market."

The wagon moved on and I said: "Good evening, Mr. L——." On looking around at Mr. Stock, who was standing at my side, I saw the poor man was trembling as if he had an ague fit.

"And that is one of the damn scoundrels that swindled me and my men out of their money! If I just had my old set of men here! They would have shown him! They would have taught him a lesson! He wouldn't be riding around in open daylight, playing the big bug on other people's earnings! But you explained the point of view to him. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars—I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars!"

September 14, 1856.

Did not sleep well last night. Busy, trying to extenuate the idiocy of my conduct. Found a way at last to turn it to account. I hunted up Messrs. Hanse-Peter and Witte on the market this morning early, and found that they have the money to buy my notes—the notes which I gave for the deferred payments on my land. I have employed Mr. Little, the broker, to buy them for me—that is, I have offered him thirty-two hundred dollars cash for the notes. This will give Mr. Hanse-Peter and Witte ten per cent on their money, nearly double what they get, and place my obligations in hands where no contingency can make them dangerous to me.

September 15, 1856.

Consummated the negotiation with Mr. Little. Had trouble with Jochen and Conrad to get them to take the paper. First they wanted me to keep the discount, and then they didn't want to hold the security. But when I explained to them that it was the only way in which the transaction could be effected, that I would not take their money in any other way, they submitted.

Cast one-half of the patterns of the parlor stove and had good luck. Mr. Olff has agreed to finish them and I have shown him the trick of giving them the running quality. He has a remarkable faculty for grasping anything that appertains to a mechanical contrivance, however remotely it may be connected with his craft. He is very diligent, loses no time, except what he devotes to the study of the English language—if that can be called a loss. I advised him to make his home in some American family, but he told me that was impossible. He seems to cling to his niece with all the tenacity of his peculiar nature; and she is by no means an ordinary woman. She brings him meals to his room and is attentive to his every want. They have many characteristics in common—have less use for language than any persons I ever met, and yet Mrs. Obermeyer has a very pleasing voice.

"Is it the pleasure of uncle to have his breakfast (or dinner) now?"

"Yes, Reika!" is the extent of conversation that I have heard pass between them.

September 16, 1856.

Had a letter from Mr. Fromme, giving me a full list of the new tenants that have agreed to take the land, and are moving on to it as fast as they can get their cabins up. Of these they had built two at the date of the letter—Thursday last. The good man boils over with pious reflections about the work that has been accomplished with "God's special interference." He, of course, does not see that it was nothing but his own want of business tact that stood in his way. If he had bought the land and offered it as security to his parishioners for the money with which to pay for it, they would have taken hold with both hands. But appeals to Christian charity on behalf of a pure business transaction will avail little or nothing with a Plat-Deutsche community. They will not coax a dollar out of the old bootleg.

"I don't know why—but this dollar, which you have told me is God's blessing to me, is not to be thrown about carelessly. It would not be respectful to the author of the blessing," is the Gospel, according to Jochen.

Had a call from Mr. F——, who is through with his design for the coal cooking-stove. It will be a money-making thing, he says. He looks better than ever I saw him look since I have been here and promised to take a vacation next month. It is terrible the way these people work! Day and night, year in and year out! If not inventing new contrivances, they are spying out new markets for those they have invented!

September 17, 1856.

Dined with my darling and spent the balance of the day and evening in my room; trying to get home once more, away from grab game alley.

Found a beautiful illustration of the effects produced by the habits of streams where they excavate their channels through alluvial plains, covered with dense forest growth, in a book called "The Travels of Alex. Von Humboldt in Equatorial Countries of the New Continents." Above a place called Esmeralda, on the headwaters of the Amazon and Orinoco rivers, there are four streams that come from the south and southeast which unite with four others that come from the south and southwest and form what he calls the Orinoco, with a course a little north of west. They keep on in that course until they pass the place called Esmeralda, when some twenty-five or thirty miles below they separate. One arm bends from west to northwest and then north, and with other affluents forms the Orinoco. The other bends from west through southwest and then south, and with other affluents forms the Amazon. Of course, there is no valid reason why these eight streams should be regarded as the headwaters of the Orinoco any more than of the Amazon. In nature they are both.

The fact being that originally those coming from the south and southwest excavated their united channels from a north to a northwest course and

after continuing this for some distance turned from west through southwest to south until they united with the Rio Negro, and thus with the Amazon; while the four that came from the south and south-east excavated their channels bending from south through southwest and then west and continued this course to a point below Esmeralda; then turned from west to northwest to the north and with the Guaviare, the Ventuari and others formed the Orinoco. The two streams, the one originally an affluent of the Orinoco and the other of the Amazon, had a parallel course for some eighty or a hundred miles. This course lay through an alluvial bottom, covered with a tropical forest, resting upon a bolder-shaped granite foundation. In addition to this the two channels ran close to and parallel with the original surface divide that separated the basins of the Amazon and the Orinoco. Against this divide the waters of the two rivers were pitched, the one from the southwest and the other from the south-east. In accordance with the general habits of streams running through such areas, the channels oscillated from side to side, until finally the divide was eroded and the channels united. The waters followed the duplicated channel as far as the original channels ran parallel, and when they came to the point of divergence, they separated into two channels, for the reason that both existed before the duplicate channel was established.

It is amusing to read the explanation of this phenomenon advanced by Humboldt. He says: "If we analyze a stream as to its cross section, we find that its bed consists essentially of a number of troughs of unequal depth. The wider the stream the more numerous are these troughs; they even run for long distances more or less parallel with each other. From this it follows that most streams can be regarded as consisting of a series of channels brought close together; and that a bifurcation is formed when a small section of ground on shore is lower than the bottom of one of these troughs."

If I endeavor to transform these words into things, I have to be very careful to take the section of the shore that the author says "Is lower than the bottom of one of the side troughs" small enough, or all the water will run out of the original stream and there will be a new channel, but no bifurcation. It is safest also to have the place lined with some impervious material, such as granite or the like, or it will inevitably grow larger and carry off all the water. Then, there is that other difficulty. How in the world did the water that dug that hypothetical trough happen to miss this low spot? Why did it not save itself the labor of excavation and follow the line of least resistance at once!

There is an analogous phenomenon presented on the Missouri, at the mouth of the Osage; where we have an instance of the larger of two rivers actually abandoning its bed and adopting the channel of an affluent; and that, too, where both streams have permanent rock shores. The Missouri, by cutting

through the narrow point which separated its waters from the Osage, some ten miles above the former mouth of the latter stream, has converted what at one time was its own southern shore and the north-west shore of the Osage into its own northern shore, and moved the mouth of the affluent that distance up stream. As the point consisted of rock, the part cut off remains to bear witness how a stream plays with its banks.

September 18, 1856.

Caught myself dreaming again last night. I wonder what could have suggested or induced such a dream? The first was a short editorial in the same paper—to which it seems I have become a regular subscriber. It says:

"To carry an election with money is like raising a crop by irrigation—a very effective mode of husbandry as long as the conduits that deliver the water from the reservoir to the plants are sound. But in political husbandry of this kind, there is a fatal tendency to leakage. The ditches have their banks impaired by wash-outs, the troughs get sun-warped, so that however abundant the irrigating material at the fountain head, the plants at the farther end are likely to starve, while the public roads and highways, along and across which these artificial arteries necessarily run, become quagmires of disgusting filth. Persons in charge should take note of this."

Perhaps this was a veiled editorial allusion to an item which I found in its column of local news. Says the reporter:

"The scene in court yesterday was very impressive when his honor, the judge, passed sentence upon the different parties found guilty during the term."

"'Stand up, sir!' was the stern command of the court. 'You, sir, have been convicted of fraudulent voting and of stuffing the ballot-box with spurious tickets, in violation of the laws of this commonwealth!'

"The judge proceeded:

"'Have you aught to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?'

"'Yes, your honor. You see, there was so few of them, I mean voters, that voted your ticket, your honor, that the boss thought you would be beaten; and, said he, it was a shame, and so it was, your honor; that you was a liberal man, your honor; and that you had put up the stuff, and that we ought to do you right for it. And, says I, how many ought it to be? A couple of hundred or so will fix it, says he. And I did not put in more than fifty beyond that, for fear of a miscount, you see, your honor. And'—

"'Sheriff remove the prisoner. Sentence is deferred,' broke in the judge."

Cast the last batch of the parlor stove patterns and took a casting of the first pattern finished by Mr. Olff. This puts the whole matter beyond question. Both Mr. F—— and Mr. W—— are very

much pleased, especially the latter. He is perfectly delighted to get even with the pattern makers.

"We have got them on the hip now. They can't run things to suit themselves any longer."

Both admired the pattern; and it is a very superior piece of work. Every line is perfect and when the weight of the casting showed that the question of running was no longer to be considered, that we could run anything as light or heavy as the practical use of the article might dictate, Mr. F—— thought that there was nothing left to work for in that direction.

September 19, 1856.

Finished drawing the papers for the road from and through my land to the river landing. Called the latter Long's Landing. As the gentleman who represents the western part of the county upon the bench is named Long, it is likely he will take an interest in the project, sufficient at least to secure the prompt action of the court. I have sent the petition to Mr. Fromme to have it signed by the tenants.

September 20, 1856.

"If I mistake a mud turtle for a flying squirrel, that will not make the mud turtle take flying leaps from one tree to another, nor the flying squirrel paddle around in a slough! If I mistake a crow for a thrush, that will not make the crow sing nor the thrush caw! It is I who make the mistake and I will have to bear the consequences. Mr. L—— is nothing to me, except a very ignorant person, and such are liable to make mistakes. Why should I lose my temper and bawl at him, in the presence of strangers? He made the mistake; it was for him to correct himself the best way he could. I owe him no instructions.

"He took me to be an ignorant Dutchman, ready to be gulled and flattered by being accorded the high privilege of listening to so distinguished a person as himself, condescending to patronize such a one as me; he, the distinguished man, whose achievements consist of being brought forth into the world upon the banks of the Mississippi, at a time when neither of his parents spoke the English language any more than the 'miserable Dutch,' whom, for want of such linguistic attainments, he regards as legitimate game!

"What business had I to talk to him at all?"

"It would have been better, perhaps, if you had said nothing," replied Mr. F——. "Still I don't think there was any harm done in giving him a little advice. The fact that he had the effrontery to speak of his generosity is really surprising. I happened to know that he would be able to use your paper to good advantage in settling with his old partners; and that was the reason I suggested to you that perhaps I could do something with it. If it had not been a profitable speculation for him, I should have never thought of making the suggestion. I had no idea of trading with his generosity.

"But it might have been as well if you had put up with his arrogance on account of the notes he holds—I mean the notes for the deferred payment on the land. Although they shan't trouble you; I reckon brother and myself can take care of them, if necessary."

"I am obliged to you for your kindness," said I. "But Mr. L—— holds no notes of mine. I thought the matter over and had them picked up by some friends, over the river. They are people who make money and spend none. They are not engaged in business that is subject to any extraordinary fluctuations and, therefore, not liable to any extraordinary calls for capital. I thought it was safest for me if I wanted to carry the property to have my obligations in their hands. They know the security and value it higher than any person in the city is likely to do."

"Then what are you talking about? The man attacked your credit to your face, in the presence of a person, the contractor, who is relying upon your responsibility in carrying on his work. If you had not resented that, you would be no man—certainly no business man. He got what he deserved and the less he says about it the better for him. But he has gone through a financial difficulty in the last three months that was enough to unbalance anyone. He will be all right when he gets fairly at himself."

September 21, 1856.

Jochen called to-day and brought me a pair of teal ducks. They are very fat, and he reports that they are coming in from the north.

"They are beginning to come with every cold spell," said he, "and in the course of the next three months we will have all we want, if it don't freeze up all the lakes and ponds. But we will have plenty before that; and I want to see you shoot some of them. When do you expect to go down to the prairie, to see what the gophers are doing? I tell you, sonny, there will be some very good shooting down the bottom, all the way down, from here to the landing."

I told him that there was a matter I wanted to look into down there, but I should like to have Conrad Witte and himself with me.

"I want to see what to do with that land on the bluff," I said. "There is enough there for a couple of farms. I'm not certain but that they ought to be fruit farms, at least in part. The eastern two eighties are as good prairie as any we have, but the western two are over half covered with timber, and these I think ought to be planted with fruit trees."

"That is likely, Henry, but we want Conrad. He knows all about that bluff, and you see, sonny, it is all narren tant for a man to think he knows about a piece of land unless he has worked it, or some like it. I know that bottom. I know what to do with it. But that bluff, Conrad knows more about it in a day than I in a year. He raises crops where I would starve, unless I had somebody to watch. Now, I will see Conrad and when it suits him we

will go. I am getting along with my marketing and Feeka knows how to run the farm. They don't fool her very much, and they hate to be caught by her worse than by myself."

September 22, 1856.

Saw Mr. O. D. F—— and the more I see of him the more I admire the man. While talking with him to-day in his office shop, I noticed that he kept looking through the glass partition which cuts it off from the store. Finally he called one of his salesmen, who was busy waiting on a customer.

"Antwine!"

The man stepped into the office.

"You tell Mr. Nickolls, the man you're waiting on, to make his bill as small to-day as he can. Tin has come down and we have not had time yet to mark down the goods. He will not do himself right by buying a large bill to-day."

He then turned round to me and went on with the conversation. He is very much opposed to slavery. It seems to be repugnant to his entire moral nature. I told him that I had read the last few days the travels of a man by the name of Humboldt, in the valleys of the upper Orinoco and the Amazon; and that the author gave a description of the peculiar method adopted by the monks to Christianize the natives; that they simply organized armed forays, captured what they did not kill and confined the captives at what they called the missions, until they were tame—not unlike our people capture and tame bear cubs and other wild beasts and train them to do tricks."

"And does he justify such conduct?" he asked.

"No; he denounces these forays as in violation of the laws of both God and man, although he does not use that expression—he says 'church' and 'state'; and as utterly subversive of the natural freedom of the native population, of which he is a great champion. Indeed, when science demands to examine the headwaters of the Orinoco, through the eyes of the author, and this could not be done without his ascending the falls of the Maypures, and the Indian navigators who render this possible showed signs of availing themselves of their natural freedom and some of them were put in the stocks over night to prevent them from doing so; and one, who is caught in the act, gets a terrible flogging with raw hide on the bare back—the author takes special occasion to rehearse his confession of faith, according to Jean Jaques Rousseau. He declares 'that all men are born free and equal.' He recites this before he rides, while they row—row against the double current, the current of the river and the current of their own inclinations.

"An article of faith of this kind is a great thing; its rehearsal, upon proper occasions, a wonderful solace! It withdraws the mind from the incongruous facts presented, and centers its attention upon its own self-consistent harmony, so beautiful to contemplate!

"He also relates how some thirty thousand of these 'beautiful people'—Caribs, almost as good as no cannibals at all—I use his language literally—only eating those they have killed, have been deprived by these outrageous armed forays of their 'natural freedom,' and are living at the missions; while some ten thousand of the same tribe are still enjoying their natural liberty, of eating their enemies, the Cabrees, or being eaten by them, as the exigencies of this 'natural freedom' may determine."

"And you do not believe in the great principle that all men are born free and equal?"

"Of course I do; but it doesn't apply to me. I know that I was born the equal of any man in helplessness. I know that I was born in abject helplessness, in utter dependence. But to my mind dependence and freedom are incompatible conditions. To say that I was born free is not true—however it may be with other men. I was born destitute, even of the capacity to utter my wants, my dependence, except by an inarticulate bawl! The measure of freedom which I enjoy I have to achieve, and this achieving is the task of my life. According to my reading and observation, this also is the task of all men; and their achievements in the accomplishing of this task are mine, if I possess myself of them.

"To do so I must obey the conditions under which this alone is possible. These conditions are not of my originating, and yet I must obey them, whether I will or not. I am the ignorant, helpless, dependent thing I was born until I do obey these conditions, and in accordance with them acquire the facilities that lift me above that helpless ignorance and dependence.

"I must articulate that senseless bawl; not in accordance with my own sweet will, but in accordance with forms of utterances involving pronunciation and arrangement of words into grammatical relations. At the same time I must acquire the meaning, the content of these words, the human elements that fill these utterances—not as I may dictate, but as they exist, before my mind enters the community of mind, wherever it is met. In all this, the mere A. B. C's of my rational self, the exercise of my will was and is that I conclude to obey, that I will acquire—because I do not possess—that I will achieve the implements of freedom, because I was not born with them."

"But, did you not have the choice, Henry, to remain as you were born if you wanted to—to learn these things or not, as you saw fit? Were you not born with that freedom?"

"No, I was not. I could not remain as I was born, for I could not remain at all. But for the help of others I would not have remained an hour. The word 'acquired' was not only furnished by my race, but the opportunity to acquire it. The food and raiment—nurture, amusement and culture—all were from another, not from myself. That is the condition in which nature abandoned me. What she did for Mr. Rousseau, Mr. Humboldt and all the rest

who talk about their endowments by nature, endowments of rights, of freedom and the like, I don't know. I only speak for myself. She left me with a mass of dying organic matter dangling from my body, which alone was enough to remand me back to the elements in short order, but for the interference of a human being other than myself."

"But did she not provide within the breast of the woman who gave you birth an endowment that compensated for your helplessness?"

"Precisely, as she had done within the breasts of all the individuals of the genus mammal at large, only perhaps not as effectually in the human specie as in some of the rest for, I notice, there are statutes upon the books of the civilized world against infanticide, and this would suggest that the endowment alone was found insufficient in this case to protect bare existence even. But suppose that it was sufficient, what has that to do with me? Did that make me free, what was in the breast of another? Could I do as I pleased because another could not do as she pleased? But you say that she was compelled by nature to do as I pleased—that is to say, nature subjected her natural freedom to my caprice. But I thought that the phrase—'all men are born free'—included woman, too, as if it read, 'all men and women are born free.'

"The truth is, Mr. F——, I found myself utterly destitute and the fact even that I found myself at all I owe to others and not to myself. But the other to whom I owe this is my own race, to them who had preceded me, and who welcomed me with the resources which they had wrought out against the necessities of nature. These resources they placed at my feet for my acceptance; and the glory of the age is that they are free for all—free for all alike, under the same conditions of acceptance.

"But these conditions are the reverse of those implied in the abstraction quoted. For these resources are the results of human achievements and not the products of nature. As such results they must be achieved by me, for this alone gives them perpetuity and myself freedom. Nature can not confer them, for she does not possess them. I must achieve them, or they are not for me. I must achieve them, or the freedom which they confer is not for me. Each and every generation must achieve them, or they vanish from the face of the earth, for they are human achievements. Nature does not produce, nature does not perpetuate them. Let one generation of the civilized world cease from acquiring, from vitalizing these achievements; cease from subjecting its caprice to the immutable conditions of acceptance of these resources, and the world of man is back where Mr. Humboldt found it on the plains and in the jungles of the Orinoco and the Amazon; with natural freedom presiding over the feast, when Carib eats Cabree and Cabree eats Carib, as nature may determine."

"But, Henry, you seem to use the word freedom, in a different sense from what we usually attach to

it. We ordinarily use it in relation to the political affairs of man."

"That may be, for to me a free being is a self-determined, self-dependent being; and this I am not by nature but by attainment. Man as man is free; not through nature, not through another, but through himself; and I, the individual, can only attain the freedom of my race by making its purposes my own. Under this view I need the religious, the educational, the social, the economic resources of the race, no less than the political; for I am speaking of freedom as a reality and not as an abstraction. I need all the resources; all are sacred because essential to my purpose.

"Of course, Mr. F——, if a man is free by nature, he needs nothing. At the outside, perhaps, temporarily he may need something in the shape of a fence to keep the runty pigs and breechy cattle out of his field, out of his sphere of industry; something to protect life and property—of course, only temporarily, whilst this, our Gospel, is taking possession of the hearts of man. In the meantime, that government is best that governs least? Certainly. And no government at all is the best government of all; for is not man free by nature? What need has he for instrumentalities to attain what he has?

"But the freedom secured by such a political organization for the individual happens to be only a possibility, not a reality, an abstraction and not a concrete fact. This possibility may eventuate for him in the four walls of a prison, or in a dangle from the gallows, or in the presidential chair. It is because of this peculiar circumstance that I deem it of no concern to me, and suit my thoughts and words to the concrete fact. I accept such an organization for what it is, a guaranty for the possibility of freedom, but to render that possibility real is the task of my life, in the performance of which I need all the resources I have mentioned. To mistake this possibility for the reality, to strut about talking of natural freedom, of natural rights, it is this that I mistrust. It is this strutting, this riding of the possible and claiming it to be real—it is this claim, that I own by nature what can only be mine by the most earnest, patient and persevering exertion, that nauseates me; this claim which takes from life its rational purpose and end and fills the air with self-pitying sobs at the terrible, the horrible outrage that condemns a free being to be self-dependent. It perverts every situation and condition in life. The honest toil by which I achieve my physical independence is 'degrading drudgery!' Of course, to a man free by nature! The skill and art that renders that toil less exacting are the attainments of 'a mere mechanic!' The rules of conduct that render co-operation between man and man possible, and thus reduce toil to its minimum, are extremely irksome 'sacrifices of a part of the natural freedom'—and therefore to be deprecated under all circumstances.

"Indeed, this would seem the only rational aim left in life, to see to it that this deprecation be

thorough. To swing on the gate and eat sugar 'lasses will, of course, be the splendid avocation of all—men, women and children—the great mass. But as for us, it is our special province, peculiarly gifted as we are for that purpose, to see to it that this 'freeman by nature,' this free being, dependent upon another than himself, be not imposed upon in this universe.

"This perversion of the entire significance of life permeates everything. Take the case before us.

"Mr. Humboldt desires to determine the geography of the upper Orinoco, and to make such meteorological, astronomical, geological, mineralogical, botanical and other observations as the opportunity may afford. To carry out this purpose he requires the local knowledge, skill and endurance of natives who are compelled to render this service by those who have obtained control over them. They render this service at the risk of their lives on more than one occasion. Now, this service was as essential to the accomplishment of the purpose of the journey as that which was rendered by Mr. Humboldt. He could no more stem the current and surmount the cataracts of the Orinoco than they could express for us in the technique of science the results of the journey—although the most important parts of these results had been known to them and their fathers for generations.

"But who were these men to whose hard toil, skill and courage—they jumped over-board whenever necessary, where Humboldt and his companion did not dare touch the water for fear of crocodiles and Carib fish—I say, who were these men to whom science is as much indebted as to Mr. Humboldt for whatever benefit it has received from the journey? Nobody! They were mere laborers. Their services did not even entitle them to have their names mentioned in the chronicle of the achievement. Certainly not! But didn't we deprecate the sacrifice they were compelled to make of their natural freedom? Of course, we deprecated merely! We accepted the fruit of the sacrifice and then we deprecated!"

"I like to hear you talk, Henry, although I myself have never bothered my head about such matters. I found myself a young man dependent upon my own exertions, and I shut my eyes and ears to all theories and went to work to make a competence for me and mine. I looked around for an opportunity to do this and when I found one I used it. If I heard some one say that it was more pleasing in the sight of Heaven for a man to live by begging and praying than by honest work I did not believe him, because I thought that if it was right for some to live that way it must be right for all, and if all begged and prayed for a living all must starve. If another said that the man and woman who refused to become husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, were better than those who do not refuse I did not believe him, because I thought that if all the men and women of this generation did that way there would be no generations to come. In a hundred

years the human race would be extinct. Then, if another told me that it was well enough to take a wife, to beget children and to work for their maintenance, but that after all, such a life amounted to nothing, that the great thing was to lay up treasures in Heaven, I paid no attention to him either, because I thought that the first treasure of any kingdom was population, as all other treasures depend upon that; and that it behooved any good citizen, of the kingdom of Heaven or any other, to conduct himself in such a way that by no act of his, either of omission or commission, that treasure be decreased or the possibility of its increase be diminished."

September 23, 1856.

Agamemnon sacrifices his daughter, Iphigenia, to obtain propitious winds. His wife, Clytemnestra, mother of Iphigenia, enraged at this, unites with a man to revenge the death of her daughter and they slay Agamemnon. Orestes, son of Agamemnon, and his legitimate successor, avenges the death of his father by slaying his mother. It is this thought, that the woman was his mother, that sets him crazy. Prior to her death he sees only the murderess of his father, but in the very act of avenging his death, the woman says: "I slew him because he sacrificed my child; and when he did so he ceased to be husband of mine, morally ceased to be father of my children. On his return to his long neglected state he met its de facto sovereign, myself, and I avenged the death of my child, of whom he had obtained possession under false pretence, and then given up to be butchered in cold blood. If it had been you, my son, whose throat he had cut, instead of your sister, what would your shade have asked me to do?"

A thought quite sufficient to set anybody to thinking—as it gradually unfolds itself to his mind, after the deed, based upon the view that she is the murderess of his father, has been done. For under this view she is not the murderess of his father, but the avenger of the death of her child. It is this that causes the trouble, and this trouble is cured in the arms of his sister—the very person alleged to have been slain, but who in fact is alive and in a situation worthy of her loyal lineage.

"It is not true then that my father was the murderer of his own child. He was your husband, oh woman! And you slew him. Justice was done to you by the hand of the legitimate sovereign of the state. You slew the legitimate sovereign and the legitimate sovereign slays you. In doing this act you ignored the family tie that bound you to him; and the family tie is ignored by him who slays you. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!"

But what about the priestcraft that hovers in the back ground! That pretends to control the meteorological processes of nature by human sacrifices! That says to the commander-in-chief of the army—"Well, yes, you're wind bound; your army is in danger of melting away by inaction, impatience; but pray, what could you expect? What have you done

to show your respect for those who control the winds? Nothing. You talk. You give them lip service, but when it comes to doing something, you are not at home. Show your faith by your works. Bring your sacrifice, a sacrifice worthy of the name; a sacrifice commensurate with the magnitude of the emergency to be met; a sacrifice worthy to be offered on behalf of a great people; a sacrifice for the welfare of the state and the purposes which that state seeks to accomplish. You want to recover a runaway wife. In such an undertaking the gods have no concern. It is immaterial to them what becomes of such a one. But if you want to interest them, show that it is not the paltry possession of such a woman, but a principle that you are intent on establishing. If this be your purpose, show it by your works. Sacrifice your own daughter to the gods and then you prove that it is not the woman that you are after, but the principle."

Surely this is hard—horrible! But it is the state that calls, and, as we saw the other day in the case of the Emperor of Austria and his daughter, when the state calls, its voice is so loud that it is apt to drown the sobs of his own child in the ears of the sovereign.

What can Agamemnon do? He did what Francis Joseph did. In order to enlist the gods, or what is the same thing, their priests, in the enterprise, he sacrifices his daughter, not however as public rumor reports, and is permitted or perhaps even induced to believe, in order to give the thing the proper magnitude in the popular ear, as a victim for but as a priestess at the altar. In other words, he allies his house with the powers that control the winds, so essential to his purpose, by making his own daughter one of them—a priestess of Diana, sister to Apollo.

Now, I must not overlook the fact that it is immaterial to Agamemnon whether he can control the winds or the patience of his army. Either will serve his purpose. If he can control the latter he can wait for the former to come around, in due course of nature. So far as his purpose was concerned, therefore, the one becomes interchangeable, symbolical of the other, especially if I remember that at the time there was no newspaper or printed word of any kind and all communication of mind with mind was by word of mouth, by wind. His method, therefore, of controlling the powers of the air, of compelling them to swell the sails of his enterprise, if not of his fleet immediately, was far from being unskillful or unusual. Indeed, I believe it has perpetuated itself even to this day. Of course, it may not always be the priesthood that can claim "Agamemnon's virgin daughter" now; it may be the rostrum, the forum, or the press instead of the pulpit alone; but that is a matter for those to consider who have enterprises with sails flapping at the mast, with sails that need a favoring breeze, a friendly co-operation of the powers of the air! That is to say, for men who have enterprises in hand that require

the co-operation of aggregates of men and, therefore, the favor of those who sway the convictions of these aggregates. For me it is enough to know that these powers still exist and that their existence claims the sacrifice whenever their service is essential.

It is true that the modern poet, in dealing with this theme, seems to hint that the sacrifice has been, is or ought to be abolished. But then his authority is extremely recent and I don't see that it has as yet had any effect upon the practical conduct of affairs of this kind. Besides, it was perhaps not strictly pertinent to the solution of the problem in hand and, therefore, might be regarded as a species of surplusage. The cure of Orestes was complete when he found that his sister had not been murdered, as his mother had asserted, and public rumor had believed and understood. What became of her and him after that was a matter of great concern to them, no doubt, but could not affect the guilt or innocence of their father or mother, and that was the question at issue—the question of abiding significance. Their return home to their family seat was all well enough, and does furnish entertainment for an idle hour to those who are so unfortunate as to have such on their hands, but involves nothing of perennial importance, nothing to change the conduct of the affairs of mortals.

September 24, 1856.

The line of least resistance for a body of water in motion is determined by the inclination of the surfaces over which it moves. As these vary so will the line vary in direction. But these inclinations are subject to variations by the action of the stream itself—first, by the variation in volume, and consequent eroding and carrying power of the water which it discharges; second, by the different degrees of resistance which the surface offers in different places to the eroding power of the stream in excavating its water-way; third, by the difference in form, size and specific gravity of the aggregates into which the eroded material is disintegrated and moved by the stream. These are the elements that co-operate in establishing and continuously modifying the water-way of the stream.

The body of water starts down the inclination of the surface as it finds it and excavates its bed as it goes. In doing this, however, it meets with different degrees of resistance by the material over which it passes. This results in deep and shallow places in the water-way; and these constitute a new set of inclinations, which govern as long as the stream does not rise above its banks. They throw the current, the eroding power, against one or the other, or now against one and then against the other bank; wear it away and produce curves in the channel, more or less independent of the original line of least resistance. These curves produce inequality in the rapidity with which the different parts of the volume of water pass down the water-way, and as the silt carrying

capacity of a stream depends upon its volume and motion, the load of excavated material is dropped in those parts of the channel where the water moves slowest. This is at a point opposite to the bank that is being eroded, against which the current is pitched. The river thus builds up one of its banks and cuts away the other at the same point of its course.

The greatest diverging from the channel established by the original inclinations of the surface occurs where the area traversed is an alluvial plain, covered with a heavy forest growth and resting upon an uneven boulder-shaped, rocky foundation—especially where the alluvial deposit is of considerable depth, but not deep enough to prevent the river from cutting down to the rock foundation.

I have had to give this matter considerable attention recently on account of the landing which I intend to establish, and find that there is very little help to be obtained from the books, on this subject—at least from such as are at my command. It is also evident that the time will come when the question, how to govern or control the Mississippi river, will present itself to the people of the watershed and valley with great urgency, both on account of the importance of the river for transportation purposes, and on account of the value of the land to be protected in the immediate valley.

Dined with my sweetheart and took a walk with her to look at our house. It is under roof, and she was very much surprised at the size and its handsome appearance.

September 25, 1856.

Made the second payment to Mr. Stock, and he assures me that he will be able to deliver possession of the house by the twenty-fifth of November.

Finished casting the last batch of patterns of the parlor stove and the foreman told me the figures—that the entire work would cost forty-seven per cent of what it would have cost by the old method.

"And then, neither this nor any other shop west of the Alleghany Mountains ever had a set of patterns like them. I had six pieces in the sand to-day and it is a pleasure to see the plate, both to me and the man."

While talking Mr. F—— came in and he also expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which the patterns behaved in the sand.

"But you seem to take it as a matter of course, Mr. B——," he remarked.

"Most assuredly I do. I have such an abiding faith that water will run down hill under all circumstances, that it never surprises me when I see it. A pattern will, nay, must work right if it is made right, and whether it is or not, that I know before it leaves my hands. That is what you pay me for."

"Undoubtedly," he remarked. "But if you had seen the trouble we have had you would not be surprised at our satisfaction. Mr. W——, you have had a great deal of worry with the three men in the

upper pattern shop. When they get through with the work in their hands you may discharge them.

"Now, Mr. B——, I want to ask you a question." At this Mr. W—— retired. "Do you think we could take the bold ornaments upon this plate off, cast them in the form of shields, separately, and thus save the inconvenience which the plating of them will cause while they form a part of the casting itself? I have experimented enough with the plating process to see that it will be a practical thing in our business; not perhaps necessary now, but it will soon be adopted by our competitors in the east, who are moving more and more into our territory by the greater facilities of transportation that are being developed from day to day, and I think it will be well if we are prepared for them. Understand, my idea is to have the patterns duplicated, so far as the ornamentation may make it necessary; one set with and the other without plating."

"There is nothing to hinder the making of the modifications you suggest; but as to the parts that ought to be plated, that is a matter about which I should like to consult Mr. Olff. It is a question of artistic taste. A stove, overloaded with plated ornaments, will be a gaudy and expensive affair, that only advertises both maker and owner as fond of vulgar display."

"That is all right, Henry. What we want is something that will sell, but I reckon the highest skill in ornamentation will not be thrown away."

"On the contrary, the highest skill is precisely what will please the most."

"Yes, but we want to please the most people."

"That is what I mean. I know of no standard of excellence in art except that derived from general or universal appreciation. Of course, I do not mean an appreciation of a day or a year, because that is not general, but an appreciation that comes with the applause of the centuries. Never mind about that, however. You give me the privilege of asking Mr. Olff to indicate what ornaments ought to be plated and whether he would suggest any modifications; in other words, make me a drawing of that stove, ornamented according to his taste, with as much plating as he sees fit to employ."

"Now you have it, Henry. That is what we want. But don't interrupt him in his present work. By the by, I have promised my wife to go with you for a week or ten days out into the woods, as soon as you get ready. I feel ten years younger and she thinks that you are the best doctor that ever prescribed for me."

"Give her my compliments and tell her for me that if she will accompany you on the trip that I will arrange, the cure shall be complete and she will learn how to make it permanent."

This amused him very much and I had to give him an outline of my plan.

"That is not as wild as it seemed at first," he remarked. "I will talk to her about it."

September 26, 1856.

Received a letter from Mr. Fromme. He has leased the land and put the people in possession. He is boiling over with pious exuberance and insists that I must be present on the tenth of October, when he proposes to dedicate the large school house. He says that I must talk to the people on that day.

Also received a letter from Mr. M——, the county clerk, advising me of the action of the county court in establishing the road to Long's Landing, with an order to have the same cut out through the bottom at public expense, in accordance with the plat furnished by me and approved by the court. Answered his letter, expressing my obligations for the interest he has shown in the matter.

September 27, 1856.

Was up with my darling at Mrs. F——'s to tea and got home so late that I feel ashamed of myself!

September 28, 1856.

Did not have time last night to write down anything about our visit at Mrs. F——'s; nor was there very much to write about. The first part of the evening passed away with the usual social chit-chat, until Mrs. F—— noticed that I showed a sad lack of interest and, like the accomplished hostess that she is, endeavored to draw me into the conversation by observing:

"Mr. B——, what is the latest production in literature that has attracted your attention?"

"Why, Mrs. F——, what in the world put it into your mind to ask me such a question? You know that I am not a reader of literature. I have no time to give to such an occupation."

"But you do find time to give to your books. Mr. F—— has told me that you live in them; that you spend every hour that you can spare from business and rest with your books," she insisted.

"That is true, Mrs. F——, and yet it is also true that I devote no time to literature. The fact is, I have come to regard what is usually called literature as of interest only to the unemployed—as a solace to the unfortunate idle, with which persons situated like Mr. F——, for example, or even myself, have no concern whatever. Looked at from the side of its origin, it is purely commercial, made for sale, like the goods we find in the Jew shops. If the maker misses a present sale he misses everything. From the side of its use it illustrates, I suppose, the old saying—'The Devil still finds something to do for the idle hand.'"

"Of course, if you take literature in the large sense, as embracing all books, sacred as well as profane, then the more business a man has on his hands the more business he has for his books. But that is not the way the term is usually understood, when one inquires about the latest productions in literature. Such books as are essential to a busy man, to a man who has something to do, and means to do it, are not produced every day, nor every century, so as to sug-

gest an inquiry of this kind. They generally contain a resume of a nation's culture, or they contain the culture of an epoch in the world's history. Before they can appear the nation must have achieved the culture chronicled, or portrayed; the epoch in the history must have arrived, and neither class of events are of such frequent occurrence as to justify the appearance of daily, weekly, monthly or even annual publications.

"The literature of the day is the mirror of the day, in which the individual, who is also of the day, both sees and shows his image. In this it performs a world historic function; but as in the old saying—'The Devil is said to look over the shoulder of the young lady who consults her glass after supper'—so it may happen to the individual who consults this mirror too frequently, that he sees his own image in the same frame with that of the father of lies."

"Mr. B——, you quote so many sayings about the Devil—do you believe in the Devil?"

"Mrs. F——, I believe in scare-crows as scare-crows; in lies as lies. But the man who believes in truth as truth cannot believe in a lie. I hope you will not hate me for my want of faith in a lie."

"But you talk about books as sacred and profane. I thought there was but one sacred book—the Bible."

"That I regard as a mistake; even if we use the word sacred in the narrow sense in which it is applied to the Bible. In that sense the Koran is a sacred book! So are the Veda and Samaveda; in short, all the people who are in possession of the printed word have or have had each their sacred book or books; and those who have nothing but traditions had and have their sacred transmissions from the past. They contain, in conceptive forms, the body of truth which the genius or spirit of that people has realized for itself in regard to the universe and man's relation to and position in it. As the words of the spirit of that people they are divine for them, the words of their God, and of absolute authority for the individuals of that people. They are their truth and God is and can be no more.

"But if we take this meaning, which the word sacred has had for mankind, regardless of creed, race or nationality, and go with it into a library, of even moderate pretensions, we shall find that we have quite a collection of sacred books—books that contain the truth known to man in regard to this universe.

"It is true, the creeds sought for a time to discredit these additions—claimed exclusive control and monopoly of man's convictions. The new spirit of man was to look through the old spectacles; the new vision to be explained, accredited by the old text. But now, Mrs. F——, the old text is explained by the new vision. Man's interpretation of the sacred books was to be the criterion of the true, for the knowing of man. But the knowing of to-day is the criterion of the true in man's interpretations of the sacred books; for it turned out that man's interpretation of a book is no more than a

science—a knowing, and one knowing can not very well give itself airs of authority over another, as long as both owe allegiance to truth, without making itself somewhat ridiculous.

"Of course, this attitude of the old, the sacred, was quite natural. It did look dangerous to admit that its god had forgotten something when he revealed the truth necessary to man's existence—dangerous at least to that comfortable monopoly over man's convictions. Besides, had it not sufficed to make man 'The lord over beasts' through the long series of ages? What more could he want?

"Still, the spirit of man went on, utterly destitute of any fear of the sacrilege involved in disturbing that monopoly, and treating with contempt even that splendid lordship over beasts—his inheritance. He ignored the sacred text and looked straight up into the sky for the law—'The will of the Creator,' if you choose, that governs the movements of the visible universe. From this the abiding, he deduced the evanescent—the day and the night, the seasons in their cycle, without the slightest reverence for Mr. Moses and his 'Let there be light and there was light!' His eye fixed upon the abiding, he sees ready for his grasp not a lordship over dumb brutes, but a lordship over nature; and when it is said—'God is my father; thou, oh man, art my brother'—he believes; for nowhere in God's family does he find bastards. Truth, self-defined intelligence, a universe transparent to itself, becomes the object of his reverence—the object worthy of his descent. He accepts the abiding and controls, subjects the evanescent to his purposes. All miracles cease, except those of his own performance. His god has quit dabbling in tricks of legerdemain, or spanking little boys on the street corners. His God is truth, and truth is his God. It is in and through this, his God, that he seeks to be free, the lord over nature and its necessities.

"This is not rhetorical rigmarole, Mrs. F——, but the simple every day fact of our lives. Come, go down with me to-morrow to your husband's shop and watch him at his work. See, with what care, with what patience he investigates; spys about in every nook, cranny and corner of nature's store-house to find the true means for his purpose. And is it not in proportion as he finds the true means that he succeeds in his purpose—his purpose to remove obstructions to human comfort in his chosen departments?"

"Why, Mr. B——, I thought my husband was busy making money. The other day you made him out a hero, and now you want him to be a priest, too—if I catch the drift of your thought."

"Busy making money, is he? So much the better. But does he or does he not accomplish the purpose which I have indicated—increase human comfort? Does he not render human life more pleasant, less subject to adverse conditions?"

"I suppose so, or else he couldn't make money. They wouldn't pay him."

"Just so; for the money he is making is the premium man has set upon his work, upon all work of this kind. And it is because of this premium, because human affairs are so organized, that this premium is offered to all, that human genius works in broad daylight—has quit working miracles behind man's back—in sight and hearing of all, and all participate in that work, not merely in the results, but in the spirit created by its achievements. It is this spirit, begotten and nourished in broad daylight, that constitutes the cumulative power which to-day is at work, building the 'Kingdom of Heaven'—prayed for during the last eighteen hundred years—in which truth shall govern the earth—'God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in Heaven'—truth shall govern the affairs and concerns of man, as it governs the movements of the planetary systems of the sky.

"Truth shall govern the affairs of man, not on Sundays, not over yonder, but here and now—the ever present here and the ever abiding now; all the affairs, from the cradle to the coffin. This is what man has yearned, has prayed for during these centuries. Now, if the priest is, or ought to be, the chief promoter of the building up of this kingdom, don't you think that men like your husband, who give reality to hope and transform yearnings into present enjoyment, who penetrate the repulsive actualities of man's existence with the radiance of truth and transform them into sources of comfort and human well-being, ought at least to be regarded as worthy Paradise over yonder? The over yonder will be a desolate realm if it is not peopled from the here. But, for the here to be peopled, man must multiply and replenish the earth. This is possible under certain conditions. To know and to observe these conditions is essential; to ameliorate them, divine. All the means to this end are sacred; and of all, the printed word is the most sacred, because the most universal. But the humblest implement of industry belongs to the category, and the most exalted incorporation of the idea, the state itself, does not reach beyond it. It is in this realm where the saint of this age earns his crown, without any disparagement of those who preceded him in different ages, with different problems presented for their solution. To appreciate the labors of the latter does not require a depreciation of the labors of the former. Whoever works effectively to ameliorate the conditions of human existence, the necessary conditions under which alone human existence is possible upon the earth, labors in the realm of the abiding—the divine; whether his labor brings him the applause of the day or its curses, a fortune in pocket or a fortune out of pocket. To teach man to appreciate and to obey these conditions is only inferentially divine work; but to discover, to see and to announce them is the holy mission of the sacred book."

September 29, 1856.

Jochen called to let me know that he would get

through marketing by to-morrow, Saturday, and be "foot loose" by the middle of next week for our trip to Long's Landing and the settlement on the bluff.

"The frost, last night, sonny, has filled the lakes, ponds and creeks in the bottom with ducks, but we needn't to be in a hurry about them. There is plenty of mast; they will not leave soon. See, they are in good fix," he said, drawing out a bunch of mallards from the wagon. "I killed them for you, as I came by the lake this morning. But tell me, Henry, what do you call these? I only got two of them when I ought to have killed a dozen. They are the hardest duck to kill in the bottom. They carry off so much lead. What do you call them?"

"Canvas-back, Jochen! They are by odds the finest duck that frequents the valley. Are there many of them?"

"No, only now and then you run on to a flock. But I know a place where they feed, and there we can get them. They pull up a weed from the bottom of a shallow lake and they eat the lower part of it. After they have been here awhile the whole lake is covered with the floating tops of the weed."

"How far is it to that lake?"

"A good piece. But we go past it when we go down to your land, that is, within a mile or so of it."

Took him to dinner with me on condition that Elizabeth and I go to see Feeka next Sunday.

"There is no preaching," said he, "and then, when you are with me, our mother don't say anything, sonny, if we do have a little fun with our guns in the bottom."

Cleaned, boned and took the canvas-backs up to Mrs. F——. Told her to have them broiled and served for dinner—broiled, but not too much. She is very kind, only she seems as much in love with Miss Elizabeth as I am; and I have to listen to a lecture, at every opportunity she finds, upon the folly of postponing our union. Of course, she is right, that is, from her point of view. The truth, however, is that that point of view does not enable her to see all the facts that surround us; and I feel some delicacy about telling her, although sometimes I am tempted to do so in self-defense—that is, in justification of our delay, as irksome to me as it seems unwise to her. To-night she was in the best of spirits and commenced to plague me with her favorite theme; but I told her that I could not attend to too many things at the same time.

"First, I must cure Mr. F—— of his fits of indigestion and that will require a loafing spell in the woods. Then, I have to attend to some matters out in the settlement, and in the meantime all our work in the shop is waiting. Besides, my house requires some attention, and,—"

"You are a nice fellow," she interrupted. "If I was your sweetheart I'd send you about your business, sure enough. A man too busy to take a wife? What kind of a husband will he make?"

"One who at least is likely to look out for bread

for his family; and that seems to me a qualification not entirely indifferent."

"Of course, Mr. B——, you are trying to get off on some subject just to hear yourself talk. You know you are not speaking in candor to me. I have told you that two people like you and Miss Elizabeth have nothing to fear in taking the step which you ought to have taken months ago. I'll repeat what I said then—you are not alone in the world. Our whole family thinks well of you and I think Miss Robertson is a woman that no one can think too much of."

"I ask your pardon, Mrs. F——. I plead guilty. I deserve your reproof as regards my want of candor, but the subject is one that I cannot discuss with that frankness which your kindly interest deserves. I am not the right person to put you in possession of the circumstances that delay our marriage, and it would be ungenerous to expect that service from Miss Robertson. Rest assured, kind friend, it is neither she nor I, nor anything under our or any human control that causes us to delay. It is duty, with its cold but imperious voice, that bids us wait and not our caprice."

"That is another matter and I ask your pardon, Mr. B——, for presuming to give advice in an affair of which I am not fully informed. But I thought it was some foolish timidity, which I have known before now to keep good people apart, and which a word from an experienced friend is well calculated to overcome."

"Now, as to the health of Mr. F——, for which I am under such obligations to you; do you think that he ought to risk camping out at this season of the year? He told me of your intended trip, and also that you had suggested in all seriousness that I should accompany him. But of course that is impossible on account of my family duties at home. One of us must be here with the children. You know we cannot command the service here that people of means have at their disposal in older communities. And children are children. Some of ours especially require constant attention. It is out of the question, therefore, for both of us to leave home at the same time; and I fear to let him go by himself. You know he is not strong."

"That is the reason that I have suggested the trip. I regard Mr. F—— as a very strong man; not in the sense of athletic strength, for of that he has very little at present—but in the sense of possessing a tough, a tenacious vitality that will recuperate with remarkable elasticity the moment you relieve it of its burden, the mental strain put upon it by his business. He has created a large industrial establishment, which in its commercial relations ramifies throughout the country. He has created it, he is its father, and every detail, down to the smallest minutiae has received his attention and continues to claim his care day and night. The thing is grown. It can stand and walk alone; but he doesn't know it—like an over-

anxious mother he dreads to let go of its hand, even for a step or two.

"Now, this trip will show him that the foundry does not stop, even if he is not there with the call of the bell. Then, he will have exercise, calculated for his physical strength and increased with it from day to day. This will give him such rest at night as he is almost a stranger to, and this will recall his natural appetite. The food will be selected by myself, and either prepared by my own hand or under my immediate direction. Above all, he will find a world outside of his tread-mill, and it will be my care to interest him in that world."

"But how is he going to keep from taking cold, with nothing to sleep under for a roof but cotton cloth—a tent?"

"How is he to keep from catching cold? In the easiest way in the world. By simply breathing air of the same temperature and the same electrical condition, day and night. The danger of taking cold will be when he returns and is boxed up again in his room—jugged, as it were. The severest cold from which I ever suffered was contracted by sleeping in a warm, closed room, after living in a uniform temperature day and night, varied only with the changes of the weather, for three months."

"How about catching chills? I understand you are going into the bottom. And how is he to sleep with mosquitoes, ticks and things about?"

"Say snakes!"

"Yes, snakes! I had forgotten those horrid things."

"Well, Mrs. F——, all these matters have been attended to, last night and night before, by Mr. Frost. There is not a chill, mosquito, tick, spider or snake left in the American Bottom, nor in any part of the country where the ice was a half an inch thick this morning at sunrise. Creatures of that kind perish with the first frost of the season; or they seek winter quarters, where they hibernate until the spring recalls them to active life. The same has been observed in regard to malarial poisons, so much so that it was supposed by some that the insect life, and especially the mosquito, was the active cause of malaria. This, however, is not true, although we still find it in the books—for the reason that the heaviest swarms of mosquitoes, in the United States at least, are found in the forests of needle wood around the northern lakes, where malaria is unknown. Still, it is true that the first frost in the fall kills the poison that causes miasmatic troubles, as I am perfectly certain from personal investigation."

"Suppose we agree for him to go—what must I prepare for him to take along, to make him as comfortable as possible?"

"Two suits of underwear, one light and the other heavy, of the very best quality; then two suits, the oldest and the most worthless you can find, of his ordinary business clothes, together with his old overcoat. The foot gear I will select for him. Add to

this a half a dozen towels, hair brush and comb, with a piece of soap and two large flannel over-shirts—of gray color if you can find them. For sleeping apparatus he wants a mattress and pillow, with a pair of good blankets and a quilt—pillow slips and sheets are not essential, although convenient."

"What do you want for table and kitchen furniture?"

"Nothing more than what we have. We have all the cooking utensils we need, and for tableware we have tin plates and cups, with a set of iron knives, forks and spoons."

"And you expect Mr. F—— to drink out of a tin cup?"

"Certainly! Why not? We can wash them perfectly clean!"

"Oh yes, I suppose you can. But they are so hot!"

"Well, we can wait until they get cool. You see, we don't propose to be in a hurry. We can't hear the bell over there."

"And then eat with those iron knives and forks!"

"'Tis the only kind that I have ever seen used anywhere. There is some difference in the make-up of the material—but we don't propose to eat them; we only eat with them."

"Yes, and I suppose a fork with one prong and a knife without a handle would serve you as well!"

"Not quite. But then for the handle, we could put one on; the fork, however, is better with two than with one prong."

"And who is going to do the cooking?"

"Those who do the eating—mostly! All we want is somebody to keep camp when we are out getting something to eat, and that we can do turn about, if necessary. The fact is, Mrs. F——, the only difficulty will be to find something to do. One day's work a week with my gun, and another day with the rod, will more than supply camp with all the game and fish we can possibly use, and we will have to utilize all the work there is to give us something to do. We don't go into the woods to be idle; we go for rest, and rest is not idleness. It means to call into play functions of the system that have been deprived of their proper exercise, and thus starved, while others have been nourished at their expense. All over-work, so called, is merely one-sided work, and this cannot be relieved by idleness, but by a change of occupation. When your molder, or blacksmith, or currier wants a rest, he lies or sits down and reads, but when your tailor, or shoemaker, or bookkeeper wants to do the same, he rambles around, looking for dance houses and the like; and either set acts from instinct, to relieve a strain that threatens to warp their physical organizations out of balance."

"We simply propose to revert back, for the time being, to the primitive condition of the human race, in which each individual performs all the functions of civil society in his own person—to a condition before these functions were specialized into vocations, which in turn specialized men, more or less, into one-sided

activity. To break up this one-sidedness, which if followed without intermission is likely to produce mental, no less than physical injury, is the purpose with which I seek the forest at this season of the year, when nature is generous and seems to invite contemplation. This purpose is not to be accomplished by putting a hotel, with its retinue of servants and lackies, on wheels to be dragged after you—to pamper idleness and call it an 'outing.' An 'outing' for me is a getting out of these very things—out into the forest primeval, out into primitive self-reliance, into primitive self-help—away to nature's board, the sod, or stump, moss-covered, with napkins on every twig and limb, where I serve the dishes and do my own carving. Here I kill the squirrel, the turkey gobbler, the buck, and no hand touches the meat except the hand of the mouth that eats it. It is this self-help that is mother of self-reliance, and self-reliance is the mother of independence, and independence is but another name for health, both mental and physical.

"The truth is, Mrs. F——, that before I suggested to Mr. F—— that you should accompany him I hesitated for some time. I feared that you might want to meddle with our economy. I thought it likely that you might think of Miss Elizabeth and request her to go with you. Then I foresaw, as a matter of course, that we would have our simple arrangements all broken up—if not quite in the manner of the old story of the garden of Eden—still we could not have 'roughed it' as we need to do, if we want to reap the full benefit of our time."

"Now, that was very considerate in you, Mr. B——, I must say. The idea! Afraid to go into Paradise, because you might be tempted and fall! Afraid to have your primitive pig-sty in the woods turned into a human habitation! It was time to hesitate—but I hope you won't get covered with bristles all over before your return home."

September 30, 1856.

Looked at from the sun, only half the world is awake, the other half is asleep! Why not awaking and going to sleep? Then going to sleep would be necessary, too, as without it there could be no awaking, no waking up!

I have no use for a God that doesn't go with me to the shop. Ninety-five per cent of my waking hours are spent there. What do I care for the other five per cent and the time when I am asleep! It is the burden of the day that I want to see in and through him—the play hours will take care of themselves.

"The world, the flesh and the Devil!" Well, if you class the world and the flesh with the Devil, the question arises, where do you put the kingdom of Heaven? Is it to be built up in some "Fiddlers' Green," outside of the world?

I saw an Italian exhibit a monkey to a crowd of little boys. What capacity these people have to cater to the taste of their audiences! From a monkey to a God they will exhibit anything portable that will

please the crowd and coax the small coin out of its pockets.

Have finished a glorious week's work in the shop and quit this evening well satisfied.

October 1, 1856.

Had a day of varied experience—all the doings of Jochen. To begin with, I found him in his wagon with Miss Elizabeth seated by his side, waiting in front of the house when I went to my room last night. To my look of inquiry, if not of astonishment, he answered: "Yes, Henry, it looks a little like we might have some rain in the morning, and that would be a good thing, but I was afraid it might prevent you from meeting me, as you had agreed. So I went and got Miss Elizabeth; and you must be in a hurry, we can't wait here all night." On attempting to say something, he continued—"Narrrant, man! Jump upstairs and get ready. You can do all the talking you want to on our way home."

I saw no way out but to obey, especially as the eyes of my dear one seemed to plead to the same effect. After I got into the wagon and we had started, he explained: "It is a rule that seldom fails at this season of the year that the third frost is washed off. 'Twill hit twice before it misses once and to-night will be the third white-washer (white frost). Then if it rains a little or only drizzles and fogs in the morning, we are likely to see something—something to shoot I mean. If you can hit them on the go, like you did them long bills (wood-cocks) some time ago, there will be fun in the bottom tomorrow morning, sure enough. You just depend on it, and I want to see it."

We arrived home in good time for supper and after a pleasant hour spent with little Yetta and her mother, Jochen called me away, up to my room, where he was busy fixing up his gun—blunder-buss, or more frequently, the long grata ("lange greita,") as he calls it. He had bought himself some new loading apparatus, a powder flask with measure attached and a shot-bag similarly arranged; and I had to show him how to handle them, so that he would not get tangled. After some practice, he thought he could load as fast again with as without them, and asked: "How would it be, Henry, if we were to make us some wadding, twisted together I mean, ready for use? You see, the ducks fly so thick sometimes you have no time to load your gun, and if we have everything handy it would make a great difference."

I told him that it was not necessary, that I had some wadding with me that needed no twisting, or chewing; and showed him a box of felt ones for the powder, and a box of paste board for the shot.

"See, see! What wouldn't they get up! Every day something new. And the trouble is you can't do without it if you once see it. It knocks the old things clean out of sight. You can't have any patience with them. But come now, sonny, you must to bed. We want to be at the head of the

lake about the time we can see a duck fifty feet off. We will take the wagon. I don't know what about a cup of coffee."

"You don't need to, Mr. Jochen, because you ain't a going to slip off without me knowing it," said Feeka, entering the room with Elizabeth, without having knocked at the door. "I thought you two were fixing up some conspiracy to get rid of us; but I tell you, Mr. Husband of mine, where you go I'll go, as a true wife should. You have talked so much about Henry shooting things on the go, we want to see it, too—don't we, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Yes, I would like to see it; if we would not interfere too much!" was her answer.

"With such shooting, as I suppose we will have in the morning, your presence will be no interference, unless it should make me nervous, so eager to hit as to forget the aim!"

"But suppose there are no ducks to shoot?" put in Jochen.

"Then we will not see any shot!" answered Feeka.

"No, of course not. But the horses! You can't get out of the wagon and sloop around in the wet; and the horses may scare at the sound of the gun!" retorted Jochen.

"You take the big horses. They don't scare at the report of your gun—at least, that is what you always say when I don't want you to shoot out of the wagon. Why should they scare at Henry's gun?" asked Feeka.

"Well, you see, Feeka, they are used to my gun. It is an old acquaintance like. They know it wouldn't hurt them; but they may not have the same trust in a stranger—and such a loud-mouthed one at that," explained Jochen.

"We will risk that. Never you mind."

I then suggested that one of the hired men might drive Jochen and myself over to the ground before daylight, and if we found that the shooting promised well, after it was light enough for the ladies to see the sport, from a convenient distance, he should come for them. This proved satisfactory and we retired for the night, with happy anticipations for to-morrow.

October 2, 1856.

At the appointed time this morning we started, and not without the cup of coffee. The weather was thick and the road bad, but with Jochen in the seat we had no trouble to reach the ground in ample time. After we had taken our traps out of the wagon, Jochen explained:

"It is over that timber, just between them two tall trees there—that is the place they fly through! They come down a slough, that we can't see from here on account of the woods, and make for the lake there!"

"Just so, Jochen; but how far is it to that slough—I mean to this end of it?"

"Not more than a quarter, but with the wagon you have to go round a half a mile."

"Can you reach it with the wagon?"

"Yes. Why, Henry, all the ducks that get there come here. Every one."

"No doubt, Jochen; but that is not it. You see we want to get them. Here the birds come over that timber. Right at the timber they are very high for an ordinary charge; and if I stand close to the lake, where they are likely to be lower, I drop every bird that I shoot into the water, and we will have first to shoot and then fish for them besides. If we were at the point of the slough—the point this way—we would shoot the birds before they rise up above the timber, and every one killed or crippled falls on dry land."

"Narren tant! 'Tis as it is. Not a thing but has its own tricks and if anybody can, Henry is sure to catch them at it."

During this soliloquy he had climbed back into the wagon and said: "Get in, sonny, get in; they will be about before we can get to the place." We were off. We reached there before the flight began, and I selected a bush of lake wood, some fifteen or twenty steps from the point of the slough, in a field of dense sword grass, three feet high, for my cover. Within a step of me the clear water of the slough commenced and stretched toward the east for more than a mile, in one unbroken sheet, with a width of more than one hundred yards in the center. After I had examined my position I cut out some brush so as to give me a free sweep for my gun, before I got through I heard the whiff, whiff, whiff of a flock of wood-ducks, skimming over the sword grass. The light, however, was not as yet sufficient for a shot, as the birds hovered in front of the heavy shade of the willows that fringed the slough.

"Them are squakers, Henry, just let them go. They will come back," said Jochen, who had crawled up behind me into the same cover. He had scarcely uttered the words when I saw a large flock of teal coming down the slough, hardly high enough to top the sword grass to my left, before they made the rise for the timber, in their course to the lake. As they got opposite, not over twenty-five yards away, I gave them a raking fire with both barrels. The effect was an almost entire wiping out of the flock. One or two straggled off, but the flock was flopping, sprawling, crawling in the sword grass, and on the naked shore of the slough, with Jochen and his man, who had tied the team at some distance, floundering about in the mud after them. But I had no time to enjoy the circus, for before I could recharge my gun, flock after flock passed me, almost in reach of my ramrod, as it seemed. As fast as I could load I shot and Jochen hallooed: "It is raining ducks here, Henry! Do you want any help?"

"If you are not busy!"

Just then I saw a large flock of mallards approaching, but my gun was empty.

"Thunder!" said I. "The best chances are always for the empty gun."

"Take mine!" hallooed Jochen. "It stands behind

you. 'Tain't as bright as yours, but it will kill as well in your hands."

And before he had ended both barrels went crashing into the mallards. The effect can only be realized when I state that the birds were skimming the sword grass, almost touching it with the tips of their wings, and therefore practically on a level with the gun at the instant of firing. Jochen no sooner saw the destruction wrought by his gun than he came rushing toward me and said: "Now, sonny, I will hold, while you skin!" and he commenced loading. After this very few chances offered found an empty gun, for his "holding" meant loading and my "skinning" meant shooting. The limit to this was the capacity of the guns—their capacity to resist the fire—to keep cool; for by this time the flight of birds had resolved itself into a continuous stream; flock did no longer follow flock, as they did at first, but the whole was one whizzing mass, without intermission, without vacant spaces intervening. But with the increase of light the birds flew higher, and although still in more than easy reach of the guns, the fire was not so destructive. On the other hand, the dead and wounded birds all fell on the clean shore of the slough, where none was lost. With fair day-light, although this was late on account of the fog, which gradually changed to a drizzling rain, I rested to cool the guns and asked Jochen whether we had not better send for the ladies—Feeka and Elizabeth.

"Yes, sonny, yes. You see, they wouldn't come in this weather; but so much the better. It will give us an excuse for next time, when we may not want them. You keep on and shoot what you want. I will go for them and leave Nick here to take care of the ducks."

And away he went. But before he got out of sight a flock of brant came over—a little higher than the stream of ducks, still in easy range, however, and I dropped a pair of them in full sight of Jochen. I heard him mutter something, but could not make out what it was.

I now charged my gun with heavier shot and kept it in reserve for geese and brant, using "long grata" for ducks. For continuous shooting, I found the gun preferable to my own, as it weighs some two pounds more and this additional metal gives it greater power of resistance. The ordinary charges, which I found quite sufficient for the work in hand, never gave it the slightest jar, and this in hours of continuous shooting amounts to quite an item of comfort. Soon another flock of brant, as I supposed, came in sight, but they proved to be large Canada geese, and after taking my toll, I had scarcely recharged my gun, when a flock of still larger birds caught my eye, floating along above the stream of ducks, like a strata of white clouds above the gray mists beneath. I reached for them and brought down the leader and his mate, the former, however, only winged. As soon as they reached the ground, or in fact before, I recognized them to be swan; and

hastened to prevent the winged bird from gaining the water, for which he made with rather ungainly motions.

"Why don't you shoot him," cried Jochen—and there, in full sight was the wagon, with Feeka and Elizabeth in high glee at my tussle with the wounded bird. But when I conquered him, and brought the prince of the lake, tied so that he could not injure himself, or deface his beautiful plumage, to the wagon, Miss Elizabeth said: "Oh, Mrs. Hanse-Peter, I am so glad I came with you. I would not have missed this for anything in the world. But I thought we came out to see the gentlemen shoot birds; I did not know they caught them on the ground!"

"Look at Sip!" broke in Mrs. Hanse-Peter. "If he hasn't caught a duck! That is the way these men do. They catch poor things in the grass, where they have got tangled and then brag about their shooting! Just look, I can get all the game I want with Sip! See, he is after another!"

I gave Jochen the wink and he remounted the wagon. "You better drive a little farther to the left and stay awhile with the team; I will see whether I can kill a bird or two of those up there that have not got into the grass yet." For Sip, the dog, was coming with another wounded bird from the cover.

"That's all right," said Feeka, "Sip is good enough for me. But just look, Elizabeth, did you ever see anything like it!" she continued, as they came in full sight of the flight of birds.

Jochen having brought the wagon into proper position, I commenced paying attention to my gun; and in less than five minutes both the ladies were on the ground, picking up birds regardless of rain, slush and mud.

"Because," said Jochen, "you see, he can't kill them so that they will all fall in your laps, no matter how hard he tries. Now, sonny, let us give them something to do!" he added, giving the horses to the hired man. He commenced loading again and I shot with a will, "so as to keep the girls warm," as Jochen urged. In the meantime the flight of ducks commenced thinning out, while the geese became more and more numerous, so that I used both guns for the latter.

"They come down with a grunt; the girls can find them better," said Jochen.

Just then Feeka gave a scream and on looking around we saw her wrestle with a big gander. She had picked the bird up by catching him by the neck, and as he proved to be but slightly wounded he commenced to use his wings, on coming to. She held on to him until the bird had turned her around a couple of times, when he broke away and made straight for the water. As this brought him in range of my gun she kept calling: "Shoot him, Henry, shoot him! Don't let the rascal get away!" But the bird was coming almost straight toward me and a shot at him might have been dangerous to Mrs. Hanse-Peter; besides there was no occasion to

hurry. Nevertheless, as the bird was getting farther and farther away from her, she supposed him lost for good and commenced: "Yes, he just let him get away a purpose; isn't that too bad! And it was the biggest one of the lot, too!" The bird having passed me and got over the water of the slough, I dropped him with a splash that fairly made her shriek, and then she called: "Sip, here Sip, here Sip! Catch him, Sip!"

She ran down the slough and commenced throwing clods of dirt into the water toward the dying bird to guide the dog.

"Catch him Sip, catch him!" she cried. "That's a good dog! That's a good dog!" as the cur dragged the game ashore, and then by way of returning her kindness, shook a half a bucket of dirty, smelling slough water from his coat, all over his mistress. But she didn't mind that, did not even notice it, and brought her bird in triumph to the wagon. "And now, Henry, that is enough! What are we going to do with all these birds? Come, let the poor things live!" she said.

"With all these birds!" put in Jochen. "Why, you don't see any of them! Just wait until I bring what we shot before you came, and then you will think that we have some ducks and geese, sure enough!"

"With that he told Nick to drive round to the birds, and when they came back with the wagon over half full of ducks and geese, Miss Elizabeth said:

"Just look at that, Mrs. Hanse Peter! They have slaughtered what they could without ever thinking what use they could make of them! Is it not a pity!"

"But you see, girls, we caught them in the grass, where they had got tangled, as you saw Henry do when you came. They would have died anyhow, and what was the use to leave them there for the vermin to kill? We thought, you see, Miss Elizabeth, there might be some young lady around in the bottom, or on the other side of the river, that might want a feather bed to sleep on with her husband this winter and the jackets of these honkers would do very well for that purpose, if for no other. But, never you fear, I will find some use for them."

Miss Elizabeth seemed not to catch Jochen's remark, but was busy putting the wounded swan, which appeared remarkably docile, under her hands. When we got home she insisted that I must attend to the wounded bird at once; and upon examination, I found that a couple of pellets of shot had struck the extreme tip of the left wing—the last joint. The wound seemed so slight that for persons not familiar with the delicate balance that must necessarily exist between the two wings of a bird, in order that they may perform their functions, it was hard to believe that it could be so injurious in its effects as it proved. I cut away the tip at the first joint and protected the wound securely—which it is more difficult to do than a person would suppose, as the bird is apt to interfere with the bandage. The amputation caused but a slight disfiguration, and that was observable only from one side.

Little Yetta claimed the big white gander as her own, and barely conceded one of two male wood ducks, also winged, to Henry, as his share of the morning's spoil. After breakfast I attended to them, too, and the three patients were turned loose in the duck pen, which Feeka uses to confine the young broods of ducklings in the spring, until they are large enough to enjoy the freedom of the barnyard. As the pen encloses a pool of fresh water, fed from the creek, there is no danger that they will suffer for the want of the necessities of life.

While busy with my patients, I heard Jochen's wagon rumble over the bridge and on coming to the house learned that he had left with the game for town. He had selected, however, all that Miss Elizabeth thought she could make use of as presents either for her own people or for her friends; and as I felt very much fatigued, I took the advice of the ladies and retired to my room.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before Feeka called at my door.

"Come, Henry, I see Jochen coming and dinner is ready. Come, get up; I think you have slept enough by this time!"

After dressing, I found Jochen in high glee, plaguing the ladies about what we would do with the game.

"Yes, and if I had another load of ducks I would not have to throw one of them away! Not a feather!" he said. He then counted down twenty-one dollars and a quarter, in silver, on the table and said: "There, sonny, that is what you earned with your puffer this morning. Not a bad day's work, is it? Here, take your money!"

Of course, I objected.

"But you see, sonny I dasn't touch it. You must remember it is Sunday, and I would never hear the last of it. Feeka would never allow me to make money on a Sunday! That would never do; never!"

"Well, let me have it, and I will see!" said I. Then I took five dollars and put it by the side of the plate of Miss Elizabeth, five by the side of the plate of Mrs. Hanse-Peter, five by the side of Jochen's plate, one dollar and a quarter I gave to Nick; and five dollars I put in my own pocket.

"There," said I, "that is a fair division of both the spoils and the sin, if any has been committed."

"That is what it is! That is what it is! Jochen just wanted to hear himself talk," said Mrs. Hanse-Peter. "But he would have kept every cent of that money himself; yes, and would have been ever so glad to do it! He might have given you some, but I know we would have never seen a cent of it."

"You hear that, Henry," said Jochen, "don't you? That is what all the preaching amounts to. But I tell you, sonny, the next time we want to shoot ducks on a Sunday we will remember this! Yes, and we will not pay five or ten dollars either, to get them picked up!"

"Of course you wouldn't," retorted Feeka, "if you

had the ordering of it! But where did you sell them that you got back so soon?"

"I didn't sell them," said Jochen. "I gave them away. I gave them to Anton Fritz (Duck Fritz) in East St. Louis. He will sell every tail of them to the Sunday hunters before night, at three times what he paid me for them. But I didn't feel like peddling ducks on a Sunday, and the weather is too warm yet for them to keep."

In the meantime we had sat down to the table and were doing justice to a splendid meal, of which ducks and geese were the main features. Before we arose we heard a wagon at the gate. It was Conrad Witte. After shaking hands, he remarked:

"Jochen told me that you would be over, Henry, and I thought I would come down to see you."

"I am very glad you did, Conrad. Jochen told me that you had been down to the prairie and I would like to hear from them very much."

"Yes, I have been down to the prairie and everything looks well. The old settlers, as they call Mr. Luebke and his neighbors, are busy making rails and putting up fences. They will get through in a week or ten days. It takes a good many rails, some thirty or thirty-five thousand, to put up the outside fences alone; but then, they are making them at the rate of a thousand a day, and that is no great task for eight axes in such timber. Mr. Pastor has continued the road through their land, and it was fenced on both sides, clean through to their eastern line, when I left. It looks well and gives one a notion what it will be when fenced all the way through your property. What a pity it is that we could not continue it straight on to the river! I went over the ground again, because I thought we had made a mistake in going by Mr. Pheyety's. You see, that bend adds three miles to the distance—a full hour's drive, going and coming, for every trip. That is a toll of thirty cents for every load hauled from the settlement over the road. As for cutting down the bluff to a passable grade, that would amount to nothing when compared to such a tax. The 'Olle Kulle' would have done that himself if he couldn't have got the neighbors to help. He is putting a bridge over the slough in the bottom now. He knows what it is to waste time, teams and wagons on bad roads. People don't think of it. But he feels it in his pocket.

"We looked it all over again together, because he wanted to go straight from his settlement. But there is no water—no landing. We might cut off a mile, or a mile and a half, by going that much farther up the river, but the stream would be more likely to change up there. It's a great pity; but I suppose it can't be helped."

"No, Conrad, there is no help for it—no help within our power. I appreciate what you say about roads. I believe myself that there is more loss incurred annually from badly located and poorly maintained roads than the entire public expense of the country, both local and general, amounts to.

And you say Mr. Kulle is building a bridge across the slough in the bottom?"

"Yes. Judge Long got him to cut out the road; and he uses the heavy timber for this purpose. He cut down everything in the road-way smooth with the ground; and deadened a strip as wide again on the south side of the road. He did this of his own accord, without pay, because he wants the sunlight on the road to keep it passable."

"What kind of a bridge is he building? Does it amount to anything?" I asked.

"I went up there," said he, "because he wanted me to look at it; and we put down a log pen in the middle of the slough. This he filled with rocks to keep it from floating off when the water rises. We put down two more pens, one on each side, near shore; and from these we laid across to the middle pen three sills—three from each side—eighteen inches square at the small end. These he has fastened down with two-inch, well-seasoned white oak pins, put in slantingly. The floor is of heavy puncheon, put down loose so that they may float off without lifting up the sills. You see, it is not much of a bridge, but it costs nothing but the building, and will answer the purpose as well as one more costly."

"See, see, Conrad, that is the difference when people have a head. I told Henry the Olle Kulle would chew his cud when he heard of that road!" put in Jochen.

"Yes, but Jochen, he is doing much better than chewing his cud, he is building the road, and that is better!"

"Of course, that is what I meant. It would stir him up. It will make five hundred dollars difference to him a year, and he can see a dollar as far as any of us. But what is that to Henry! He can see them before they sprout, before they are up out of the ground!" retorted Jochen.

"Every honest man who works for what he gets is apt to see what is close to him; but we can not all of us take in the whole world at one glance. There are men gifted that way. They see how everything hangs together—to-day with to-morrow, and to-morrow with the week, or month to come. I have always loved Henry for that. He never asked me the name of a twig but he wanted to know the bush or tree it belonged to; and then, for what it was good, what could be made out of it, and where it grew best, on what kind of land, and where that land could be found. All is one for him. It all hangs together. That is what I told the people down there the other day, when they found that the road as laid down on the paper that he sent to the court did not go entirely to the river; that it stopped a quarter short of the river bank. They asked me whether I thought he had made a mistake. I told them that was not likely, and they better not cut it out until I could see you."

"I am very much obliged to you for that, Conrad. I would not have that timber along the bank disturbed for a good deal. It protects the bank from

caving in and it is the only thing that does. The ground, of course, is intersected, filled with the roots of the timber in every direction. The killing of the timber kills the roots, and these in a short time rot. During times of flood the entire ground in the bottom is saturated, filled to its full capacity with water. This as the river falls finds its way through the holes in the form of springs, each undermining and thus causing the caving in of the ground. To cut the timber would be the destruction of the landing."

"Yes," put in Jochen, "and farms situated like the landing are not worth clearing, because they wash away before they pay for the work. But I never knew how the thing worked. I see it now. Yes, I have seen it work, too. I have seen the water squirt out of the caving banks, but I never thought it out how that did the caving, the undermining."

"I was sure, Henry, you had some reason, and I told them so, but I did not know what it was."

"I am very glad they have not touched the timber. The truth is, I had no idea that they were in such a hurry with that road. I only thought of our people; it never occurred to me that the folks of the German settlement would be so eager to have it put in shape, although Jochen mentioned it, too. If I had thought that he was in earnest, I would have paid attention to it. I will have the underbrush cleared away at the landing, and the timber trimmed up so as to prevent accidents from falling limbs. But the trees and everything that promises to make a tree must be preserved. They will die soon enough with all the care we can give them, but we will put off the evil as long as we can. Then, there are other matters that want looking after."

"Yes," said Witte, "the Olle Kulle asked me to find out whether you would not rent him an acre of ground at the landing. He wants to put up a warehouse to store things in until it is worth while for steamboats to land for them."

"Of course!" put in Jochen. "That is like him! He wants the corner where the road strikes the river, I bet! Only an acre—and he'll pay you ten dollars a year! For only one acre!"

"No, Jochen, he offered to pay twenty-five dollars a year," said Witte.

"Certainly, twenty-five dollars—all of twenty-five dollars—the whole of it in one pile! Yes, certainly! That sounds like him! A half a town-site for twenty-five dollars a year! Two hundred feet front on the road! A warehouse, a wagon yard, a store and room to spare for twenty-five dollars a year! But Henry didn't get that land for nothing. He had to pay for it; and if the Olle Kulle wants to build a town on it, he will have to pay for it, too. That is certain! The landing and road are for the benefit of Henry's land first. He got the thing up; and it isn't everybody that can run that landing. We want a man there who understands our people, who talks their language and can talk to the steamboat people,

too. And then, he must be a man who will live and let live—not a thief."

"But, Jochen, there is nothing in Mr. Kulle's proposition that interferes with anything you say; and as to the amount of the rent, that is a mere question of agreement. I am not compelled to accept the first offer made by him, or by anybody else."

"That's all very well, sonny; but you must not let them fellows from the settlement get a foothold on your own ground. That is my opinion and Conrad's; ain't I right?"

"When I come to think of it I believe you are, Jochen," said Witte. "It will be better if you keep that matter in your own hands, Henry. There is really too much dependent on it for you. You want the people on your land to prosper, and it will make a great difference whether the landing and the business there is conducted with an eye to this, or whether it is carried on as a separate thing by persons who try to make what they can out of your tenants. If Mr. Kulle and the people from his settlement want to use the road, that is their business; but when they come to the landing, they must do as you want them to, or stay away. There is no doubt they will find it better for themselves, too; although they may growl some at first. You know how they are."

"You are both right in my judgment, and there never has been any question in my mind as to what to do about the landing and its control. I bought the land in order to have that control, but the matter had passed from my mind, as I supposed there was no immediate use for it. As things have shaped themselves, however, I will attend to it at once—only I want to consult Mr. F——, who understands the other, the commercial side involved, better than any one of us. But tell me, Conrad, how is the settlement in the prairie coming on—the new tenants, I mean?"

"There everything is all right. I was with Mr. Pastor for ten days; he wanted me to help him. We staked off the land, the road and the lanes. You see, we left a lane between each of the sections so that the stock can get out. The people are on the land and at work—I mean, there is a family on every quarter section. The cabins all stand on the road, two and two opposite, one on the north and one on the south side. They have wells dug, one for every two houses, with very good water; and the people are busy making rails. It looks well from the bluff when you look down the road, for Mr. Luebke and his neighbors have built two cabins for their tenants on the southern quarters, on the road, too, and it will look still better when all the fences are up."

"But, did you look over the half section, on the bluff—the western half section, I mean? I wanted you to go over it with Jochen and myself. I have not determined in my own mind what to do with it. It seems to me that the western half of it ought to be good fruit land."

"Yes, Henry, I have looked at it. It is something like my own land. The eastern two eighties are as good prairie as you have. The western two thin out—where the timber is, I mean. There the soil thins out on the top, but gets better as you go down. I saw where the wind had blown down a tree, a large oak, near a ravine, and noticed that the ground brought up by the lowest roots, those that went deepest into the ground, is very fine. And that is the reason, Henry, that the timber there is so tall and thrifty. Its roots go down to this fine earth. If you plant orchards there, you must dig the holes four feet deep, or more, then let the earth that comes out of the holes lay during a season in the sun and weather and your trees will grow well. I don't know of a place where they would grow better. If you could turn the whole of it up side down, some three or four feet deep, I think I would prefer it to any other land. What do you think of it, Jochen?"

"What you say, Conrad, is right. I remember when I worked for Mr. Pheyety, we dug a cellar and some of the dirt out of the hole rolled against some young trees, apple and peach trees. Two or three years afterward I went to see the people and noticed that the trees that had been covered a foot, or eighteen inches deep, with the dirt—and which Mr. Pheyety thought at the time might hurt them—had grown twice as well as the rest. But I never thought about the lower dirt being richer, as you say. You see how it is, Henry; a man that works a piece of land, he finds out all about it, as I told you before. Conrad Witte knows more about the bluff, Kulle about the prairie, than I do, or twenty like me; but when it comes to the American Bottom I can talk, too!"

I then explained to Conrad that Jochen and myself had planned a trip to the bluff, and had expected him to go with us, but as he had been kind enough to give so much time already to my affairs, and had also given me the information which I needed, I felt that it would be imposing on good nature to ask anything further."

"That is not right, Henry. You know you can not impose upon me and you must not feel that way. I like to be with you and I always did."

I now asked Jochen about our return to the city, but found that Miss Elizabeth had wandered off with the children, and we were detained for some time over our coffee before they made their appearance. We soon got ready, however, and after saying "good-bye" to Conrad and Feeka, enjoyed the drive behind the colts with more than usual zest.

Worried over my Sunday's trip all the evening.

October 3, 1856.

Still pegging away, as the shoemaker would say, on my duck hunt—but am nearly through. There is nothing in it, and yet I don't feel like losing it. What a pity we have no implement to record such occurrences automatically, without our attention, but

up to date the only thing of the kind we have is the human mind itself, and it can not do it without attention. The trouble is the rubbish, the detail, and without that we have empty abstractions. The thing I want is a photograph, and what I get is a shadow. But, as it is a shadow of a shadow, I suppose it is good enough for the object presented.

A new experience made itself felt in regard to this shooting. I never have killed game to sell; and when Jochen came back and offered me the money he had received for the ducks and geese, it somehow did not feel right. It seemed as if there was blood on it. I have no feeling of this kind when I kill game for my own use. Neither do I attribute any value to the senseless twaddle indulged in by persons calling themselves sportsmen, the froth and scum of civil society, who want to pervert the arena of man's life into a playground for idlers. Still I am not cut out for a market hunter.

It is questionable also whether such indiscriminate slaughter ought to be permitted on account of the skill in gunnery, which is calculated to be developed in the community at large by the prevalence of game. This skill is no small item, when considered from a political point of view. It cost Europe much in time and money to train its armies to an effective use of the gun.

October 4, 1856.

Finished at last. Was struck with the remark of Mr. Witte about the immense tax that is paid by the people at large on account of bad roads. The tax is paid in kind, as one might say, and indirectly at that. This is the reason, no doubt, that it is submitted to with so little objection. With this example before us, it seems to me that we ought to avoid all indirect taxation in party government—I mean, not in the governing of a party, but in the governing of a people, through party organization or appliances, for the nature of such institutions requires vigilance on the part of the citizen, and nothing is better calculated to arouse his attention as the presentation of a bill of so and so many dollars for services rendered—while indirect taxation takes his money when "He isn't a looking."

I was also interested in his saying "That some people look at everything as a whole—for them everything hangs together." To me this means that they deal with things, beings and events instead of abstractions, for each thing, being or event is a unit, containing within it quantity, quality and characteristics either peculiar to it or peculiar in their aggregation. These hang together in it and outside of it they fall assunder—are quantities, qualities, characteristics—abstractions.

But there is another sense in which the remark, "Everything hangs together," can be taken. These things, beings and events themselves hang together—form a unit of units. In this sense the individual thing, being or event has a cause of which it is the effect. Its presence here presupposes that cause. On

the other hand, although it is an effect of some precedent cause, it is also cause of other things, beings and events. It is by virtue of this peculiarity that it is not isolated, does not stand alone in the world. If there were a thing, being, or event in nature in the aggregate of objects that present themselves to our intelligence that did not possess both of these peculiarities, it would be a finality—if it were merely effect without being also cause, or if it were neither it would be absolute independent totality. So it would be if it were both together.

But it is this peculiarity that enables us to inquire, if we stand in the presence of the thing, being, or event: What does this presence here presuppose? Or what does this presence here imply? What produced this state of affairs and what will they produce? How does this come to be as it is and what will come of it? Or, in the language of logic, each thing, being, or event is a conclusion from preceding premises, and premises for a succeeding conclusion.

It was of interest to me to hear an innocent farmer from Illinois speak with apparent, or implied appreciation of one of the fundamental principles of human knowing, which is far from being valued by the learned world, as far as I can see.

October 5, 1856.

A letter from friend H——, the coming editor. He wants to spend his vacation with me in the woods—a good place to come face to face once more with fact. Have written to him that the woods, 'round about here, are of considerable size, and that there will be, in all likelihood, room enough for both of us.

Had a consultation with Mr. F—— and his brother in regard to the management of the landing. We concluded to defer definite arrangements until after our trip, which we have laid out in such a way as to include a visit to the property. This was done at the instance of Mr. F——, and will interfere to a certain extent with my own plan of recreation. But I don't propose to be cheated. I need and will have my annual loaf in the woods. Our outfit is ready and the start will be determined by the prospects of the weather. Jochen was in to-day and says we are "Burning daylight." He brought me a saddle of venison for Mr. F——, which is certainly very fine.

Closed a contract with Mr. Olff on account of Mr. F—— in regard to the patterns for the coal cooking stove.

"They will cost thirty-five per cent less than any set of patterns in the shop of the same size, and be worth ten times as much," said Mr. W——, in his peculiar way, when anything suits him. "We could sell stoves to-day at cost, that is, what they used to cost us when we were working with the old patterns, and make more money than we did then. A man has some satisfaction to go through the shop after the day's work is shaken out of the sand. I haven't

seen a strained flask nor a piece of scrap on Jake's floor since he commenced with your patterns. That is what I call work as is work! And then, look at the time! Your one man does more work than any three we ever had in the foundry, and that without a word being said. Two-thirds of the patterns for the new parlor stove are in the sand to-day, and by the time the old gentleman and yourself get back I'll have the stove mounted. But say nothing about that to Mr. F——. I want to surprise him. He is always on nettles, from the time a thing is begun until it is finished. He will tinker and bother, watch and count every stroke of the file when the stove is being mounted. Bless you, there won't be any filing on that stove! The plate fits, isn't strained out of shape—because the boys have patterns, and they know it. Yes, and they know that I know it, too. 'Strained plate, gentlemen, goes into the scrap-pile!' That is business, Henry!"

And so he ran on—nor could I blame the man. It is his life, his task in life. Should he not rejoice at the successful performance? Is not the task as worthy as any that life presents? True work, and to see that true work is done—are not these the two functions that include the whole possibilities open to man?

October 6, 1856.

Elizabeth and I took tea at Mrs. F——'s, where we talked over the details of our trip. The good lady is making preparations as if Mr. F—— was going on a thousand mile journey. She doesn't know that he will never be over an eight hours' drive from his own house. To her the woods are all out of doors—an illimitable, unknown world, and a man is utterly lost that dares to enter its confines. The truth is, nothing would be easier than for him to be in daily communication with her. But neither of them know, nor are they likely to find it out from me, as Mr. F—— will know it soon enough after camp is located. I want him isolated from his business, for a few days at least, or as long as possible. I have persuaded her to act upon the old saying "No news is good news," as long as we are gone; that is to say, she is to be perfectly certain that her husband is well and comfortably situated until she hears from me and I have promised that if anything should occur to the contrary, she shall know it at once.

In the meantime, I have made arrangements for Jochen to take one of his hired men, with an extra horse, who will leave camp the morning after we are established and call at Mrs. F——'s that evening. If nothing unusual has occurred in the family, he will return to camp the next day, but if anything has happened, in the way of sickness, or the like, he will take a fresh horse and return at once. This service will be kept up while camp lasts, so that I will hear from the city every other day, and as much oftener as may be necessary. How often Mr. F—— may hear will depend on circumstances.

"And how often will I hear from you, Henry?"

asked Elizabeth, when I explained these arrangements to her, in justification of myself for assuming the responsibility of taking Mr. F—— away from the care of his wife, which she thought I ought, perhaps, to have avoided.

"You will hear from me as soon as I return, dearest. Of course, I have to practice what I preach. You see, Mr. and Mrs. F—— have agreed to take no news as good news—as long as they don't hear from each other, they both know that they are well—and I have as much confidence in you and your love for me as Mr. F—— has in his wife and her affection for him."

"That sounds very well, Henry, but it seems to me that it will be a little lonesome. I think you might write to me, especially when you will have such good opportunity to send your letters!"

"Yes, I might and perhaps I will when I find out how it feels to be away from you. At present, however, it seems as if it implied a want of confidence to be always reiterating the same story. It is pleasant to hear that I am loved, and the ear seems insatiable, but does not this gluttonous appetite spring from fear lest the feast turn to a fast? What can I write except 'I love you!' What can you answer but 'I am glad of it; I love you, too!' Whatever the phrase might be, this is the meaning, and this meaning has grown into my heart, has become one with it—is me, my innermost self, which scorns distance and time alike. You are with me wherever I go, and I remain in your heart though oceans rolled between us. That we are not suffering for want of each other's personal help is the only fact that I must be certain of when at a distance from you, and this I have provided for to the full extent that it can be done. If such a misfortune should happen, you communicate with Mrs. F——; and she will know how to reach me in the shortest possible time; and I promise you that if I need your presence I will send for you at once. In this way we will not have to count the minutes until the mail arrives and assures us that all is well. We know that all is well until we are informed to the contrary."

October 7, 1856.

Mr. W. H. arrived this evening and Mr. F—— expressed himself as gratified to have him as one of our company.

"I will only be a guest," he remarked, "and whatever suits my Dutch host will suit me, for the time being. He has palmed himself off for a Dutchman, I suppose, but that is a fraud. He is neither Dutch, Irish, English nor of any other nationality. He left home too early to have a nationality bred into him; and is a citizen of cloud land, as near as I can make it out—without creed or party," said Mr. H——.

"If he is, he is remarkably well acquainted with the affairs of every day life. He must be an immigrant, or a visitor up there, and considerable of a traveler here below," answered Mr. F——.

"A mere somnambulist, a sleep walker—asleep

with his eyes wide open, and wandering about when sound asleep! The only way we had of waking him up at school was to tempt him with a slice of a conic section, or the like—something that nobody cares for, or knows anything about," retorted Mr. H——.

"Yes," said Mr. F——, "I have noticed. He doesn't seem very fond of threshing straw."

"Not unless I enjoyed the prerogative of selling the chaff, at the rate of a nickel a platter, like our friend, Mr. H——," said I. "The fact is, gentlemen, there is no occasion to indulge in speculation as to who is, or who is not adequate to meet the world flat-footed—to step out and say—'I have a right to exist, and propose to have the means necessary for that existence. Stand aside, you, there, and let me live, too!' We are about to go into the forest, into the primitive condition of our predecessors, and there this question will decide itself."

"Nothing of the kind!" replied Mr. H——. "That settles nothing! That is a mode of life in which any wood-hawk can beat you, or the best of us! A practical man is one who draws the greatest profit from his talents, skill or property—from whatever he has to dispose of, and enjoys life as it comes."

"I see," said I, "and that is the reason, no doubt, that all animals seem so happy. They never fail to turn their exertions to the best account, and their paunches once filled, life's problem is solved for them."

October 8, 1856.

Wrote to Mr. Fromme, requesting a postponement of the dedication of the school house—if it was desired for me to speak to the people on that occasion.

Took dinner with my dear one and said "good-bye" at parting—which was delayed beyond what I intended.

Over-hauled my medicine chest, amunition box and tailoring outfit. Before I got quite through Mr. H—— called and we had a pleasant evening, rehashing old scenes of college days. This led to an inquiry on his part as to my present mental occupation. I gave him a brief outline of my financial mishap, its consequences and its present status.

"And you are doing nothing in the way of study? What has become of your Aristotle, your Plato, your Hegel, and the world of poets that used to claim you alternately with them? All gone to the rubbish pile—where they belong—I suppose. Of course, Henry, that is the natural course. I was satisfied all along that a man with your good sense would see what such things amount to, as soon as he came in contact with the practical world. They do well enough to fill up the idle hours of youth, but when we become men we want something that will enable us to meet the day and fight its battles. I heard them compared once with a tad-pole's tail, that drops off when the tad becomes a frog. A very good comparison, I think! When we become men we leave such things behind us."

"Yes, I saw that comparison, too, and I think it an

excellent one; but not quite in the sense in which the author used, or you repeat it. The tad-pole's tail doesn't drop off at all," said I.

"No, what becomes of it then? You never saw a grown frog with a tail?" he replied.

"Oh, yes, I have! The horned frog of the southwest has a tail. But that is not the question. You ask what becomes of the tad-pole's tail? I answer, it remains and forms the back bone of the frog. As soon as the hind legs appear, the pelvis, to which they are attached, is pushed, in the process of growth, down the tail, which remains what it was from the first, the spinal column of the animal. With this fact understood as it exists in nature, I think the comparison a most excellent one. The thinkers and seers to whom you referred as fit for the rubbish heap are and constitute the back bone of the intellectual life of our race. The insight of the author of the comparison into that life was no doubt as clear as his knowledge of the phenomenon he used to illustrate it; as accurate but neither I apprehend deserve, or will bear close examination.

"As for me, Mr. H——, they, the thinkers and seers of our race, form my companions and will do so through life. If you look behind that curtain there you will find that their works never left me, even at a time when I had but one-quarter of a dollar to spare for a case to preserve them in."

"I see," he said, lifting the curtain. "All the old trumpery still intact. But what is this?" opening my note book.

"That," said I, "contains the debris of my life. I put it down in order not to forget my chirography."

After reading a page or so he called out: "Henry, you must let me have this. I want to read it."

"That is hardly practicable, Will," said I. "I need the book every day. Besides, if I were to do so, you might use it against me as an instance of my want of practical sense. It would not be acting on your principles. It would not be the way to draw the greatest profit from my talents."

"Well, how do you propose to utilize it?" he asked, still reading. "Do you suppose anybody will undertake to print your book without having read it first—buy a pig in a poke?"

"Hardly. But, who wants it printed? I can read my own writing. I put down these notes for my own use. It frequently happens that a thought presents itself to my mind in the manner of a small glimmer of light—through a crevice, or a knot-hole. If I note it down, I can examine it afterward. By applying the eye to the crevice I can see the full radiance beyond; but if I let it pass, or hurry on without further heed, I lose the prospect it is likely to reveal."

"Yes, just like you! I venture to say—let me see." He turned a dozen or two pages over at a time, and read: "I was going to say that there is stuff enough in these papers to make a book that would sell like hot cakes, if you had the practical sense to select out what the public wants and throw your con-

founded metaphysics to the dogs. It is the most amazing thing."

"What? That I am not like you? You seem to mistake the whole matter. That is not a book. They are thoughts and happenings as they occur to me; not such thoughts and occurrences as somebody else wants to read. That is matter that doesn't concern me. I am not an editor of a newspaper. When I am down in the shop I work to supply a public want, like you do in your shop or office; but when I write these pages I do not make, I do not manufacture; I record and consult no want but the want of fact, the want of truth."

"Well, don't you work in the shop to make money?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you could make money by taking this material and working it up into a salable book, would you be doing anything else than what you are doing now—making money?"

"No; not as to the making of money. But you know there are people who have some choice about the manner of making money. When I was molding griddles and skillets in the shop, for example, I felt perfectly sure that the money I made was honestly earned. I gave a thing of actual value to the community in return for the value I got. But I neither was, nor am quite sure yet, that by making a salable book I would be doing the same thing. You see, Will, there are a variety of ways of making money, without getting into the penitentiary, that are distasteful to me, and I would not pursue them if I had the skill to do so with success."

"You think, I suppose, that it is more honorable to drudge as a mechanic than to labor for the entertainment of the public?"

"Well, yes, to a considerable degree. Not that I believe it is so regarded by the public entertained; but in my view of things it is so, decidedly!"

"Of course, and I suppose the pay is better, too!"

"Well, that depends upon how we look at pay. In dollars and cents the clown at the circus receives more than any of the tent stretchers, but whether his occupation is more profitable than theirs is not determined by the number of dollars and cents received. When an occupation tends to the moral, intellectual and physical health of the operative, small pay goes a great way to make his life human, and when it tends to the moral, intellectual and physical degradation, large wages, even the highest, are no compensation."

"Certainly! Always judge of things by rules that nobody else regards, thinks of, or attaches the slightest value to! But, I tell you what we will do, Hal! You're going to take this with you to camp?"

"Yes; I have to, or rely on my memory more than I have a right to do."

"You bring it along and I will glance over it on rainy days. I see some new things in it, and perhaps we can turn some of it, at least, to account."

Immigration is an economic necessity. Hence the

significance of the improved transportation facilities to the future of the race. They will enable man to take possession of his homestead, the earth. They will enable the individual to do this, and make him a conqueror co-equal with Alexander of Macedon.

October 9, 1856.

Located camp on the outflow of the big spring, about four miles below, or west of the road from the city to Mr. Pheyety's—where it discharges into a lake. Jochen had been here yesterday and selected the place. Have no time to-night to note down anything.

October 10, 1856.

Camp was fully arranged last night, in time to give us leisure to look over the ground. There was really nothing left to be done except to pitch our tents and arrange our sleeping accommodations.

Jochen, as soon as we had determined to break for the woods on Monday morning, took his man, Nick, and a wagon last Saturday evening and drove down to the spring—without saying a word to anybody. Sunday morning he followed down the spring branch until he found where it empties into the lake, or rather where its bed has been widened and deepened by some side flow of the river during a flood, and where its water loses all perceptible current. Here he found a piece of high ground, between a dense briar thicket on the north and the bank of the creek, on the south. Parallel with the latter lay an old sycamore log, about six feet in diameter and more than forty feet long. Across this, and at right angles with it, he had felled two large trees, one a walnut and the other a burr oak; cut them off twenty feet from the butt, rolled them in position, so that they formed the two sides, east and west, of a square, which was closed by the sycamore on the south. On the north side of this we pitched our two tents, fronting them south, and against the sycamore as a back log we built our fire.

"You see, I thought I saw some sign of rooters (hogs) about and it might be convenient to have a little something to prevent them from nosing around in camp. How do you like the place?" was Jochen's explanation, inquiring about his choice of ground.

"It is excellent," said I.

"Yes, it looks well, if there is anything to shoot about here," said Mr. H——.

"Well, I don't know about that. You may have to go some distance for that. But then you and Henry, there, are young; you wouldn't mind a tramp of ten or fifteen miles before breakfast; and as for Mr. F—— and myself, we may have some fun catching minnows in the pond there, back of the fire," said Jochen, with a very straight face.

"You think there are any fish in that water?" asked Mr. F——.

"Little ones; some young ones, I think. You see the lake is long and deep and the minnows like to come up here to the spring water, where there is

some current for them to play in. Nothing but little ones, though! That is all!"

"I'm sorry for that. I used to be fond of catching fish," said Mr. F——.

While they were talking I had looked over the water, and when I saw the eddy by the side of the current of the spring branch, where it loses itself in the deep water, I asked Jochen, "What size are the minnows you expect to catch?"

"Well, I don't know, Henry. They might weigh a couple of pounds or so. Of course, you may catch some bigger ones; you have a windlass to wind them ashore with."

"If that is the kind of minnows," said Mr. F——, "we can catch"—he was interrupted by Mr. H——, who rushed off toward the wagon and called out: "Pat, give me my gun, quick! Confound it! We stand around talking! Quick, Pat! The ammunition box! The best shot that ever I saw!" A flock of mallards had caught his eye. They had been sunning themselves on the northern shore of the lake and came up nearer to investigate the unusual intrusion.

While he was busy with Pat, rummaging in the wagon for his shooting apparatus, I rigged up a pole for Mr. F—— to catch some "minnows." When I asked Jochen where he had his minnow bucket, he said: "Just give me that large tin cup and I will see whether there are any left. I brought a few yesterday—but how did you know?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't rain fish scales around here. I saw where you cleaned your catch yesterday."

"Of course, of course! You don't leave your eyes at home; no, not likely to when you go a hunting!"

I then stepped down with Mr. F—— to an old tree that had fallen into the lake, about a hundred yards below camp, the top of which, partly decayed, reached into the eddy. I walked out on the log and tried among the limbs for crappie. Found they were at home and without making a catch I asked Mr. F—— to come out.

"There are fish here and good ones," said I.

"But how can I get out on that log?"

"Coon it," said I.

"Coon thunder, Henry!"

So I stepped back and led him up to the big fork, where I had fixed a place for him to sit.

"Now," said I, "Mr. F——, if you catch any fish put them into this basket; and when you get tired, call and I will come for you. I must attend to the tents and things."

I turned to go, when he called out:

"Look at that! Bless me, just see that crappie!"

I looked around and he was taking off a pound and a half crappie from his hook.

"That looks well for minnows," said I, and kept on. Before I got out of sight, however, he hallooed:

"Here is his mate, Mr. B——!"

"All right," said I, "just go ahead; we will have some for supper!"

In the meantime, Mr. H—— had gone down to

the lake and the reports of his gun indicated that it might require something less than a ten or a fifteen mile walk before breakfast to find something to shoot.

"Who is that fellow, anyhow; he seems mighty green?" asked Jochen. I explained to him who Mr. H—— was.

"Can he kill things on the go?"

"Not every time, I expect. That requires more practice than he has had opportunities to acquire. But he is a good fellow—much better than he knows."

We soon got our tents up. Our own we pitched on the east and Mr. F——'s on the west side. We dug them 'round, fixed the bedding, placed Mr. F——'s camp chest in position and had three-quarters of an hour of sunlight to spare. This I devoted to getting supper ready—and all this time I heard nothing from Mr. F——.

When everything was ready for the fish I stepped down to the log to see what he was doing.

"How is it, Mr. F——; haven't you caught enough for supper yet?"

"Come and see! I think—yes, with this one," he said, pulling out another fish.

"All of a size?" said I. "I suppose they quit biting after I left? They will do that sometimes."

"But not this time," said he, hauling up the basket. "There is enough there to last us a week, if you can keep them."

"That is a small matter; we will attend to that," said I, taking the basket.

"No, don't take it away. You bring me some minnows. I want to fish as long as I can see and as long as they will bite."

"All right, Mr. F——. I will take what I want for supper and send you down some minnows. But remember, after the horn blows, supper waits for nobody!"

I returned to the fire and after cleaning the fish, blew the horn. I heard him grumble, but could not make out what he said. I then remembered that he could not walk the log, and calling Pat to attend to the frying pan, went down to help him ashore. But when I got in sight, he was walking the log as steady and straight as an old frontiersman—his pole in one hand and the heavy basket of fish in the other.

"That is a very good send-off," said I, "Mr. F——. If that is the way you take to the woods, there is no danger but that we will have a good time, and a profitable one at that."

"I think so, Henry. But, bless me, have you anything to eat? I am as hungry as a wolf," he said, wiping the sweat from his face.

"Let me have that basket."

"No; but you may catch hold on the other side; it is a little heavy for me. Tell me, can you keep these fish alive until to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, for a week or a month! Why?"

"I'm going to send them home to my wife, by Pat. We can get along without him to-morrow; and it will be such a treat to her. Besides, it will make her feel easy to know how nicely we are fixed"—glancing at his tent, with the bed made up, and the cover turned down.

"That's all right, Mr. F——, but not exactly in line with our agreement. However, if you insist on it, I suppose it can't be helped; but there is one thing that you have promised that you must stick to."

"What is that?"

"Pat must not go near the foundry."

"No, he shall not. It must run itself the best way it can. You're right about that, Henry, and I will do as I promised you."

I gave the finishing touches to our supper while he washed, and then we sat down to eat.

"But what has become of Mr. H—— and Jochen?" he asked.

"I think Mr. H-P—— has gone after Mr. H——. He knows the bottom is not the safest place in the world for a city bred man to ramble in. Persons not accustomed to the woods are liable to get lost in such ground. Generally, when they go out hunting, as soon as they get outside of the smoke of the camp fire they hunt themselves."

"That is manners, I suppose! Never wait a minute for absentees; and they as hungry as starved sharks!" broke in Mr. H——, coming from between the tents.

"Camp manners, Mr. H——; camp manners! Victuals can't wait for anybody in the woods! The appetites about will not let them. What luck?" remarked Mr. F——.

"Killed a few birds; a few. Mr. Hanse-Peter is bringing them in. I had enough to do to bring myself. Tired as I can be and hungry! I never knew what hunger was until now!"

"Why, yes, you did kill a few and didn't walk ten or fifteen miles either," said Mr. F——, as he saw Jochen throw a load of mallards, sprig-tails and teal on the log—"Heavy enough for a mule," as he remarked.

They needed no invitation, but as soon as washed, assisted us manfully to clean up the board, which consisted of one of our fence logs nicely hewn flat on the upper side. As soon as supper was dispatched and Jochen had built the evening fire—"had fired a log heap," as Mr. F—— remarked—we had to listen to Mr. H——, relating his exploits in the field. Each individual duck of the pile had a history—how and where he saw it first; how he slipped up on it, with the brush, old log or big tree that served for cover; and how, after it was shot, it flopped about, crawled into the grass or brush, or made for the water, where the mud was deepest. But the unusual exertions of the evening persuaded bedtime to come around quite early and with 9 o'clock the camp fire was deserted. After retiring I remembered Mr. H——'s ducks. The talking about

them all the evening had made him quite forget that they required some attention. But he was "sawing wood" already, as Jochen would say, and I rose to look after them myself.

"What is it, sonny? Have you forgotten something?" asked Jochen.

"No; but Mr. H—— did not attend to his game, and it will not do to leave it on the log. There would not be a feather left of it by morning."

"Never mind, Henry; I hanged them up. They are all right," said he, and I turned in again.

October 11, 1856.

A slight frost this morning, and the sun rose bright in the clear, crisp sky. Before that, however, Jochen and myself had breakfast ready, and when I aroused Mr. H—— with the announcement, he grumbled a good while before he came to his senses enough to bleat out—"Why in thunder can't you let a man sleep! I just got to dosing and here you must make fuss enough to raise the dead. Why don't you go to bed like the rest."

"We thought we would eat breakfast first!" said Jochen. "Then, we wouldn't have to get up so early in the morning!"

"Is that you, Mr. Hanse-Peter! Ask your pardon; I thought it was that everlasting owl, Mr. B——. But why don't you come to bed? I have been dosing already."

"Shouldn't wonder a bit, you had. You were puffing and blowing like a steamboat coming around a bend at 9 last night and it is 6 now," said I.

"What is 6?" called out Mr. F—— from his tent.

"The clock!" said I, and gave a blast on the horn as last call for breakfast.

"What on earth are you doing, Henry? You are not in earnest, are you?" he asked.

"Tis broad daylight and breakfast is waiting. Here, take this; it will help you to hoist your eyelids," I added—handing him a cup of hot bouillon. "This is the last cup but one of your medicine; and I have to go and get simples this morning to brew some more. I was thinking that perhaps you might want to go with me."

"Well, this beats all the sleeping potions that I have ever tried. I don't think I turned over once during the whole night. What time is it, really?" he asked, drinking his bouillon.

"It is past 6, as I told you. Come, here is a basin of water, fresh from the branch. It will take the weight from your eyes."

While I was busy convincing Mr. F—— that it was really daylight, or nearly so, Mr. Hanse-Peter had done the same for Mr. H——, but the latter insisted on having some warm water to wash with.

"That's all right, just help yourself. The branch is close by, and there are plenty of live coals in front of the back log," said I. "With Mr. F—— it is a different matter—he is my patient," I added, by way of explanation.

"Pat, Pat, bring me my gun!" he hallooed, when he

got to the creek. "The ducks are flying as thick as bees!"

"I should like to see that," said Mr. F——; attempting to leave the table.

Well, suppose it was a hewed log, it served our purpose, and if it had a little more timber in it than necessary, that did not detract from its value.

"Sit still," said I, "Mr. F——, or come and take this seat and you can see all the ducks you want. Come on this side of the table, where you have them between you and the morning's sky."

"I wish Mary was here to see that!" he said, looking up. "Could you kill any of them?"

"Yes, he will drop them into the pot if you ask him," put in Jochen.

"Not quite," said I, "but I certainly can drop all we want into camp. But we have all we can use, and those killed last night are better than any that I might kill now."

"But I should like to see you shoot some, anyhow," Mr. F—— persisted.

"All right; as soon as I am through eating breakfast."

We resumed our meal while Mr. H—— was arousing the echoes, "shooting with unwashed face and hands," as Mr. F—— observed.

Before I got through eating, Jochen had brought our guns and was loading. I stepped some fifty yards to the east of camp and commenced dropping the birds into the enclosure, about as fast as Mr. F—— could gather them into a heap.

"Just pitch in," said Jochen. "If Mr. F—— sends his wagon to town, we don't need to let them spoil on our hands." And I shot until the sun was fairly on the bluff, when the flight commenced to thin out.

I quit shooting and asked Jochen to bring Mr. F——'s fish from the box.

"What made you stop, Henry? H—— will beat you. He is still busy," said Mr. F——, when I returned to camp.

"We have birds enough in all conscience; and I don't kill because I can, but because I have use for the birds, animals or fish," I replied.

When Jochen came I set about and bled the fish.

"What are you doing now?" he asked.

"Butchering your catch, Mr. F——. There is no occasion to eat strangled fish any more than there is to eat strangled animals. You will find a marked difference in the meat as to flavor, and more as to its healthfulness. The draining out of the blood purifies the meat from all unassimilated elements, and also from all effete tissue, which was in course of being eliminated from the body at the time of its death. This latter is poisonous in its effects upon the organism from which it is expelled, and must necessarily be injurious to us when taken into our system as food."

I now cleaned the fish carefully, gave them sufficient salt, for table use, but no more; and put them in hay—after they were wrapped in clean napkins.

I then culled out the ducks that were serviceable for Mrs. F——'s own table and tied the rest, pair wise, with tags attached, directed to the different parties to whom Mr. F—— desired to present them.

When nearly through Mr. H—— came in, and although not loaded down, still both he and Pat had all the birds they could conveniently carry.

"Well, who beats?" he called out, with a species of triumph in his voice.

"Beats what? There was nobody shooting but yourself. I dropped a few birds into camp here, to satisfy Mr. F—— that it could be done; but I did not shoot over twenty minutes," said I.

By this time he had looked into the wagon and changed the subject without further remark.

"Confound it. Have you anything to eat? I can eat an alligator!"

"Alligators are out of season, but there are some scraps left from our breakfast," said Jochen.

While they were eating, Jochen hitched up Mr. F——'s team; I wrote a note to my dear one; and Mr. F—— did the same to his wife.

When the wagon had left Mr. F—— asked: "What are we going to do now, Mr. B——?"

"I am going to lie down to rest," said Mr. H——, "I am tired out. I feel sore all over."

"Yes, no wonder! Rearing around like a chicken with its head cut off! Come, I will give you something that will help you to get over your soreness," said I, and handed him some pills, containing a full dose of quinine.

"What is it," he asked.

"It is a tonic; and not an argument, nor the material for one. I know it will do you good. If you don't believe me, don't take it."

"Just listen to him, Mr. F——. He puts on all the airs of a regular M. D. Does he treat you in the same way?"

"I have been living on his prescriptions for the last three months, and don't know yet what they contain, any more than if I had got them filled at a regular drug store," answered Mr. F——.

"All right, I will swallow without asking any question—like other people, when they are drenched by the quacks."

He took the pills, laid down in his bed and I saw to it that he was well wrapped up.

"You will find three or four hours rest very agreeable, and also beneficial, provided you keep thoroughly warm. Nothing assists the recuperative powers after unusual exertion like warmth."

I then asked Mr. F—— to get his gun and said we would go and look after those simples for his medicine; while Jochen would see whether he could resupply the minnow bucket and look after a mouthful of lunch, by the time we got back.

The sun now had taken the chill out of the woods and the squirrels were beginning their morning meal. We walked up the north, or camp side of the spring branch, where I had noticed a liberal supply of sweet

mast—white, burr, basket and cow oak acorns, with some red bud; together with hickory nuts of the large swamp nut variety, when we came down the other day. There was also some hackberry, and it was not long before we came on turkey sign. Our shooting commenced in sight of camp, as our presence had not as yet caused the game to change their haunts, as they are apt to do if the intrusion continues for any length of time. My object, of course, was to interest Mr. F——; and it was not long before he was fully aroused. As soon as he sighted a squirrel he rushed after it until he had it treed. Then he would wait until I came up to turn it for him—that is, he would stand still, in convenient distance of the tree, while I walked around to the other side. This would cause the squirrels, in order to avoid me to run under his gun. In this way he bagged what we wanted in a short time, but before we quit, he insisted that I must do some shooting, too.

"That's all right, Mr. F——; shooting is nothing new to me. You saw me practice a little this morning; and I think we have done enough for to-day. To enjoy our recreation, and to derive the full benefit from the time we are going to spend here, we must control ourselves for a few days. Tomorrow we will do more, and the day following more than to-morrow. In that way we become used to our new work and new mode of living; and by the end of the week we can do as we please—literally as we please!"

"You're an old hand at this thing," said he, "and if you say it is best to quit, we will go to camp. But where are the simples we were to look for?"

"They are safe in our pockets. The old squirrels, too tough to fry or broil, are the raw material to make the bouillon out of."

"But how did you disguise the flavor? It seems to me, I have eaten squirrels enough to educate my palate. I ought to be able to detect the taste no matter how they are prepared," said he.

"That is the simplest thing in the world. One day's reading ought to teach anyone to give whatever flavor is desired to any dish."

"And where did you get that ham which we had for breakfast? I have never tasted anything like it; and I don't feel the slightest inconvenience from it."

"If I had supposed it would give you trouble, I wouldn't have prepared it for you," said I. "It came from Jochen's smoke-house, or rather hay mow. He raised, cured and preserved the meat himself."

"Well, there is no telling. Here in the west it is customary to run down anything that is Dutch—as they call it. Of course, I pay no regard to such nonsense; but certainly I would not have looked to a Dutch smoke-house for ham fit to eat."

"That is because you have been away from the east a good many years. There everybody knows what a Westphalia ham is, and this is nothing more. The meat was raised here, it is true, but the man that handled it is a Westphalinger, and the result is

a better ham than ever came from that country—because the raw material is better. Nor is there anything strange about that. If you want to learn how to put up meats, vegetables and the like, go to a people who are compelled to provide annually for long seasons of dearth, for long periods during which nothing is produced, and you are most likely to find methods that furnish the best results; for the race of man is the same the world over; he is taught by necessity how to provide against it."

Talking thus, we sauntered back to camp, picking up a squirrel now and then, as they came in range of my gun. Noting the easy way in which this was done, he remarked:

"You don't run after them!"

"No, I let them do the running."

"But why did you let me run after them all morning?"

"I supposed you wanted the exercise; and that, I take it, is of more value to us than all the squirrels in the woods. But when I want meat, and nothing else, I don't raise a hullabaloo about it, notifying all the inhabitants of the woods of the fact! I keep it to myself; get to their feeding, play or loafing ground, with as little noise as possible, and when there my gun is the only thing that talks."

With this we reached camp and found Jochen in his glory. He was sitting near the eastern end of our back log, swinging black bass into camp out of the spring run. He was fishing where the running meets the still water—of all places the most favored by that fish as feeding ground.

"You see, I floated that chunk into place," referring to a dry log on the water that reached from bank to bank, and which had a considerable field of scum collected in front of it—"the other day—and see that!" as his float went down in the scum, as if drawn by the suction of the stream; and he hoisted a fine bass, with a jerk as if he intended to land it in one of the tree tops. But instead, he swung it across the eastern fence log into camp.

"Come, Mr. F——; you want to try it?—I must make another live box or we will lose our fish.

"You catch your own fish, Mr. Hanse-Peter. We have taken a long tramp and want some rest before we go to work again. How are we off for minnows?"

"We have all we want. But I didn't know that sitting on a stump and catching fish was work. It is rest to me, Henry."

"Certainly, but what is rest for one is work for another."

"Have you anything to eat? That is what interests me," said Mr. F——, as he entered camp.

"Just look at that, Henry," pointing to five or six bass flopping about by the side of the eastern fence log.

"They are for dinner. I think I have enough. I just wanted to catch a couple—but I forgot, they bite so well," said Jochen, while gathering up his fish and putting them in the box.

"What has become of Mr. H——? Is he still in bed?" asked Mr. F——.

"Was sawing wood the last heard from," answered Jochen.

While Jochen arranged lunch I attended to our game, and showed Mr. F—— how to handle the simples for his medicine.

"You are not going to use all of these squirrels for one pot of soup?"

"Oh yes, Mr. F——; and to-morrow we will have some more, because you will have help to dispose of it. I never drink anything else when I am in the woods."

Jochen now blew the horn right at Mr. H——'s ear—"into it," as the latter maintained, and we sat down to lunch, which consisted of potatoes, roasted in the ashes, with some of Feeka's butter; light slices of baked ham, broiled over hickory coals; a cup of bouillon for Mr. F——, coffee for Messrs. H.-P—— and H——, and nice fresh water for myself.

"What luck did you have this morning?" asked Mr. H——. "Any meat in camp?"

"Mr. F—— killed a fine bunch of squirrels."

"How many?"

"Some twenty odd."

"Is that all? What did you kill?"

"Time; and Mr. Hanse-Peter, fish."

"I see how it is, Mr. F——. Mr. B—— is going to give us an illustration of his superior practical sense. You remember, he said that our trip would show who had the most of it. He has brought us along to do the hunting and fishing for camp, while he pokes the fire, smokes his pipe and talks wisely about the habits of fish, birds and animals—of all creation, in fact, if he can get anybody to listen to him. I have a notion not to fire another shot until he brings some meat into camp, too."

"That's all right, Mr. H——. Now, if you just could do the talking, I would be very willing to swap work with you. But what do you know about the habits of fish, birds and beasts—not to speak of the habits of the universe!"

"Your talk would be like your shooting! If somebody locates you in the home of the game and you have to defend your camp against it, keep from being run over by it, you can shoot, and you call it hunting—bringing meat into camp. But just wait a day or two, when the game has located you, when it quits hunting you, and you have to hunt it—then you will find that a little knowledge about its habits is not altogether superfluous."

"That's the time, I suppose, you'll step in and save the camp from starving," he retorted.

"No, I don't suppose it will come to that, for as long as the big spring runs that stream of water there will be fish in the brook. They can't change their home like the game. But I venture to predict, you can't find a duck to-day—none at least worth going for—on the same ground where you killed such a fine bag yesterday evening!"

"You scared them away, I suppose, by shooting all over that ground this morning."

"That is precisely what I said just now! Your talk would be like your shooting—haphazard. Of course, we go on duck ground to hunt squirrels! Squirrels are very fond of mud and water; they like to paddle in the one and dive in the other!"

"Where did you go, Mr. F——? Didn't you go down the lake?" he inquired.

"No, I don't think so. We started east, up the branch, with the sun in our faces. But then I couldn't say where we went; only I know I didn't see anything of the lake," answered Mr. F——.

"Very well. I'll see about the ducks then this evening. I feel rested just enough."

Lunch ended, Mr. F—— retired to his tent, where I covered him up with the warm blankets that had been exposed to the bright sun shine all morning. Then I cleaned my gun and culled out some buck shot—enough for a charge or two.

"What are you doing there? Aren't the shot all alike?" asked Mr. H——.

"Not quite; and a couple of defective pellets are enough to spoil a whole charge for me. I like to have something to rely upon when I go for large game. It is not every day that you get a shot and when you do, you want to kill. When you get a shot every five or ten minutes, it doesn't make so much difference."

I then took a stroll on the other side of the spring branch, which I crossed on one of Jochen's bridges—a tree which he had felled across it—merely to get possession of the ground, that is, a knowledge of it. On my way back I killed an additional bunch of squirrels and had a shot at a turkey, but lost the bird. When I reached camp I found Mr. F—— and Jochen catching bass and crappie.

I set about preparing dinner, but before the horn blew Mr. H—— came in with rather a disappointed look on his face.

"Where is your game," I asked.

"Game! I saw nothing to shoot!" he answered.

"No? That is strange."

But I caught myself. I saw that he was not in the humor to laugh at his want of "luck," as they call it—want of sense, as it appears to me.

"Never mind, Will," said I, "I have found a place where we can have some shooting in the morning. I knew that the birds would leave here; but they are not far off."

October 12, 1856.

Had a remarkable illustration to-day of how a foregone conclusion will stand in the way of success in practical no less than in mental operations. In my ramble yesterday I noticed where turkeys had watered at a puddle of rain water, which they, in common with other birds and animals, seem to prefer to spring, creek or river water. On my way back to camp, while shooting squirrels in the neighborhood, I came by the place about the usual time of day

when these birds drink at this season of the year. Without much precaution I sauntered along and came upon the birds unexpectedly—still, I got a shot at one, but at long range. At the crack of the gun the bird dropped its wings, partly, and ran down a trail which led to a brier patch, some three or four hundred yards off. I had examined this blackberry orchard on my way out and knew that it had been used by turkey hens as feeding ground for their broods during the summer months; and as it was quite extensive and very dense, I concluded that the wounded bird was making for that familiar cover, and that it would be quite useless to follow it, as it would be entirely safe from capture after it reached its protection. So I merely looked after it as it raced down the trail until it switched around a large white oak, that stood in the straight line of the path, and around which the trail bent with a sharp curve. Here I saw the flop of its wing, as it made the turn, and the bird was gone. I followed along mechanically up to the spot and as I could see the brier thicket, in full view from the other side of the oak, I turned off to the right and made for camp.

In the course of the evening Mr. H—— remarked that he thought a nice young turkey would be quite acceptable for our table, as a change. I told him that I had shot one that evening but lost it.

"The bird," said I, "got into a brier patch, where it is impossible to follow it."

In the course of an hour or so Mr. F—— came in from his fishing; and as he got in hearing distance Mr. H—— called out:

"What luck, Mr. Fisherman?"

"Not much," said Mr. F——. "The fish didn't bite very well this evening."

"They didn't get into a brier patch, did they?" asked Mr. H—— with a glance at me.

"What do you mean, Mr. H——? You don't find brier patches in the water, do you?" answered Mr. F——.

"How do I know? Henry here came home and told me that he shot a turkey, but lost the bird because it got into a brier patch. I didn't know but what you lost your fish in the same way—I mean, the fish you didn't catch!"

"No, Mr. H——, I don't know enough about the sport to lose fish that I don't catch. It takes more experienced hands at the rod to do that."

The evening was a pleasant one around the roaring camp fire, although the night promised to end with a heavy white frost. Before we retired to our tents I asked Mr. H—— whether he would like to have some shooting in the morning.

"There is a lake," said I, "about a mile southeast from here, where I saw some ducks this evening; and I looked over the ground to see how to get in range of them. There is also a 'buck run' between here and there and I thought of walking up to the lake in the morning and keeping an eye on that deer

ground on my way up. If we have a frost tonight the deer are likely to be about later than usual, and I may be able to show you one, at its best, as nature made it, in its native surroundings—but if we don't see any deer, we are sure of having good duck shooting at the lake."

"That would suit me first rate, Henry; if I can get up early enough. What time do you start?"

"Four o'clock, sharp. I will see to it that you have a cup of coffee by that time, and we will eat breakfast when we return."

This was agreed to on retiring last night, and by 4 o'clock this morning we started from camp. I succeeded in landing him safely across the foot log, and after cautioning him not to lift his feet too high, but to slide them along the ground on account of some small cypress knees along the border of the lake, a belt of ground we had to cross, we reached the high ground, from which we were in sight of the buck run, by fair day light. This run skirted a field of switch cane, some hundred or a hundred and fifty acres in extent, the hiding place of the does, which secrete themselves from their fawns in such cover at this season of the year—during "weaning time." We were slipping along quietly, when I recognized the place where I shot the turkey yesterday; and remembering the remark of Mr. H——, which seemed to indicate a sad lack of faith on his part, I pointed it out to him, with the remark:

"Over yonder, at that big tree in the path, I lost sight of the bird, after I shot it."

"Which tree, Henry?" said he.

"This one—come I will show you; and also the cover to which this trail leads," said I, and walked up to the tree.

"Just here, as it switched around this, I saw one of its wings flop—and that is the last I saw of the bird."

"But what is that, Henry?" said he, pointing to one side.

"That," said I, "is my bird," and—picking it up—"none the worse for its cold night's lodging."

The bird was shot through the lungs; it had run a hundred, or a hundred and twenty-five yards and toppled over, in full sight, right before my eyes. Still, so confident was I that it had reached the cover, for which it was making, that I could not see it, although I had passed within five feet of it more than once, and it exposed in full sight. Yes, that brier patch in my mind proved as effectual to hide the bird from my eyes as the real one in the forest could have done if it were much denser than it is, and the bird in the very center of it. What an obstruction to sight such a brier patch in the mind can be to a man!

After some debate with Mr. H——, who wanted to carry the bird with him, I hung it on the shady side of a large elm, and we continued our walk up to the lake—keeping in sight and fair shooting range of the buck run, however. After we had followed

our direction perhaps a quarter of a mile, I saw glinting through the open woods, at the farther visible end of the run, the form of a deer—apparently running from us. I tried to point it out to Mr. H——, but before I could do so it was out of sight.

"You're as bad as a 'wood-hawk.' You can see more deer in the woods than trees. I see nothing."

This referred to some unsuccessful attempt he had made on a former occasion to get sight of game by employing a back woodsman to go with him in order to point it out. But he had hardly uttered the last word, when he broke out:

"No, Henry. I see it, too; it's a little one!"

He had kept looking in the direction which I had pointed out, while I had been examining the other parts of the run, thinking the deer gone for good. But as he spoke my eye caught the deer, and I said:

"No, Mr. H——. Little ones don't carry such horns. Kneel down here; he will pass us in reaching distance, and when he gets into that opening yonder straight ahead, between these two trees, you let him have it."

In the meantime the buck came down the run in an even, sweeping gallop, and as he passed the opening which I had pointed out, I shot—but to my surprise, Mr. H—— didn't bring the gun to his face.

"Why didn't you shoot?" I asked.

"At that distance, Henry? You might as well shoot at the moon. What good would it have done? You see what you did!"

"What did I do?"

"You shot and made him run faster. He just slapped his tail between his legs and was gone, in the twinkling of an eye."

"Just so, Mr. H——. That is the reason I did not use the second barrel. But I think he is my meat."

"Your meat?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go and pick it up then?"

"Oh, well, we will first go and see about the ducks. After that it will be time enough to look after the buck."

"You will never find this place again; and if you are sure you killed the deer, why don't you go to it? What do we care for ducks if we have the venison?"

"We want both, and I don't think it is time yet to go for the deer."

After some further talk he followed me, although reluctantly, to the lake. Here we had good shooting—"Better than I ever saw, Henry!"—he remarked. I had placed him in some fine cover, at one end of the lake, and I went to the other. As he shot the birds came to me, and when I shot, they went to him.

After we had seasawed them awhile, and had all the birds on the ground that we could make any possible use of, I stopped the fun by going to him.

"Mr. H——," said I, "it is time we take care of our birds. I will draw and hang them up; and when we come for the deer, the rest can help us with them to camp."

"What are you talking about that deer for, Henry? I tell you, you will never find the place again where you shot at it—let alone the deer!"

"Oh, well; there is no harm in trying. Just come along. Our duck shooting is over, anyhow."

And so we started. After following me for some distance, until we were out of sight of the lake, he said:

"Henry, you're not going in the right direction. I marked the road we came carefully—the place where you shot at the deer is up this way," pointing in a direction that made a right angle with the true one.

"I reckon not, Mr. H——. But, if you think you can find the place over there, you may try it—I am in a hurry to get to my deer."

"I will show you," he said; and off he started to the left. As the woods in that direction were open, so that he could not get out of my sight before I would reach the place, I let him go and kept on to the spot from which I shot. When I reached there I picked up an apple, which he had placed on a stump as a mark, and called to him at the top of my voice:

"Mr. H——, come here and get your apple!"

When he heard me call, he stopped; and when I repeated my words, and held up the apple, he came toward me. When in talking distance he asked:

"What apple?"

"The one you hid on that stump, so as to be sure that I didn't fool you. I saw you put the apple there, but didn't say anything. As I did not intend to deceive you, I was glad you marked the spot. But when a man hunts deer he generally has, or ought to have, his eyes with him, and if he has, he is apt to see what happens about him. Now, here is the mark of my knee in the ground where I knelt when I shot, and there is yours; and yonder is the opening, between the two trees, where I shot the buck."

"That is so, Henry. But I thought you would pretend that you killed the buck and would get him—if you could only find the place from which you shot."

"Just so, Mr. H——. But we have found the place, and now we will see what has become of the deer."

With this I walked down to the spot where the deer was when the gun fired. After looking over the ground he remarked—"I see no juice."

"No, Mr. H——. Not likely; because I shot a shot gun; but keep back a little; I have to follow his track."

"His track, Henry—in these thick leaves?"

"Yes, don't you see it there?"

"That! I could pick up a hundred leaves, cut just the same way."

"Well, look here then," I said, kneeling down and lifting the leaves carefully from the ground until the track beneath them was exposed.

"That does look something like it might be a deer track—but what is that?" he asked, pointing to a bright, red, full drop of blood on a leaf, a step or so further on.

"That is blood," said I, picking it up. "And what kind of blood do you take it to be, Mr. H——?"

"Well, I suppose it is deer blood."

"Of course it is deer blood. But what kind? Is it arterial or venous?"

"What difference does that make? It is deer blood, and shows that you hit him, I suppose."

"The difference that it makes is that the loss of arterial blood is liable to be fatal to the animal, while the loss of venous blood is not. This is arterial blood; the animal is struck through the lungs or aorta, and he is my meat."

"Look at that!" he remarked, pointing to a gulp of blood the buck had spit out, and which had spattered about over the leaves, where it hit the ground—"he must have stopped there!"

"No, he did not, or the blood would not be spattered about in that manner."

All this time we were following along the trail, but when we got about one hundred yards from the place where the shot struck the deer, Mr. H——, by this time quite interested, not to say excited, called out:

"Look, Henry, look at that! Just see the blood"—pointing to a pool that covered a space fully the size of the seat of a common chair.

"Yes, that is where he stopped," said I.

"But he couldn't have gone very far with such a loss of blood?" he added.

"No, I suppose not, and that is the reason he lies there, in the grass, by the side of that log. Don't you see him?"

"Thunder, yes, and dead as the log itself! Isn't he a fine fellow!—Henry, how the mischief is this?"

"Quite natural, Mr. H——. The buck was shot, as you saw, without having been alarmed, or made aware of the presence of danger. Under these circumstances he ran a hundred yards, or so, then stopped to reconnoiter, and not finding anything to excite his fears, and the weakness from the loss of blood inclining him to quiet, he laid down at the first convenient place that offered. Had I rushed down here when you wanted me to, the deer would have been alarmed, taken to the switch cane, run until he fell, exhausted from the loss of blood, and we, being without dogs to track him up, would have gone to camp empty handed."

"Well, this beats anything!"

"No, there is nothing in it but the application of common sense to a practical situation. I shoot an animal. It either falls on the spot, or it makes off. If the former, I hasten to take full possession of it; but if the latter occurs, I keep perfectly quiet, so as not to cause the fear of me to overcome the pain and injury caused by the wound. The animal, find-

ing it is safe from pursuit, soon yields to the natural desire for quiet, as every motion is painful. Even a slight wound is sufficient to enable the hunter to get in another shot—if he manages properly. His conduct will be governed, of course, by the facts presented in the case at hand. If, after the proper time has elapsed, his examination of the ground convinces him that the animal is dead, as the finding of arterial blood in this instance convinced me, he proceeds to look for his meat, without any further precautions. But if he concludes that the animal is only slightly wounded, and therefore only more or less sick, he will practice all his skill and precaution to get the fatal shot before he again disturbs the game."

"Stop your gassing, Henry, and look at his horns! How many points do you count him?"

"It is a five point buck, in backwoods phrase, of the long-tailed variety, usually called Virginia deer, and he is in prime condition. His tail at the root is a handful sure enough."

"What has that to do with his condition?"

"It indicates that condition better than any other part of the carcass. If you cannot feel the bone in the tail of a deer, you may rest assured you have fine venison."

And now commenced a debate about what to do with the buck. The first condition, Mr. H—— insisted on, was that I must not touch the deer with the knife until Mr. F—— had seen it.

"That means," said I, "that Mr. F—— must come here; because no two men can carry that buck to camp as he lies there; and I hate to leave him exposed to the cats and wolves while we go for Mr. F——."

"Why not let me go? Camp is right over there!" "Where?"

"Over there!" pointing west, while camp was a point or two north of east.

"Yes, you would have a fine time striking camp in that direction. If you insist that Mr. F—— must see the buck in his natural form, I think it will be best for you to stay here and let me go for him. I should like for him to enjoy the sight myself."

"That wouldn't do at all! Suppose you should get lost, too, and I, you say, can't find camp; that would leave us in a nice pickle!"

"All right, Mr. H——. Then suppose you take a seat there on that log and let me attend to business."

With this I turned the buck on his back, opened him and removed the viscera. After this I turned him face down to let him drain; while I cut a gambrel stick and placed it in position. I then cut a substantial fork and selected a convenient hickory sapling. This I bent down with my weight by climbing it, and requested Mr. H—— to hold it in that position while I lopped off the head and drew the gambrel stick over the point until it rested in a fork between a limb and the body of the sapling. This done, I placed the fork against the sapling, im-

mediately below the gambrel stick and told Mr. H—— to let go and instead of holding down, lift up. With the sapling and Mr. H—— lifting and myself pushing on the fork, we succeeded with our utmost exertion in swinging the buck some four feet clear of the ground.

"Now," said I, "Mr. H——, let us go for help, for I suppose you are convinced by this time that we need it, if we want to get the deer into camp whole."

"I can carry my half—but if you say so, let us go."

"How would it be to take a couple of dozen ducks, if you are so eager to carry something; I will have to take the turkey; and that is enough for me," said I.

"Leave the deer in the woods and lug ducks into camp! Not much!"

When we reached camp it was past 1 o'clock, and Mr. F—— and Jochen were stretched on their backs, enjoying their noonday rest. The latter, however, was soon on hand and served us a right welcome lunch—"breakfast," as Mr. H—— insisted. Before we got through eating I heard the rattle of a wagon and a few moments later Pat hove in sight driving Mrs. F——'s carriage horses. At first I did not notice them, my attention having been attracted by the load, which consisted of a splendid flat bottomed fishing boat, that the good lady sent to her husband, with the injunction—"To keep off the dead logs in the water."

Of course, this brought Mr. F—— to his feet, in spite of all I could do; and when he saw his wife's team, he asked:

"Pat, how did you come to take those horses?"

"It was the mistress, your honor, that wanted me to. She thought your horses were tired and these would go faster—but then, she would need them by day after to-morrow, sure; and I must tell your honor that!"

"Yes, I see. Afraid I might not send in to-morrow, I suppose. And that boat—What do you think of it, Henry?"

"I think it is capital; although we could have done without it. But it comes in quite handy just now; it will save us some lugging."

"How?"

"We killed a fine buck this morning"—put in Mr. H——. "And I did not want that heathen to cut him to pieces. I wanted you to see him just as he fell."

"Where is he?"—asked Mr. F——.

"Hanging to a tree, out in the woods somewhere. He swung him up to keep the vermin from him, as he said."

"But, who is 'we'?"—asked Jochen.

"We both ought to have shot, but I was afraid of a quarrel. You know, Henry would have argued until doomsday that his gun killed and mine missed—and so I didn't shoot," said Mr. H——.

"Were you with him when he shot?" asked Mr. F——.

"Within two feet of him."

"And you did not shoot for fear he would claim the deer?"

"Well, I thought he would argue about it!"

"But that is not like him," said Mr. F——.

"He had the buck ague, Mr. F——, that is all!"—said I—"but, Mr. H.-P——, what did you mean by asking 'who is we?'"

"Well, I didn't know. Judge Bailey's son went out fire hunting one night. He took one of the hired men with him to carry the torch. After they had tramped around for some time, Mr. Bailey saw the eyes of a deer, shot and killed it. When they came up to the game the hired man said: 'Didn't we get him nicely?'"

"'Who's we?' said young Bailey; 'I killed that deer!' After they had taken care of it they went looking for more, and soon got another shot. But when they got up to it, it turned out to be one of Judge Bailey's fine colts. After looking at it for some time, young Bailey said: 'Now, didn't we play thunder!' 'Who's we?'—asked the hired man. You killed that colt! And so it has become a kind of saying in our neighborhood—'who's we.'"

"That was natural," said I, "but who was that hired man? Was it not yourself?"

"It might have been. I worked for the old judge at the time."

We now unloaded, then launched the boat and started to bring in our game—that is to say, Mr. F——, Mr. H——, Mr. H.-P—— and myself, leaving Pat in charge of the camp.

We launched the boat and I rowed the party down the lake until opposite the place where I had left the deer, as near as I could judge, as I had not marked the spot on shore, not knowing at the time that we had a boat to assist us. Of course, this led to the usual debate between Mr. H—— and myself as to the direction in which to look for our game. This grew warmer as we approached the spot, so that he was on the point of turning off to the left when I caught him by the arm.

"What do you want?" he snarled at me.

"Rub your nose against the buck, that has been in full sight there for at least a hundred yards back!"

This concluded the argument with a "jerk"—as Mr. H.-P—— remarked; and now he and Mr. F—— must carry the deer to the boat—no use of talking. Yes, and there was the stick, a nice hickory, on which to swing it, after they had tied the four feet together. While they were busy preparing their load, Jochen and I went for the ducks, and in coming back I picked up a dry mulberry, some four inches through, and long enough to answer the purpose. I leaned it against a tree, with the remark to Jochen: "That would do well to carry the buck on."

"Yes," said he, and we went on with our ducks to the boat.

"What in the world has become of them fellows," asked Jochen, when we saw nothing of them at the boat.

"You did not expect that they would carry that buck down here on that stick, did you?"

"No; but then I thought they would have sense enough to get a stick that wouldn't bend double with every step they take! To hear Mr. H—— talk, one would think he knew it all!"

"That is his trade. If he did not know how to rob a hen roost better than the fellow that makes a living at it, how could he report the grand achievement, with such an air of intelligent superiority as to make it interesting to his readers? But come, let us get our deer."

We took the trail which I had blazed through the switch cane, but neither heard nor saw anything of them. When we got to the place where we had left them, they were gone, deer and all. Fortunately, they had left a pretty plain trail, leading off in a direction almost at a right angle to the right one—straight down the lake. They had zigzagged along, and at every few steps we found a resting place. After following for about a quarter of a mile we heard them in the cane, ahead of us, debating about the direction of the lake.

"I tell you it is right there, ahead of us! You see that opening in the timber!" we heard Mr. H—— exclaiming.

"Well, I will go and see. There is no use in trying to lug this load any further, unless we are going in the right direction," answered Mr. F——.

"Confound it! I believe that scamp just did it purposely. He knows that we are not familiar with the woods; and then that load! 'Tis enough to break the back of a mule," Mr. H—— soliloquized, while Mr. F—— was crashing about to investigate the opening ahead.

"You stay here and enjoy the fun," said I to Jochen, "while I step back and get that mulberry. Don't let them go off any further. Mr. F—— must be worn out by this time. I will be back in a few minutes."

"What is the hurry, sonny. Just let them sweat. We have plenty time to get home for supper. I haven't seen as much fun since the last circus," said Jochen.

"That opening yonder is nothing but a cane patch, Mr. H——; where the stuff grows fifteen feet high. I propose we stay where we are until Mr. B—— comes. We have missed the trail and are just as likely to go away from the boat as to go toward it. Do you think he will find us here?" said Mr. F——, returning from his exploration.

"There is no danger of that; he will find us; but what I hate is to give the scamp the advantage over us. He's as proud of his wood-craft as a 16-year-old miss of her curls, or her first beau! He thinks it is a great proof of practical sense to be able to find his way through a jungle."

"Well, Mr. H——, I tell you, my impression of Mr. B—— is entirely different from yours. I regard him as one of the most practical men that I have ever met. He has his weaknesses, that is, it

seems so to me, at least sometimes. But then, when you listen to him, you can not be sure that it is a weakness—his faith in the future development of this country, I mean! He has his theories; but then they always lead straight to realities, and such theories are not so bad. I venture to say, he has a theory about his wood-craft, as you call it, and I wish we had a little of it now, that we might be able to find the lake."

I left them talking and went for my stick. When I returned they were still resting and Jochen was doubled up on his log with fun.

"Halloo, Mr. H——! Where are you going with that buck? Trying to slip it off into the cane break? I killed that deer for camp! I don't want you to hide it out!" I called out on approaching them.

"You may take your confounded deer; I have had enough of it!" he said, with his left hand nursing his right shoulder.

"What's the matter with your shoulder," asked Jochen, with great concern. "Has a wasp stung you? They are very bad sometimes; but not half as mean as that fellow over yonder with a blaze in his face."

"What is it, Mr. H-P——?"

"A hornet! Better get out of his way; he has a mighty warm tail!"

"Matter with my shoulder?" exclaimed Mr. H——. "It is blistered and raw from lugging that confounded buck."

With some further railing I tied the deer into practicable shape and Jochen and I had no great trouble in reaching the boat with it, as our carrier did not bend double with every step.

"Yes," remarked Mr. F——, "that stick looks like a load itself, Mr. H——, but then you see looks are deceiving sometimes. It is actually lighter than the one we used, and then it doesn't give you a jerk every time you take a step. It is a great thing to know how to adjust one's load and anything that will do that, even a theory, is not a bad thing."

A short distance before we reached the boat I heard the "tuck" of a turkey, and stopping we heard a considerable flock, perhaps thirty or forty birds, passing between us and the lake. This induced me to hasten on to camp, as I thought it would be a good opportunity to find their roost—the evening being very still, with hardly any air stirring. When we reached there we found everything in good order—under the care of "Sip," Mr. H-P's dog—but Pat was gone and so was his team and wagon.

"That rascal pays no more attention to me, if he has something to do for the mistress, as he calls my wife, than if I were a stranger!" said Mr. F——. "I wonder when he started. We stayed too long for him, I suppose."

"No," said I, "he started as soon as we were outside of camp. You see the mud of the track of his wagon and the place where he unloaded the boat are dried up alike."

"That is so. I don't see what he means," Mr. F—— remarked.

While we were talking Mr. H—— had stripped his shoulder and it was really a pitiable sight. I had made fun of him, but when I saw how seriously it was bruised, I hastened to apply a liniment, made of sweet oil, turpentine and chloroform, which of course gave him relief. I asked Mr. F—— whether he needed some, but found that the double heavy underwear that he had on had protected him from serious injury.

"Let me have those papers, Henry. I am done up for a week at least, and may as well make up my mind to while away the time by reading. Hunting is done for me!" said Mr. H——.

"That's all right, Will. You will be out bright and early in the morning. You're not drunk. You're only tired and for that you will be the better after a night's rest," said I, handing him the note book. "But I don't think this is a fair test. You would be asleep in less than ten minutes even without that book, and the hypnotic virtues of its pages cannot be ascertained under such circumstances."

"Get out and tend to your pots and pans! I want something to eat before I go to sleep! You think you can swindle me out of two meals in one day?"

My pots and pans, however, were in good shape and in good hands. In less than an hour we sat down to dinner, nor was the best of sauce wanting.

While eating I kept an eye upon the lake, as I anticipated that the flock of turkeys which we had seen, or heard, would cross over from the south to the north shore before going to roost. This I have found an invariable practice where the bird uses a level country, interspersed with lakes, sloughs and water courses. They put a body of water between their feeding ground and their roost, so as to cut off all tracks that might assist the cats and coons to find them on their perch, for which they select the largest trees near the water's edge, or in the head of a slough, lake or pond. In a mountainous country, on the other hand, they will fly from one hill to another and then select the tallest timber in some side gulch into which they sail from the top of the hill. I watched, therefore, with considerable confidence, but was disappointed; the birds had either been turned out of their course by meeting us, or slipped across the lake somewhat earlier than usual. To satisfy myself on this point I took the boat, as soon as dinner was over, and started down the lake; but had to come back to take in Mr. F——, as he threatened trouble if I left him behind.

After taking him aboard, I rowed with noiseless oars down the north shore, which trends far enough southwest to shade itself from the light of the setting sun.

"Where is your gun, Henry," asked Mr. F——, as we reached a small tongue of water, extending a hundred yards or so into the bank, where I rested on the oars to listen for indications of the presence of game.

"I did not come to shoot," said I, "I only want to prospect and enjoy the silence, the peculiar feeling of rest that wraps me about, as it steals over wood and water, forest and lake, at this time of day and year. I like to lose myself in it now and then; and can find it nowhere except in situations like this, where the elements stand face to face—the cloudless sky, the waveless expanse of water, with the primeval forest bearing witness to their amity.

"Listen!—Come, we must swap seats! I must use the paddle, the oars are too noisy, no matter with what care they are used. You hear that?"

"No, what is it?"

"Turkeys flying up to roost. They are round the point some distance further down. I will paddle along and locate them."

"But I hear nothing!"

"Of course not; not now, but you will hear directly."

We moved along without the slightest noise and directly he asked—"What is that, Henry?"

"That is the flop of a turkey's wing against the limb of a tree, as it flew up to roost." And I stopped the boat.

"Now, listen!" said I.

"Well, that beats everything! That sounds as if there were hundreds of them."

"It is a good flock, and to-morrow morning you shall have some fun with them."

"Why not now? I have heavy shot with me, and I know you can slip the boat right under them."

"Yes, I might, and you could shoot a couple without any trouble; but to-morrow morning you can kill all you want."

After some persuasion he agreed to wait until morning, and having located the birds to my satisfaction, I turned and headed for camp.

"Don't take the oars, Henry. I like this ride without noise."

When we passed the point where we had first stopped, I noticed something glide into the lake by the side of a log, the top of which was still visible above the water, and not more than a dozen steps from the bow of the boat. I stopped the paddle, called Mr. F——'s attention to it, with a nod of my head, and whispered for him to watch the tree top and shoot whatever came in sight. In a few moments he fired, and a furious racket among the brush in the water indicated that the fire had been effective. I turned the boat so as to bring the stern, where I was sitting, in reach of the object, which was still breaking the rotten tree top at a high rate.

"What is it, Henry, a muskrat?"

"It is too big for a rat, Mr. F——. But, I don't know what it is!" said I.

Just then I saw an object pushed out of the water that looked like a crooked stick, and thinking that perhaps the wounded animal had hold of it, I made a grab and found that I had the tail of a fish otter in my hand. I hauled the animal along side without attempting to lift it into the boat, but soon found

that its struggles were nearly ended.

"What is it? Have you got it? Don't let it get away!"

"Never mind, Mr. F——, just light that lantern; I will show you what you have killed. It is all safe."

"What the mischief is it," fairly trembling with excitement, as he came with the lantern. "Is it a bear?" he asked.

"No, but something more valuable."

"Pull it in; why don't you pull it into the boat?"

"It may need killing yet, and you see the water is doing that for us. Just let it get still and I will show it to you. It is a very large fish otter and they are very ugly customers to fight. You see it?" said I, hauling the animal, now fairly dead, into the boat.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "What a beast! Why, it didn't look bigger than my fist when I shot at it."

"No, you saw only its head, and likely not all of that, in the light you had. You see it got the whole charge of shot in its face."

"But what is it good for? It is not good to eat."

"No, but its coat will make you a splendid cap, or pair of fur gloves. It is the finest fur of our latitude, and although a little early in the season, it will be well worth preserving."

"Henry, I haven't been so excited for years. I'm afraid I will be sick for this to-morrow," he remarked, after he was seated, and I had taken to the oars to reach camp.

"I don't think so," said I. "The excitement caused by an incident of this kind is different in its effect upon our system from anything I have experienced in other walks of life. When we get to camp you lie down, and I think you will be ready to look at the turkey roost by daylight. Remember, we must be there with the first red streak in the eastern sky. But don't say anything about it in camp. Mr. H—— shall have all he wants some other morning. This is for you."

"All right, Henry; but I doubt whether I will be able to go."

"Halloo! What did you kill? You made fuss enough to make people think you killed an elephant. Is it a bear?" called out Mr. H——, as we approached the landing.

"No," said I, "not a bear, but Mr. F—— killed a fish otter, and that is the next thing to a bear!"

"A muskrat, I bet. Rat hunters—I could have killed a dozen of them without going so many yards down the lake!" he growled.

"That is where you missed it. I would give you five dollars apiece for them—that is for such rats as this one," said I, throwing the magnificent beast upon our fence log.

"Who killed it?" he asked.

"Mr. F——," said I. "You see, I was afraid to shoot for fear he might claim it. Besides, I had no gun. By-the-by, how is your shoulder? Why

aren't you in bed? I thought you were tired to death?"

"I was in bed; but the fuss you made was enough to resurrect the dead. You rat hunters!" he grumbled, returning to his tent.

Mr. F——, after he had thoroughly roasted himself before the fire, retired, while Jochen stripped the otter and I prepared the dressing for the skin—pulverized alum and salt in equal parts. When this was applied and I was placing the pelt upon my camp chest, I noticed that everything in our tent had been overhauled and newly arranged.

"Why, Jochen," said I, "you have had a general cleaning up. You have made things look as if we intended to stay here for good."

"Yes, Henry, yes! You see I didn't know but what we might get company; and I thought it would look better if things were a little in order like. If Mrs. F—— and Miss Elizabeth were to drop in upon us, you wouldn't like for things to lay around loose, would you?"

"What on earth puts that into your head! How could they get here?"

"Well, sonny, stranger things have happened. Mrs. F—— has her own team and driver. He knows the road. We left him to keep camp for us to-day, and when we came back he was gone. If he had not had his orders from his mistress would he have disappointed Mr. F——? You see, I think he has gone after her, and by to-morrow evening she will be here. You know she thinks the world of her husband, and likely she wants to be satisfied that he is not suffering, nor killing himself."

"And you think that is the reason she sent her own horses to-day, so that the other team might be fresh for to-morrow?"

"That is it, sonny; that is it. I hadn't thought of that, but it fits. There is no doubt about it—it fits like an old shoe."

"But what makes you think Miss Elizabeth will come with her?"

"She wants company, don't she? And then she likes your sweetheart, I know. Haven't I been at her house three and sometimes four times a week, for the last three months? She is my best customer. Yes, she has sent me to others that are good, too. They don't mind a dime, or a quarter, when you bring what they want, and that is the kind of people to deal with. Then she likes to talk to an old fellow like me. She don't mind asking me about you, and whether you intend to marry Miss Elizabeth. She is as much concerned about her as if it was her own sister or daughter."

"I don't know, Jochen, but what you are right. She may come to look after her husband. There are few men that have as good life partners as Mr. F——."

"Narren tant, Henry! Sonny, every man that deserves a good wife has one," retorted Jochen.

"That is my opinion. When the wife is no account it is the man's fault. There are ten young

women that will make good wives where there is one young man that deserves one. I don't know why it is, but just look at it. A man makes out of his wife what he wants too, if he is any man at all. Just be kind to her and show that you mean to do your part, that you mean to take care of her and her little ones and see. Mrs. F—— is a woman away up there, and I always thought that these rich people didn't care for each other. But you see I was mistaken. She is a good woman. She thinks as much of Mr. F—— as Feeka thinks of me, and that is the way they all are, if they are treated right."

He was still talking when I went to sleep.

October 14, 1856.

Although I felt tired and drowsy when I reached my tent last night, I did not sleep well. Jochen had conjured up so many possibilities that it was well past midnight before I could get rid of them, and would have over-slept this morning but for Mr. F——. At half past four, however, he called me, and when I had drunk my cup of coffee and he his bouillon, we were in our boat and away, in time for the turkey roost. I asked him how he felt.

"Never better in my life, Henry. I believe if I could stay here a month it would make me ten years younger!"

"I don't know about that, Mr. F——, but one thing I am willing to bet on," said I, "that if you can spend the month of October in this way every year you will last ten years longer. And what is to hinder you? Business? I follow business to live, not to destroy my life. I like work and do as much of it as the next man. But I must have variety of it. I need it. I will have it if I have to join the rag-pickers and rake it out of the gutter."

"You're right, Henry; it is worse than folly for us to neglect our health. But you see how it goes. We start a business and success spurs us on to madness. We lose sight of everything but that. We become monomaniacs and, I sometimes think, deserve to be confined in a madhouse, as much as the people who are sent there by law. If we are not dangerous to the community we are worse; we are dangerous to ourselves and to those who depend upon us, whom we love and would serve most. But it is not often that such conduct is harmless to others. Most of the business troubles arise out of this feverish conduct of affairs. The business in the control of a sick man is not likely to enjoy good health, and every overtaxed business man is, or soon becomes a sick man."

During this talk I bent to my oars and we soon reached the point, where I exchanged them for the paddle. After maneuvering around in the shade of the shore for some time, I found that most of the birds sat on the far, or western side of the tongue of water, which pointed north from the main lake. This was unfavorable, as the morning light would strike the water beneath them and reveal our presence too soon for our convenience. We confined

our attention, therefore, to the eastern side, where we had fine cover from the shade of the timber, and Mr. F——'s gun soon awoke the echo far and near. During the first ten or fifteen minutes I took a hand and we gained more birds on our side of the inlet than we lost—that is to say, at the discharge of our guns the birds on the opposite side would come to us, not having located the danger. When I felt satisfied that Mr. F—— could secure all the birds that we wanted I quit shooting and applied myself to securing the game already in the water and on the ground. With fair daybreak our work was over and Mr. F—— assisted me in gathering the spoils; but when we saw no more at hand, I placed him some distance from shore, in a good cover, and hiding among the roots of a tree turned up by the wind, I commenced calling. This gave him three more shots, and a fine bird, a gobbler, for each.

While busy at this something attracted my attention overhead, and on looking up I saw a flock of swans passing in fair reach of my gun, but they passed before I could get a shot. A few minutes later, however, another flock hove in sight, coming down the lake, and I secured two. As the birds struck the water, with a great splash, Mr. F—— called out from the brush:

"What is that? What are you doing, Henry?"

"Killing goslings! Come and see!"

When he saw the magnificent birds, turkey shooting lost all its interest, and nothing would do but we must wait for swans. As none came, I suggested that we might take care of our game, eat a mouthful of breakfast and then row down the lake and see what they were doing—as I had seen them alight a mile or so below us.

"But it is such a thundering row up to camp and then back again," he remarked.

"We will not go to camp. I will secure our game here, and I have a lunch, with a jug of bouillon, in the locker of the boat—of course, I never leave camp without ammunition, both for gun and stomach. One never knows what may happen."

I then set about to draw and secure our game, and in less than half an hour we were eating breakfast and rowing the boat by turns. The morning slipped away while cruising about among some islands and inlets in the western end of the lake, until we had fairly given up all hopes for a shot at the goslings. I finally landed the boat on a point that covered a considerable inlet and went ashore to reconnoiter. The ground was dense with cane and it was a difficult task to penetrate to a position from which I could see the beach of the pocket. After fifteen minutes or so of hard work, that had to be done with the greatest care, I reached a place from which I was rewarded with a sight that fairly sent the blood tingling through my veins. There they were, in easy range, leisurely dosing in the sun, without the slightest suspicion of danger. After a hasty glance I retraced my steps and waved Mr.

F—— to me. He followed as noiselessly as possible, and when we got back I bent to one side and let him step in front. As soon as he saw the birds he fired; and as they arose I jumped beyond the cane and gave them both barrels. Then there was some splashing sure enough.

"Come quick!" said I.

"That big fellow needs another load!" I added, as Mr. F—— stood looking at nothing, as if bewildered.

"Don't you see, he will get away before I can load!"

This was enough. He came to his senses and stretched the gander flat on the water. But before I was loaded two more of those that were down came to and attempted to get away. I was quick enough for them, however, and we secured whatever remained in sight. I then went for the boat and we picked up nine birds—six of which, I am satisfied, fell to the account of the raking fire of Mr. F——'s first barrel, although he would have it that I knocked down four as they were rising. I now rowed across the mouth of the inlet and landed in the shade of a magnificent maple, the foliage of which showed the full tinge of the autumnal blush. Here I removed the viscera from our birds, built a fire and we made a royal dinner on broiled swan liver and a couple of young squirrels, which I had picked up during the morning, to serve in case of need. We took it leisurely, and when we got back to our turkeys it was 2 o'clock. I then loaded our birds in the stern, all but four gobblers and four swans, which I disposed pairwise in the bow of the boat, and as I took some pains to make them look handsome, Mr. F—— asked:

"Do you want to tease Mr. H——? You fixed the birds up as if you wanted to exhibit them in the market."

"Oh, I just want to make him feel cheap with his duck shooting—just to show him what rat hunters can do!" said I.

We then took both pairs of oars and rowed for camp. As we got in sight I kept turning around to see whether Mr. Hanse-Peter's surmise had proved correct, but saw nothing unusual until we were in easy hailing distance, when I was startled by the voice of Mrs. F—— calling out from behind a tree, close to shore, that she had used as a blind:

"What luck, Mr. F——? Did you kill anything?"

"Come and see!" was his reply, as he arose to fasten the boat.

Their meeting was very happy. They clung to each other as if they had been separated for years—but I was disappointed. Elizabeth had not come. Mrs. F—— brought me a letter—but I confess it was a disappointment that cut to the bone. It affected me so much that Mrs. F—— noticed it, and upon inquiry I explained to her that I had expected her, herself, and had hoped that my dear one would come with her.

"You were perfectly right, Mr. B——," she said,

"and I did everything to persuade her, but she thought that it might be regarded as improper, and forced herself to forego the pleasure. You must not think hard of her for that. She was right, too. A young woman can not be too strict toward herself as regards her conduct, especially when it may involve the life happiness of two worthy people. But come, tell me, who killed all these birds?"

"Your husband killed most of them," I answered.

"He killed nearly all the turkeys and six of the nine swans."

"How is that? Are you not the better shot? Miss Elizabeth told me that she saw you shoot birds on the wing and tried to make them fall into her lap. I know Mr. F—— can't shoot on the wing."

"That is not always necessary. Few of our frontier people are wing shots, and they make a living for themselves and families by hunting. Out of the dozen and a half of turkeys he killed at least a dozen and six of the swans are his, too; and you see he doesn't look so very tired, either."

"No, not very," he said. Caught his wife in his arms and carried her bodily up the bank, as if she were a mere baby. She fairly screamed with delight, but was startled for a moment by the voice of her son, calling from our fishing place:

"Mother, mother! Just come and see! Just see the fish I caught!"

And the sound, before I recognized the words, stirred my blood, too, for it flashed through my mind that perhaps my dear one was hid some where. It was only momentary, however, for as soon as Theodore heard his father he came with a hop, skip and a jump, bearing a half-pound black bass in his right hand and a brand new rod in the left.

"See, papa, what I caught!" his eyes fairly jumping out of their sockets. But as they struck the sight in the boat, the bronze and white, turkey and swan, side beside, as I had disposed them, he stood as if charmed to the spot—stood for a moment; the next he had dropped rod and fish and was down the bank into the boat, trying to lift now this, then that bird, with the exclamation:

"And where did you shoot all of them, papa?"

After looking on awhile we went to his assistance—especially as he was interfering with a pair of birds which I had selected for a special purpose—as a present for Mrs. F——, which would not bear rough handling.

"These two," said I, "the largest and best feathered in the lot, must be handled with special care. They are for your dining room, Mrs. F——, after they are mounted. You must take them to Mr. V——, the taxidermist, and explain to him what you want. I don't think there could be a more appropriate ornament for a dining room. They represent the resources of the forest in both land and water fowl, and as your husband killed both of them, they will be a reminder of a pleasant morning's recreation besides," I remarked, placing the two

superb birds—a male of each species, swan and turkey, at her feet.

"I am ever so much obliged to you, Mr. B——," Mrs. F—— answered. "I will have them mounted and put under glass. But did Mr. F—— really kill these birds?"

"Yes," said I.

"Did you, dearest?" addressing her husband.

"Yes," said he. "I know I killed the gobbler and it is more than likely I killed the swan, too. I know I did if Henry says so. But, dearest, there is nothing remarkable about that. Anybody can kill game if he goes with Mr. B—— and does as he tells him. He knows the habits of the birds and beasts of the forests, their time for feeding, for rest, for recreation. He knows their favorite haunts for each of these occasions, and studies the ground in reaching distance from the camp with a view to this. I have noticed him, and I believe if he were turned loose in the woods without knife, ax, or hatchet, without gun or pistol, he would catch game enough with his bare hands to keep from starving. I shot the birds, as he told you, but he showed them to me so that I could shoot them."

"And you think you could catch game alive without fire-arms or weapons of any kind, Mr. B——?" she turned to me and asked.

"Certainly I could," said I. "But then I should like to be in a country where nobody else had arms. Under such conditions there would be no difficulty to make a living to-day anymore than there was ten thousand years ago. All that I would ask, in the way of implements, would be to be on a par with my neighbors. But you see how it is. If my neighbor has a gun and I have a club, he is likely to get the most game. Not only that, but he will make the game scarce for me, and besides educate what is left to fear and to avoid me. You understand this readily, because it is not a peculiarity confined to this mode of life—or this mode of making a living—two phrases for the same thing. Success in any avocation in civil society is as much dependent upon the tools as upon the handling of them; so that what is called competition has largely resolved itself into a contest of implements—who can get hold of the best; and this is what gives to our world its distinctive character. Not the skillful handling of the implements inherited from our fathers, but standing flat-footed before the task of life, tool in hand, the day asks, 'Is this the best we can do in the way of implement to perform that task with?'"

"Where are you going, Mr. B——?" she called out, laughing. "Rushing to the shop? I thought you came here to get away from the shop! You are a pretty fellow to get away from the shop! Talk shop, think shop, dream shop! I wonder how you get time to eat outside of your shop!"

"Come, what are we going to have for dinner? Of course, you have been so busy all day to get something to eat that you didn't have time to prepare, or

eat it! It is just as I thought it would be! Everything to cook and nothing cooked!"

"That is likely, Mrs. F——. But come, we must see; sure enough!"

As we entered our enclosure, she looked around.

"This is not as bad as I thought it would be. Really, look at that!" she exclaimed, as her eye alighted on her husband's bed, neatly made up and exposed to the full effect of the afternoon's sun, with the flaps of the tent tied up.

"Isn't that cozy?"

In the meantime a glance toward the camp fire, in front of the six-foot sycamore, that had charred away just enough to reveal its entire proportion, convinced me that I had nothing to fear from the most critical inspection. So after she had rested for a moment in her husband's easy chair, felt his bed and looked at his toilet articles, I said:

"Come, Mrs. F——, we must see about dinner."

"But where is your kitchen?" she inquired.

"Right here," I answered.

"What have you got in that Dutch oven?"

"I don't know; I think, however, it is a dead turkey, as Mr. H.-P—— would say, or something of that kind. You see, I am not cook to-day." With that I lifted the lid.

"That is delicious," she exclaimed. "Put back the lid; the bird is cooked and is being browned. I wonder what it is stuffed with! It is something I am not acquainted with. What is this?"

"That I think is our soup. And here I see are the materials for a squirrel ragout. Yes, and this is a teal stew, and here are four canvas-back ducks, boned, ready for the coals; this I see is our salad, and here is water-cress, crisp, just from the spring!"

"But where is the cook?" asked Mrs. F——.

"Catching the fish for dinner," said Jochen, poking his head over the eastern end of the back log. "You see, Mrs. F——, fish are harmless creatures. I like to let them live as long as I can and never take them out of the water until I want them in the pan. How do you do? I am mighty glad to see you. But why didn't you let us know you were coming? You find us all upset, as the women folks say, when they get company."

"Yes, Mr. H.-P——, with no preparation at all; and with nothing to eat in sight. I will wager Pat told you I was coming, and you have been busy preparing for my visit for the last three days. Well, I might have known he couldn't keep a secret. What man can, unless it is to swindle somebody!" she remarked, with some bitterness. "I know he told you that I intended to bring you a decent meal; and you have been fixing up just to beat me!" she added.

"Most assuredly not, Mrs. F——. We are not prepared for that. Our venison is not ripe; it was killed only yesterday and will not be fit to eat for some days to come. Besides, we killed only the material for our best dishes—that is, such as most people would regard so—this morning. We have nothing on hand but our ordinary fare, not an ounce

of meat but of our own killing, unless it be a slice of baked ham for a hasty lunch."

"You can talk as you please, Mr. B——, I know what I know! A parcel of men, all by themselves, to have things look like that!" she said.

In order to relieve Pat from unjust suspicion, I explained to her that Mr. H.-P—— had expected her visit, and also the circumstances that led him to the conclusion; but that neither Mr. F—— nor Mr. H—— were made acquainted with his expectations.

"Now, that is something like it. I can understand it now, and it is kind in you, Mr. B——, to tell me the actual state of affairs. I should have doubted Pat, and I would not lose the confidence I have in him for a great deal. A servant that you can confide in is such a relief—next to a true husband, a true servant is the greatest blessing in life."

Mr. H.-P—— now came in with the fish for dinner, cleaned and ready for the pan or coals. He asked me to blow the horn and then lend a hand to get dinner ready and served.

"What is that for, Mr. B——?"

"To call in all hands for dinner."

She then went to the wagon and in a few minutes returned with Pat, carrying a table. This she unfolded—I mean literally; for the whole affair, legs and all, closed up into one compact package.

"Where did you get that, Mrs. F——?" I asked, with some surprise.

"From your man Olff—he makes everything! I had sent for him to come to my house to look at some decorations and he heard Pat tell me that you ate your meals from a log. Next day he sent me that table."

While she was busy placing the table in front of Mr. F——'s tent, Pat brought a huge basket from the wagon filled with table linen and a complete set of dishes, knives and forks, cups and saucers, goblets and glasses not omitted.

"What is all this for? What does it mean, wifey mine?" asked Mr. F——, coming from attending to his game.

"To keep you fellows from turning barbarians—husband mine!" she replied.

"But who gave you permission to set up your elaborate, not to say extravagant eating apparatus in our humble, primitive enclosure?"

"The same authority that gave you permission to use axes to fell these trees, guns to kill your meat and hooks to catch your fish. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. B——. He has examined the papers," she answered.

Pat by this time came with another hamper filled with provisions.

"You may as well leave that in the wagon, Pat. There is nothing there, unless the bread, that these high livers will want to touch. I expect we shall have to board at a hotel for a while, in order to taper down to the simplicity of home living when

camp breaks up. We have nothing to eat at home compared with meals like these."

"You mean as regards the raw material, Mrs. F——. But they alone don't make the meal. Of course, our sauce here is excellent, too; but still there is something wanting—or there has been until you came with your son. If guests are essential to a banquet, then a mother and her children are necessary to an enjoyable table. Without them the best of viands are but animal food. It is they that add human significance to the meal. The etiquette that places the mistress of the home at the head of the table, opposite the father and provider may rest upon mere instinct; but the clearest of vision, reason itself, could not improve the arrangement. It places before him, in bodily reality, the final fruition of all his toil and anxieties—their fruition in human enjoyment and its perpetuity."

"Oh yes, we know, Mr. B——. You are an excellent talker about all these things; but when it comes to practice you crawl into a hole and gnaw your bone by yourself. Why is not Mrs. B—— here to take this seat," she said, attempting to sit down at the eastern end of the table.

"No, not there, Mrs. F——, please. This is your place," directing her to the side opposite. "We can not afford to be deprived of the light of your countenance. Over there you would have to shade your face from the sun and that would give you an opportunity to play hide-and-seek with us."

"Much obliged, Mr. B——," taking the proffered seat—"But where is your companion, Mr. H——? Don't you wait."

"Camp meals refuse to wait, Mrs. F——. But where is he, Mr. Hanse-Peter? When did he leave his tent?" I inquired.

"He left when I came in from duck shooting, about 9 o'clock," said Jochen.

"I went to look for some canvas-backs and when I came back, Sip, who was with me, treed over there, in sight of camp, and Mr. H—— went out to kill the squirrel. I didn't hear him shoot, but the dog treed further down the lake sometime afterward and then I heard his gun."

"And you have heard nothing of him since?" I asked.

"Not a thing, and haven't heard his gun either. You see, I have been pretty busy and thought that he was poking around, in sight of camp," said Jochen.

I took the horn and blew the signal, but received no answer. I then fired the gun and still everything was silent.

"He is lost," said I, "and you must excuse me. It is 4 o'clock. In two hours and a half it will be dark. Jochen, in which direction did you hear the dog last?"

"Down the lake, on the south side."

"The dog has not come back?"

"No, the rascal wanted to hunt. There is no danger of him coming back."

"Where did you go for the canvas-backs?"

"Southwest. There is a small lake there that connects with this one by a dry slough. The ground along the slough is high, and I found the celery lake, where I went to kill the ducks, while looking for hickory nuts to stuff our turkey."

"Just so. How far down is it where the dry slough connects with our lake?"

"Between two and three miles."

"Is there much hickory between here and there?"

"No, the ground is too low!"

"Help me rig up the boat. I want the lantern, ax and the big line. Put in a jug of bouillon and the cold corn bread you have."

Saying this I stepped to the tent for my gun, hunting jacket, belt and hatchet. My short talk, and rather decisive actions, had betrayed more anxiety than the occasion called for, perhaps, and alarmed Mrs. F——.

"There is no danger, is there, Mr. B——?" asked Mrs. F——.

"There is no telling. I hope not; but a great deal of the ground along the edges of the sloughs is very treacherous, boggy; and a man that gets lost loses himself. There is no telling what foolishness he may commit. I must go and see at once!"

"Not by yourself?" she asked.

"Yes, by myself. I will take the boat, row down to the dry slough and more than likely I will hear the dog, as the squirrels will be out feeding. It is the dog that has led him off, and the dog will be the means to find him. He is lost but will stick to the dog, because the dog will stick to him."

"And we will go with you. Mr. F—— will help you row," she said, with peremptory decision.

"That can hardly be," I remarked.

"Why not? If you take to the woods from the mouth of the slough, my husband can bring us back to camp. I can sit here worrying and doing nothing," and away she started for the boat.

"I think, Henry, it will be best that way. Mary will be better satisfied, and we will build a good fire at the mouth of the slough and keep it up—that may help you," said Mr. F——.

"All right," said I. "Pat, bring us the double oars. Jochen, wrap up a good lunch."

"No occasion for that, your honor," put in Pat. "Here is the basket which mistress packed herself."

"Right again. Mr. H.-P——, you and Mr. F—— take the big oars; I will manage these and you, Mrs. F——, must do the steering, as you refuse to be idle."

"Now, that's business! Come, Theodore, you sit here and help me," she replied.

"Pat, take care of our dinner until we come back," said Theodore.

"Yes," added Mr. F——, "and don't skip off home while we are gone, as you did the other day."

"No danger of that with Mistress F—— here herself!" replied Pat.

In less time than it has taken to relate we were

off, and although none of us was an expert oarsman, the rate at which we skimmed the unruffled water of the lake indicated that we had some business at the further end.

"I wonder what makes the boat run sideways! I can scarcely hold her straight," said our steerswoman.

"That is Mr. H.-P——'s fault, dearest," said Mr. F——. "If Henry there did not help me we would be turning round and round. He has the strength of three such men as I am."

We soon reached what according to my judgment was the mouth of the slough—but Jochen failed to identify the place.

"There is too much water here, Henry," said he.

"That may be; we must see. Did you pass this slough in coming down?"

"No, that is what bothers me."

"All right, we will run up a piece and see."

We turned up the slough and soon I noticed that the ground arose as we receded from the lake. We stopped from time to time to listen, but only heard our own hearts beat. Our trend was southwest, and finally I thought I saw the end of the slough; but when we reached the place, found that it turned at a sharp angle due south, and in less than a hundred yards the water ceased.

"That is it! There is the dry slough," said Jochen. "How did I miss it?"

"Very easily," said I. "You mistook the slough as far as it has water in it for the lake itself. Yonder are your tracks!"

"Yes, I came down there to get a drink."

"Right then—let us listen!"

Not a sound except the shrill scream of an eagle, which resented our intrusion, broke upon the ear.

"See, mother, oh see its head and tail! How they shine!" exclaimed little Theodore, as the bird glided from its perch and sought the free expanse of the lake. We landed on the point around which the slough bends for investigation. The boat was hardly fastened to the bank, when Theodore came jumping back with a hickory nut still enclosed in its fat-sided green hull.

"What is that, mother? An apple?"

"Ask Mr. B——. He knows all the fruits in the forest."

I took the nut and hulled it.

"It's a hickory nut! Oh, there are lots of them, mother! May I gather some?"

"Yes, Theodore," said I, "and mother will help you, and father, too. But don't go out of sight of the boat. Mr. H.-P——, you better stay with them. I will examine the slough and be back directly."

I first examined the tracks of Sip carefully, where he had been in the morning with his master, and then followed the bank of the dry slough. A hundred yards or so beyond the mouth I found where he had been the second time; the trail went across the slough, but I failed to find any sign where he

had recrossed, or that anybody had been with him. I exhausted all my skill, but in vain. Followed the slough up to the celery lake, came down the other bank, but not a sign did I see except where he had crossed. This fact, however, was beyond doubt, as he had run a rabbit into a hollow tree, on the west side, and left abundant evidence at the mouth of the hole of his presence there.

When I returned I found my people gathering nuts on that side of the slough, and to my questions whether Sip had run a rabbit into a tree in the morning, Jochen replied "No."

"There is a small branch of this slough, also dry, that makes off toward the west a point or two south; did you examine that?"

"No; I did not see it, Henry. But what about that rabbit?"

"We are on the right track. Sip has been here since you were with him this morning."

"Yes, and I heard him, I heard a dog; but they all say I was mistaken but mother; she thought she heard it, too," said little Theodore.

"Where was that, my little man?"

"Right over there. I was picking up nuts by that big tree," the child replied.

"I don't think there is anything in it, Henry. He only imagined it. We all listened but heard nothing," said Mr. F——.

"How is that, Mrs. F——? Theodore says you heard it, too?" I asked.

"I thought I did once or twice. But then we all listened and I suppose I was mistaken."

"But where were you when you heard it, Theodore?"

"Right over yonder, by that big tree."

"You're mistaken my son, that is not the tree," said his father.

"Yes, but papa it is! I can show you"—and off he started. "You see this? I took these green skins off the nuts and dirtied my fingers," he said, as we approached him.

"There! I heard it again!" his bright face beaming with strained attention, concentrated upon the organs of hearing. I ran up to him and took a position to one side, a little ahead—listened, but heard nothing.

"Where is it," I asked.

"I don't know but I hear it!"

"Look at me and listen!"

"Yes, I hear it!"

"Now look at mother! Do you hear it yet?"

"Yes, it is over yonder!" pointing toward the west.

"So it is!" said his mother. "I hear it, too!"

I ran west, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards, stopped and listened. Barely, barely distinguishable, I heard the sound.

"Come here, all of you!" I cried. "Theodore is right!"

Jochen rushed up and listened.

"That is Sip! He has treed!"

"No," said I, "it doesn't sound like it. You stop here until they come up. I will listen."

I walked in the direction of the sound and every step increased the certainty that it was our dog, but also the conviction that he was baying something on the ground and not barking up a tree. It flashed through my mind that Mr. H—— might have got mired down in one of the many bogs and that the dog was calling for help. As the rest of the people came up I told them my fears, and asked Mr. H-P—— to bring Mr. and Mrs. F——, while I would get over the ground with what speed I could.

"Every moment may be precious! If the dog stops when I get there I will give you the signal with the gun!"

And away I went at utmost speed. With every jump I became more and more satisfied that the dog was baying and that he was very near exhausted. This, of course, spurred me on to the utmost. I reached the branch slough, saw the opening in the forest where it widened into a pond—the sword grass surrounding the water, a hopeful sign, and there Sip, not visible yet, but giving his short angry bark at intervals. No quagmire there! But what is it that excites his spleen? Ah, a sign! I checked myself and collected my senses. Yes, that is a deer trail. At full speed, but on three legs, it has passed this shore to find safety in the water beyond the grass. There is no hurry now. But Sip was exhausted, and as soon as he winded me, relaxed his exertion. To give the signal agreed upon for the guidance of Mr. H-P——, I stepped into the grass and shot the deer—a three-point buck. After the report of my gun had died away I listened, but not a whisper by way of answer struck my ear. I blew the death signal on my horn—not a sound in answer. The water in the pond was not over twenty inches deep and I commenced to examine the grass around the edge. On the western side I found a trail, where the grass was broken down by the repeated passage and repassage of an animal. The sign was fresh, and as the buck and dog had entered the slough from the east, the opposite side, there was no accounting for this trail, unless Sip had made it in his endeavors to get help. While figuring on this, Jochen came up with the people. I explained to them the situation, and my conviction that Mr. H—— was in the vicinity but too much exhausted or bewildered to answer, or even to recognize our call.

"What can we do then to save him?" asked Mr. F——.

"There is no immediate danger now," I answered. "I may have to stay here all night; but we will find him. The only danger is from wolves, and they will not be out until dusk."

"May I see the deer?" asked little Theodore.

"Yes, I will go and get it," said Jochen. "No, we must take the deer to the other side, where Sip is," said I. "We will take it up his trail to the edge of the wood, and you go ahead with the dog.

If my conclusion is correct, Sip will trot ahead of you straight to Mr. H—— to tell him, in dog language and manner, the news. And this will save us the trouble of following his, the dog's blind trail, which usually is extremely difficult."

"You are right, sonny, you are right. He will do that—he is sure to do it and feel mighty proud. That is the way he does."

"Come here, Theodore," said I. "I will show you the deer."

Took him in my arms, showed him the deer and brought him back to his mother.

"A few minutes more, Mr. F——, and you must return to the boat with your family. I need Mr. H-P—— only for a few minutes more."

I went back to the deer, which Jochen was dragging along the trail through the grass. As we got to shore, Sip, poor brute, got up and gave his master the usual greeting. This done, Jochen started for the woods along the trail and Sip led the way. At a distance less than a quarter of a mile from where we entered the woods, we found Mr. H——, half sitting, half hanging on a log, and a more pitiable object I have not seen in human shape. As the dog approached him he said "Go away, dog!" in a tone of voice that cut me to the heart—so utterly destitute was it of any intelligent recognition of the surroundings.

I caught him in my arms and called his name repeatedly before the slightest recognition followed. At last his eyes blazed up for a moment and he said—"Henry!"

This was the last sound he uttered for the next eight hours.

"Now, Jochen, leave me. Get the people to camp and come for me in the morning with the boat, to the mouth of the dry slough. You're sure of the trail to the boat?"

"Yes, sonny, I have blazed it."

"That gives you more time. But go!"

I then gave my whole attention to Mr. H——, who had sunk into a lethargic unconsciousness. I gave him a swallow of bouillon, but his stomach rejected it. I then tried an extremely small portion of brandy, which by degrees proved effective. Before the sun went down he was under its influence, to the extent that sleep came to our relief. I then set to work to make him comfortable during the night; and when my fire was fully ablaze, with plenty of wood at hand to last us until morning, I strolled down to see what had become of my deer. I found the place where we had dragged it ashore, but the deer was gone. I then returned to the fire, and after drying my clothes, exchanged them with my patient in order to dry his, too. I then turned in—that is I laid down by the fire to sleep.

The seven stars were just capping the trees when I was aroused from my half unconscious dose by an approaching noise. I soon recognized the footsteps

of a man, and in the next minute Jochen laid down his bulky load of wraps and clothing.

"There, sonny, don't lay there on the naked ground! Here is your robe!" handing me my buffalo robe.

"How is he?"

"All right, Jochen. I have put him to sleep with brandy. But I needed this badly. Come and help me wrap him up. I can keep warm enough without it. But when a person is in his condition he needs a bath in his own perspiration and vapors!"

"Take this first, Henry. It is warmer than the robe," referring to Mr. H——'s great coat, fur-lined.

"Now we have him," said I, "fully aroused. But what made you leave camp, Jochen? You know I am not the man to suffer, with the means of comfort on every side of me!"

"I know, sonny! But you see it is only a cat's jump; and then you done a great deal more than you know yourself. You don't give out until everything is done; you don't feel it yourself, but that is no reason that you don't suffer. I can go back if you think best."

"Of course, Jochen, it wouldn't do to leave them in camp by themselves. Any disturbance, even the howling of a wolf, would throw them into unnecessary alarm. They are not acquainted with such things. I don't like to ask you to go back either—but—"

"Narren tant, sonny, what's that to me! I am used to it! I left them all sound asleep, but then something might happen, as you say. And all I wanted was to see you comfortable—goodnight!"

"Yes," said I to myself, as I heard his steps dying away in the distance, "a true human heart is something lovable in any garb." I thought over things for some time, when Mr. H—— became restless. I tried a drink of bouillon and it stayed on his stomach. After a short interval I gave him another portion; and he fell asleep for good—that is, naturally, nor did he awake again until the sun was fairly above the tree tops, the next morning.

October 15, 1856.

"How is that, man! Are you going to sleep all day!" I called out, as I saw Mr. H—— turning over as if partly awake.

"Come, get up! Breakfast is waiting! Because you walked three or four miles yesterday, that is no reason you should lay in bed all day to-day!"

"Where in thunder are we, Henry!"

"Down here, a little below camp—where you shot that deer yesterday."

"Deer! I—shot a deer! I rather think a deer shot me! I don't remember seeing a deer, or anything else after 11 o'clock, when I found I was lost for good. I feel like I had walked five hundred miles! Thunder, man, I can't move! I haven't a joint in me!"

"That's all right, Will, you're tongue is still lim-

ber, anyhow, and that is more than it was last night. Come, let me rub you a little!"

"A little! Call you that a little—you break my leg, man!"

"Of course, to give you new joints! Come, put your arm over my shoulder and try a step or two! Or else get on my back and I will carry you down to the boat!"

By degrees he got so as to sustain his own weight, and by leaning on me heavily, we succeeded in reaching the mouth of the dry slough—but it took us a longer time, it is safe to say, than it took me to come over the same ground yesterday. Here we found Jochen, Mr. F——, Theodore and Mrs. F——, the latter busy making a cup of coffee. This was extremely welcome, as it enabled me to give my patient a dose of quinine, which he greatly needed, but which I had not dared to administer for want of an auxiliary stimulant. I placed him in the bow of the boat, well bolstered up with pillows and covered with blankets, which the forethought of Mrs. F—— had brought from camp. He asked:

"Who is that, Henry?" meaning Mrs. F——. I told him and offered to introduce him; but he was too drowsy to take further notice of me.

After we had drunk our coffee and I had made a vain attempt to kill that eagle, which seemed to use the topmost limb of a grand sycamore, near by, for its observatory, for my little friend, Theodore, we started for the lake, Jochen and myself sliding the boat along at a handsome rate of speed. "As fast as all three did yesterday, if not faster!" insisted Mrs. F——, who again steered for us.

"I am inclined to think that is a mistake, Mrs. F——," said I. "It may seem so to you, but if we had the opportunity to measure our speed by something else than by our anxiety to get to the journey's end, I am sure you would have a better opinion of the assistance your husband gave us."

When we got opposite the mouth of the first inlet, on the north side of the lake where Mr. F—— killed the otter, we saw our eagle attempting to catch a duck on the water. We stopped the boat and watched it, swooping first from one side and then from the other, and every time it reached the lowest point of the curve the duck was out of sight, safe under the water. The game had gone on for some time, when I noticed that a large flock of coots, or water hens, were crouched along the east shore, obviously cowed by the danger in sight.

I asked:

"How do you feel, Mr. H——? Do you wish to get to your tent at once, or are you comfortable enough in your present position to wait fifteen or twenty minutes longer? I should like to get that royal highwayman for Theodore." But I received no answer.

"I would like to see how you could manage to

get the better of so wary a customer," said Mr. F——.

"I think I see a chance," said I, and directed the boat to land around the point of the inlet. "Now," said I, "you may row back and look on. But don't come any nearer to the inlet than what we were. I think when it finds that it cannot get the duck it will come for a water hen, and they are in reach of my gun from shore."

I slipped through the cover and reached the shore of the inlet; near the center of the flock of coots. Here I waited while the eagle was still threshing away, trying to tire out the quarry. But the duck outlasted it and as it turned away in disgust, it circled around and rather than no meat, concluded to breakfast on coot. Of course, I assisted it to land in their midst, to the utmost consternation of the silly throng. Theodore shouted as he saw the bird fall, but I saw that it was only winged, the shot having proved too light for more effective execution. I therefore directed the boat to land, in order to secure my prize myself without further injury. This done, we made for camp.

"Why did you shoot it, Mr. B ——? It fell into the water before you shot."

"It got its wings tangled up before you shot," said Theodore.

I explained to him that it was the effect of the shot that he saw before he heard the report and that this was owing to the fact that he could see quicker at a distance off than he could hear from there.

"Yes, but I heard Sip when I couldn't see him at all!"

"You did, my son, and to-night," said I, "when it gets dark I will show you how we hear something without seeing it, and how we see something that makes a noise at a distance quicker than we can hear the noise."

"How will you do that? Oh, I know. You will go down the lake and shoot off your gun, so that we can see it blaze, and the crack comes too late and doesn't keep up. Just like a rocket that goes off in the sky!" he said, his beautiful brown eyes fairly scintillating with triumph.

"Yes, my little man," said I.

"Theodore, you must not talk so much. Mr. B—— is very tired," said his mother.

As we reached camp Jochen and myself carried Mr. H—— to his bed without arousing him from his sleep. Here Mr. F—— and his good wife claimed all further care and compelled both Jochen and myself to retire to their tent for rest, but Jochen slipped off into the woods, with the remark: "You go to sleep, sonny, it ain't my time of day."

He had scarcely left when little Theodore peeped in.

"May I come in, Mr. B——," he whispered.

"Yes, my son. Come here and sit by my side. What is it you want to ask me, my little man?"

"I would like so much to have those horns—the horns of the deer you killed last night; but mother says I must not ask you for them."

"Why, Theodore, those horns belong to you. You heard the dog and that made it possible for me to kill the deer. The horns and hide, too, belonged to you—if we had saved the deer. But I am afraid the wild cats and wolves made away with him last night—we were so busy."

"No, Mr. H-P—— brought it across the pond on his back last night, and he and father carried him to the boat. He hangs on a tree by the side of the big one, and they have cut its belly open! But isn't Mr. H-P—— strong? He just lifted the whole deer as if it was a cat!"

"Yes, he is a strong man, like you will be when you get big. Now, I tell you what we will do; when I have rested for a little while we will take the skin off the deer and tan it with the hair on. Then we will take the head with the horns and preserve that, too. Then, when we get home, mother will have the head fixed up in your room for a hat rack—to hang your things on, and you can always remember when you look at it how you heard the dog when the rest of us could not; and the skin you can spread upon the floor to step on when you come out of your bath, in the morning."

"But mother says you must sleep; and she must not know I was here. She will not like it," he whispered, and jumped away, overfull with our plans.

As soon as I commenced to feel the warmth of the generous bed I fell asleep and knew nothing until I awoke past 5 o'clock, in the evening. As I stepped out of the tent, after bathing my face, I was greeted by the kindly voice of our hostess.

"How do you feel, Mr. B——? Have you rested well?"

"Most excellently," I answered. "I could not feel better! How is Mr. H——?"

"Resting quietly. He has slept the whole time and is still asleep; but I should like to wake him for dinner. You see, it is about time to eat. The table was set more than twenty-four hours ago."

"Yes, I can do my part. But we must not disturb Mr. H——. Food is nothing when compared with sleep as a restorer of nature overtaxed."

"He had a narrow escape!" remarked Mr. F——, as we seated ourselves.

"Yes, in one sense, a narrow call for his life; but he did not escape the suffering. If he had perished his suffering could not have been greater.

"Why, Mr. B——?" asked Mrs. F——.

"Because," I answered, "he was past suffering when we came upon him; the rest would have been merely physical, and that itself very short. A pack of timber wolves are rapid executioners."

"And do you think they would have killed him?"

"Most likely, within an hour from the time we found him. There is plenty of sign indicating their presence around the lake, and at sun down they

stir-abroad with the rest of the prowlers. It was this that made me so anxious not to lose a moment's time, even after I was satisfied that he was not mired down in a bog."

"But you did not seem to be excited, except that you acted and moved about quickly. You even indulged my foolishness to go with you, when we could only hinder your work. I think you might have explained the real danger and saved yourself that trouble," she remarked.

"Of course I might, and cut off my main help. I am not so conceited as not to avail myself of every possible assistance in an emergency, and the present experience is a new illustration of the fact that help may come from sources least expected. When you decided to go with me it struck me at first as absurd, but the reflection occurred instantaneously that five pairs of ears were better to listen for a sound than one, in an uncertain area—and the mouth of the dog was my only reliance to find Mr. H——. Without that I was powerless and he in all probability lost. You must not think that it was mere complaisance on my part to accept your company. Emergencies, such as presented itself, wipe all complaisance from my mind. I did so with a thankful heart for the actual assistance. I saw in your proposition and the result shows that without you, and especially the superior sensitive organization of your little man—his unpolluted child heart sheltered in your own bosom—all my experience and knowledge of the forest and forest life might have proved of little avail. To listen for an expected sound in a dense forest has its own peculiarities. It is not necessarily the distance alone that governs the audibility—the intervening objects also come into account. This I knew when we started, and it was this—the knowledge that four or five persons scattered over a space of only a hundred yards square would be more likely to hear the dog than one person by himself—it was this that led me to accept your kind assistance."

"But really, Mr. B——, I had no idea of the danger to which persons are exposed in the woods," she said.

"The woods are as dangerous to thoughtless, inexperienced persons as the pavements and streets of a crowded city. The truth is, the world is no place for such anywhere, and that is the reason you do not allow your son to roam about at pleasure. Nature has no weakness for man—doesn't fondle but throttles him. His life is based on victory. If he is not victorious he is not at all, for he is self-dependent. Mr. H——'s life was not endangered because he lost the way to camp—but because he lost himself. He was surrounded with all the raw material which furnishes the means that supply all the necessities of life, but because he was cut off from immediate contact with the accustomed instrumentalities that turn that raw material into means for the use of man, he despaired of a living, in the midst of overflowing abundance, conjured up all the

horrors of death by starvation, lost his self-control, self-direction, when the situation demanded self-reliance, and ground himself into madness because he stood face to face with the conditions of a self-dependent, free being for the first time in his life. In that situation he lost himself—the self he was acquainted with, the dependent braggart, that vaunts of his freedom! The self that presupposes as a condition for its own being the existence of the entire enginery of civil society! Of course, cut off from its presupposition, it is lost."

"You are free, self-dependent—then live! But we collapse into our little fractional inanity."

"There is a saying that does not apply to forest life, but to life, which is this: 'Look before you leap,' and the common mule, as I have observed, mindful of this, will not leap over a closed fence four feet high, simply because he cannot see when he jumps the place where he will light. I come into a territory new to me—forest or prairie, as the case may be. The first thing I do is to locate myself at some point or other, the connection of which I know with the place I have occupied before, and to which I want to return. From this point as a center, where I store such parts of my equipment as I do not carry about with me, I commence to examine the surroundings—thoroughly, as far as I go; as, for example, I can see from this camp two hundred yards in every direction. This to-day is the length of my chain. I now go to that big tree over yonder, that is visible from here, and when I reach it I can see camp, but I can also see further into the woods than I can from here. This last space, the distance I can see further from that tree, I add to my previous acquisition; and this process I repeat from station to station. Of course, the degree of care I exercise will be governed by the special conditions of the case. If I have a stream, or a drainage system, it will simplify my labor. A lake, or slough, will assist, but requires more care. Then bright, sunshiny days and star-light nights will help. But the principle remains the same—don't go beyond the ground with which you're acquainted without special, nay exclusive attention to the road back. Of course, science has devised means that render us independent in these matters, but these are not always at hand, nor generally serviceable to the people who most need them. Besides, for the detail demanded, they are wholly inadequate.

"Another rule I never deviate from is this—I never leave camp without my equipment—gun, ammunition, well-protected, hatchet, knife, a pone of corn bread, matches and a small quantity of salt, in water proof cover. This outfit saves me from losing myself. It may take me days to find the road back to camp, but I am always at home. If I don't reach camp one day, I will another—I am safe from suffering, or severe injury. If I am led into the forest in the pursuit of game beyond my depth, I know it; and I know also that it will take me time to ascertain my

line to connect me back with my usual surroundings. But these surroundings are nothing absolutely essential to me. They are not all of me. My consciousness is more extensive, it has resources within itself, it reaches beyond them, and if I lose them or my connection with them, I don't lose my all—myself!"

"That is the reason the Indian doesn't lose himself—because his home is everywhere," remarked Mr. F——.

"Yes, and no," I answered. "The Indian's home is everywhere, as you say—that is, he has no home. He has no consciousness filled with the institutional life of the race, no will, no real purpose, beyond the purpose to supply the needs of the hour. His will is caprice—a notion of the moment sways him. But we are filled, our consciousness is replete with the rational, objective purposes; our wills, with valid ends—valid beyond ourselves, valid for our nation and race. These we receive without conscious exertion on our part, by youthful training, by association, by the life of the day, and they constitute our unconscious being. If we have never reflected upon them, looked into them, and the relation which they sustain to us, we are liable to just such contingencies as happened to our friend. Remember, we may be very familiar with this content, very glib in its use, 'smart as lightning' as the phrase goes, still we are likely to lose ourselves, not merely in a patch of woods, but in that largest forest, the jungle of life, in the very midst of peoples and populations. By turning our attention upon it, however, we withdraw out of it, we possess it, and not it us. We value it, we play with it, use it for our ends—become self-dependent. In that attitude, and in that attitude alone, we do not lose ourselves. Let the world wag. We at least are at home—have a roof over our head, though it be but the naked sky."

"But you do not eat, Mr. B——," said Mrs. F——.

"No, my mind refuses. Give me a cup of un-mixed bouillon. This you will observe is not the idea of the ancient Stoics; it is the reverse of it. They had both hands full—occupied with holding the door shut, that excluded the outer world. I, on the contrary, want it to enter, but as guest and servant, not as master and proprietor of the house. But, excuse me. I am talking incoherently about things that concern nobody. Come, my little man, shall we skin your deer? You know I—that is, we must tan the hide and prepare the head and horns for your room."

"Yes, he told me all about it. It was too big for his little head to keep," said his mother. "But, you know, I must leave for home to-morrow, Mr. B——, and you can't get it ready by that time to take with us."

"No, not the hide; but I can prepare the head. How would it do, Theodore, if we were to swap—you take the big one and let me have the small head?"

"I would like that, but I wasn't there when you killed the big one."

"That is so, my darling child; you would have nothing to hang upon it in your memory. The first day of your young life, spent in a real forest! I tell you what we will do. You shall have both of them; and if we get another one, you shall have that, too. Then we will place the big one in the middle, and the two smaller ones, one on each side. That would complete the rack."

"Yes," said he, "and then put the eagle on the top—with its feathers on, I mean! It will die, anyhow; it doesn't eat anything."

"How is that, mother? Can you improve the arrangement?" I asked.

"No, and we shall have it made, if Theodore will study right well and get all his lessons," she said.

"But how can he keep from doing that if he has a teacher? How could the whole world keep him from learning, Mrs. F——? The question only is, what lesson ought he to learn first, so as to make the next one productive of most profit? And that is a matter for the teacher to determine, for his skill consists in so conducting the child, so surrounding him, as to make the child seek the lesson. If he does this he is a teacher, and each lesson is a revelation, an enjoyment, the highest vouchsafe to child or man. Of course, this may not be possible at the factory, the school where you deal with things in gross—but what is the meaning of his father's toil? Surely not the millions themselves, but those millions as implements. Mother, endeavor to see that they are employed to feed the genius of your son. Develop that. Oh, just one man of genius and what are all the millions in the light of that! One Aristotle, one Homer, one Sophocles, and what are the treasures stored, or that were stored at Delphi, compared to that! One Goethe, one Hegel, one Shakespeare, one Calderon, one Dante, one Moliere even, and your nation is immortal, its speech eternal, because freighted with the abiding! Pardon me, Mrs. F——, I am excited. I am not at myself on account of the night I spent."

"You certainly do me wrong, Mr. B——," said Mr. F——, "if you think that I do not appreciate your fondness for my child, or the high destiny you would crown him with if it was in your power. But what can we do? The genius of our people is employed elsewhere; and genius alone can be of service to genius. The world man of ancient times, Alexander, of Macedon, was trained by the world thinker, Aristotle. Show me the man and I will pay him. But I look in vain to the academic vocation. It is formal, necessarily so, perhaps, but still it is dead—routine. It delivers what it received. There is no freedom of adjustment and without that no individual endowment, such as is worthy to be called genius, can be assisted. I have met one man that can assist me in my specialty and that is yourself. In your presence I become active—I see. In the presence of others my inner eye closes—I am

blind. They talk of what is. Who doesn't know that? But when it comes to look for what ought to be, they stare as if they saw a ghost. They don't even understand the attitude, the manner of approaching the question. It has been on my tongue more than once to ask you to take charge of my children, help them, train them into an appreciation of an intellectual life; but I know you and your circumstances I see the impossibility of such an undertaking. But if you will—drop all other engagements and come to us—I will compensate you and so will my children. Do you join me in this, mother."

"Most earnestly," she answered. "From my very soul, dearest! Oh, it would lift such a burden from my heart! Mr. B——, I can not help but see, from the instances that occur in every day life, what you have seen on your first meeting with my child, that he deserves what we are unable to give him ourselves, and are unable to command in the market. If you can not take charge of him, help us with your council. You are acquainted with people of collegiate education and perhaps you might assist us to find the man."

"I see what is needed, but do not see it in myself. What I can I will do to help you find it. In the meantime you are doing more than you are perhaps aware of. The love and open-hearted confidence that exists between you and your son, cherish it—sacrifice everything but that. Keep that intact, pure, and all else is possible. But don't strain it with temporary, evanescent restrictions. He must remain unacquainted with any wrong so wrong that he can not talk to you about it with perfect openness. Don't force him to create a world of his own by multiplicity of insignificant requirements that have no substantial value, but are irksome to him—a world that he has to fence off from you by subterfuges, half truths and misrepresentations! It is by these insignificant trivialities, senseless to absurdity, that childhood is trained. Don't furnish them as the brick and mortar, to build up a wall between you and him—and all on the side of the will is safe, and that is the first. Remember, his will is caprice, filled with a content evanescent beyond expression, but perennial, inexhaustible in fecundity. It is this fecundity, the bearing capacity of the tree, that is to be ennobled by grafting, not pruned into a shade tree. The shears and pruning hook—their necessity is evidence of neglect on the part of the gardener; his finger and thumb nail are all sufficient, if used in time, and far better, as they leave no scar to disfigure without and cause dryrot within. Don't train the Devil into your child by trivial requirements and neglects, and you save yourself the pain, and the child the agony, of the ceremony of exorcism, of casting him out—not to mention, that he seldom leaves empty-handed. I have seen babes educated at three months old to earn their living by bawling for it; and all the instructions they had received was mere neglect, with the remark, perhaps—"Just wait a bit, mother is fixing her hair. *Mama* will come

directly; that is a nice baby!" Of course, the little one understood all about that, in its own way. To it this language meant—"Louder, louder!" To impress this interpretation as a true one, the mother would even resort, in extreme cases, to mechanical means. Mother of a lump of clay, she uses the paddle to give it form! Yes, even this is possible with this wondrous birth, grasping within itself all—from cloud to Godhead! With the cloud it shrinks, yields to external pressure, and with divine susceptibility it drinks with insatiable eagerness the faintest flush of maternal affection. Oh, motherhood, how you can degrade yourself! But come, Theodore, we must attend to our game."

I now examined our birds, all of which I found carefully laid down on the ground, and covered from the effects of the sun. Jochen had attended to this in the morning before he left camp, as was proper. I renewed the hay, of which we had a liberal supply, and as the sun dipped below the top of the trees, I hanged them up to give them the benefit of the cool night air. I then took down the deer, and dressed the big one for Mrs. F—— to take with her to the city.

"What has become of my birds, Mr. B——," asked Mrs. F——. "The two, I mean, that you gave me yesterday to have mounted?"

"They are all right," I answered, "not a feather is injured on either."

"But what are we going to do with all the rest?"

"The turkeys you take home and distribute among your friends. The swans, all the full grown birds, I mean, and there are only three young ones in the lot, you take, and have the skins prepared for furs for yourself and your little daughters. The furriers pluck the feathers and leave the down, which is an exquisite white color and as soft as—down on the skin. This they dress and use for ladies' wear. Of course, it is costly, but not to us; you can afford to wear it. By the by, Mr. F—— killed a fish otter, too. The skin is nearly dressed and it is one of the most costly pelts in the market."

"Where is it? Can I see it?" she asked.

"Why not," I answered, and I got and showed her the skin.

"Now, Mr. B——, I have caught you!" she exclaimed. "That is not an otter. I have a set at home and you can't fool me on that. My otter furs are as soft as down itself; not hairy like this!" she said.

"No? Why that is strange! But I killed the animal and it certainly looked like an otter. Its skin doesn't feel nor look like your furs! How is this, Henry?" asked Mr. F——.

"Very simple; come here and I will show you," I answered. I placed the skin on the table, flesh side down, and let one end hang over the side. I then took a table knife and plucked a piece as large as my hand and asked Mr. F—— whether it looked like otter now."

The good lady stood by and as she saw the result

of the operation exclaimed, with something of vexation in her voice:

"Oh, pshaw! Mr. B——, you wear a person out! You identify everything you wear, eat or drink in its natural condition! I thought I had you at fault for once!"

"It is in that condition that man finds the means to supply his wants. To recognize them in their natural condition and to prepare them for his use is man's special prerogative. You don't blame me because I am a man?" I answered.

"No, I don't," she said, "but can I take this with me, too?"

"Yes, the dressing I gave it is only temporary. I did not want to dry it, nor run the risk of having it spoil on our hands. You take it with you and have it oil-dressed and plucked."

"What do you intend to do with that deer?" she asked.

"I am preparing it for you. It is too fine to be wasted here in camp. It will last you, with proper care, until Christmas; and such a piece of meat is not to be picked up every day. When Mr. F—— comes home he will want something to eat. You saw at dinner, he doesn't nibble any more. He has forgotten that he has a stomach, except when it calls for something to eat. I should like very much if he would eat game until New Year's, anyhow—I mean make it his chief food; and that requires that we should have an eye to variety. Now, after a week or ten days, we cannot expect to kill venison that is of prime quality."

"Why not?"

"The animal was at his prime for this year a week or ten days ago. It now deteriorates from day to day, until a week hence, when it becomes hard eating. A little of it then goes a great way. It is boarding-house venison; and a month from now it is wholly unfit for human food. Of course, the female, the doe, improves in flesh until winter sets in; but then that flesh is not venison at any season of the year."

"Why, you surprise me! I didn't know that the sex of the animal made any difference in the quality of the meat," said Mr. F——.

"Well, you likely have never tasted venison steak. You no doubt have eaten deer meat, but we will try a steak for breakfast from this fellow; although he is a little young and has hardly been killed long enough."

With that I took down the other deer and placed it on the log.

"There," said I, "you see why the dog bayed the animal in the pond. You see that left hind foot? It was shattered by a bullet some days ago and the animal came to the lake—the water cure establishment, the only establishment patronized by the denizens of the forests and prairies—to heal the injury. The dog came up on him and he took refuge in the pond to defend himself from immediate dan-

ger, as his lame foot and limb prevented his finding safety in flight."

"Poor fellow! And then you had to kill him," said Mrs. F——.

"Yes, I find my stomach refuses to digest the inorganic—such as stones and mud—and I have to rely upon organic nature for a living. Then, there is a prejudice against those birds and beasts, such as buzzards and hyenas, who live upon the remains of nature's butcher shop; and so I join the eagle, who refuses food unless of its own killing. I slay right and left, in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Nay, sometimes I think I honor the subject self-conscious intelligence, the divine in man."

"It makes no difference, Mary, where you start," said Mr. F——. "At the wounded hoof of a deer, or the soul-sparkling eye of a child, he will find a way to reach the same center!"

"And what is there in all these eyes," I answered, "this luxuriant vegetable world that looks at us here that is abiding but that center—that is worth noting, that does not vanish while you are noting it—but that center?"

"Here, Theodore, give me a hand. Now, you see, we will fix your horns that you take with you."

With eager eyes he followed every stroke of the knife, saw and hatchet, from the first incision until the trophy was ready for the mounter. As the sun went down all was in ship-shape, and we retired to the glowing fire, for protection against the cool air that creeps over the forest with the approaching shades of night. But the labors of the day and the excitement of last night cut the most enjoyable hours of camp life, the evening hours around the roaring fire, quite short and deprived Mrs. F—— of a delightful experience. Theodore was soon asleep in her lap and Mr. F—— with Mr. H-P—— even showed signs of fatigue. We therefore retired quite early, and as I had the advantage of some six hours sleep, during the day, I improved the opportunity to note down in hasty phrase the happenings as they occurred, intending to improve the form at more leisure.

Mr. H—— was still asleep. I examined him from time to time and found his condition improving. A slight perspiration rested on his forehead, and his breathing was free from all unnatural symptoms. The heavy dose of quinine had passed off and what at first was artificial had passed into a perfect, natural sleep. Twice he had called for water since 12 o'clock and relished a drink with a normal appetite, especially the last time. His pulse was still excited, but not beyond what might be attributed to the medicine administered. I felt perfectly satisfied with his condition and applied myself to my work without disturbance, save that Sip would now and then grow restless, give mouth and then come into my tent as if he had something to communicate. To quiet him I adjusted the reflector to our lantern and placed the light in such a position as to illumine the forest beyond the trees, on which our game was

hung. This seemed to give him great satisfaction, and I had worked for perhaps three hours uninterruptedly, when he came rushing into the tent in great alarm, I arose and reached for my gun, but before I could step to the front of the tent the serenade was in full blast—a pack of wolves in full chorus! When I reached the shade of the reflector they were hustling beyond the light and I failed to get a shot, especially as Sip, with marvelous courage, was ready to chase the whole cowardly crew, as long as he himself was in sight of my gun. I called aloud to Mrs. F—— to wake up and enjoy the music.

"I got it up for your special benefit and I don't think it nice at all that you don't show the slightest appreciation!"

Of course, I had heard her voice fluttering with excitement as she aroused her husband.

"What in the world is that, Mr. B——?" she called out.

"Nothing," said I, "but some of our neighbors who are calling on Mr. H—— to give expression, in a public manner, to their regrets that they were not at home last night to receive him with due ceremony when he called at their village—the wolves that I feared last night and laugh at to-night."

"Great heavens! How many are there? It sounds as if there were at least a hundred or two!" said Mr. F——.

"That is hard to say. You can never tell the number by the noise they make, no more than you can tell the number of people an editor of a political newspaper means when he says 'we'. All that we can say with certainty is that there is one wolf about and there may be more."

By this time everybody in camp was aroused—even to Mr. H——.

"Henry, are those fellows howling for meat?" he asked.

"I think it likely."

"Tell them to wait. I will join them. I am as hungry as they dare to be," said he.

"I am glad to hear it, Will."

"And so am I!" said Mrs. F——.

"Mrs. F——," I called out, "permit me to introduce to you Mr. H——, our convalescent hunter, fresh from the forest primeval!"

"I am happy to make his acquaintance, but decline to shake hands until after breakfast," she answered.

"Your most obedient, madam. That will give me an additional reason to hasten that already wished for meal. Henry, you're up; do get me a mouthful to eat—anything will do," said Mr. H——.

"Anything will do, you say?"

"Yes, anything!"

"But anything is too large for me to handle. Suppose you take this bowl of bouillon that has been waiting for you, while I go and get you a plate of giblets and toast that I have been nursing before the fire all the evening."

"Great Scott! That goes to the right spot. I feel it down to my big toe nail."

By this time the wolves had retired to a respectable distance and although we could still hear one strike up its diabolical yodle every now and then, the noise gradually died away. After Mr. H—— had finished his meal—although too meager for his appetite—I bade good night once more to everybody, and this time I, too, resigned myself to sleep.

October 16, 1856.

This morning I awoke, the laughing stock of camp. It was half past seven before I knew that I was still in the land of the living—as they say to spin out the phrase, when people have little to say and many words to say it with. They roasted me from all sides, except my little friend and he came to my defense with:

"Mother, Uncle Henry was tired and he slept good."

"Yes, my son. Yesterday he was sick because his friend was not well and he did not go to sleep last night until he thought Mr. H—— was out of danger," said Mrs. F——.

"That is the reason he slept so late this morning—just like you do when I am sick."

"Yes, my little talker."

While eating breakfast, served by Mrs. F——, Jochen came in, bent double under a spike buck, which he threw from his shoulder with a grunt of relief.

"Where did you pick him up, Mr. H-P——?" I asked.

"Well, you see, when I saw that you killed deer with a shot gun, I thought I would try it, too; and as I found a place, near the celery lake, the other day, where they had tramped about a good deal, I picked me out a tree and made me a pulpit, to preach from. I went there this morning and got this one, but the big fellow, with a thorn bush on his head, I lost."

"What do you mean by saying that you made yourself a pulpit, to preach from," asked Mrs. F——.

"It is a slang phrase," I remarked, "in use among the shooting people of his country. It means a stand, or seat, in the top of a tree, some twelve, fifteen or twenty feet above the ground, to shoot from. A tree is selected easy of access, and in gunshot of some place of favorite resort for the deer—usually a mating place at this season of the year. The deer, not acquainted with any danger from the sky, from above, approaches without suspicion, and is easily killed from such an ambush—provided the person has the patience to wait, and the industry to reach the place at the proper time."

"But, how did you lose the big fellow, Jochen? Did you shoot him, or did he get away unhurt?"

"No, I shot him; but he did not fall. I watched him and after a jump or two he walked off a piece and laid down. When I got from the tree I went to him. He made a face at me and kept nodding his

head with every breath he drew. I stood and looked at him, thinking he would die. I didn't like to shoot him anymore—didn't want to tear him all to pieces. After I had stood there a good bit, looking at him, and he looking at me very cross like, he got up and walked off into the cane—and I kept looking after him, never thinking about my gun until he was out of sight. Then I remembered that I had a gun, but it was too late. I have looked high and low for him, but can't find a hair of him. I hate it because of his horns," said Jochen, scratching his head.

"Is he very large?" I asked.

"As big as the biggest, with horns on his head like a thorn bush! But didn't he look cross at me! Every hair on him seemed to point to his head, the wrong way, like!"

"Likely he walked toward the big lake?"

"Yes, in that direction."

"How far was he from it when you saw him last?"

"Not over three-quarters of a mile."

"When did you lose sight of him?"

"Just a little after sun-up."

"All right, come, sit down and eat your breakfast. I will clean up the boat, and when you get through we will go and bring him in."

"Yes, but it is too late. I don't think Sip can take the track. You know, Henry, he is no hound."

"Never mind about Sip; we will not want him. The buck is dead by this time and all we need to do is to bring him into camp."

"But don't we have to find him first?"

"Oh, yes, but there is no trouble about that. From what you say the buck is dead and that is all that is necessary. The finding of him is a small matter."

"And you think you will find him, Mr. B——?" asked Mrs. F——.

"Of course we will find him. From the actions of the animal, as Mr. H-P—— describes them, he can not live, is dead by this time. How did the deer stand when you shot, Jochen?"

"Broad-side to me, and I held on the shoulder blade."

"Certainly, or the buck would not have panted as he did. He is hit in the lungs. What shot did you shoot?"

"Some shot out of your pocket."

"Right or left?"

"I took it from the left pocket of your jacket."

"Just so, No. oo buck-shot. It killed the young deer in its tracks—but the old fellow carried off the larger portion of the discharge on his ribs and shoulder blade. Enough, however, got through between the ribs to finish him by this time."

When I said this Mrs. F—— slipped off to her husband, who had a great time with Theodore and Mr. H——, fishing behind our fire place. I had not got quite through cleaning up and arranging the boat when Pat came down the bank with the hamper full of provisions.

"What do you mean to do with that, Pat? I always carry something to eat when I go into the

woods, but I don't need a restaurant on wheels or aboard my boat to make me comfortable."

"It is the mistress, Mr. B——, who has changed her mind; she has. It is after going with you she is and not going to town this day," said Pat.

"Oh, that makes a difference."

"Oh, there! Mrs. F—— and you folks! Who is going in this boat? I want to know, so as to arrange the seats," I called, at the top of my voice. This brought Messrs. F—— and H—— down to the landing.

"Mary wants to stay with us another day, and I reckon you better arrange so we all can go except Pat; he will keep camp. Mr. H—— I suppose is strong enough to go; it would be rather lonesome in camp for him," said Mr. F——.

"It depends upon what the doctor says," replied Mr. H——.

"The doctor says you may go, on condition you don't leave the boat, unless Theodore is with you to take care of you!"

"A good hit," said Mrs. F——.

"Well, I'll agree to go under that condition," said Mr. H——. "I reckon I will make out with Theodore's care. It may not amount to much, but then I hope I will not need much."

"All that he has and that is of the best. Simple-hearted reverence for what surrounds him; and no conceited assumption of superiority above conditions that are strange and not even known to him. But we must prepare camp before we leave. Jochen, please show Pat how to take care of the game. Has it been loaded on the wagon already?"

"No, not yet."

"All right; see that it is attended to and come down as quickly as you can—I want to get away as soon as possible."

I then went for my gun and jacket. As I left the tent Sip asked if he could go along. I told him 'no,' to stay and take care of the camp. He took the order in good part, but seemed not to like it much—looked off to one side as if thinking about something.

When I returned to the boat I found everybody seated—Mrs. F—— with Theodore, at the rudder; Mr. F—— and Mr. H-P—— at the big oars, Mr. H—— in the bow of the boat and my seat with the double oars left vacant. I requested Mr. H—— to exchange seats with me.

"You need not to use the oars; we have plenty of time. We don't want to rush over the lake—but I must sit where I can see!"

"You don't expect to see the dead deer from the lake," asked Mrs. F——.

"Oh yes, but I do; that is what I take this seat for."

"Do you expect to see him float in the lake," asked Mr. F——.

"Not exactly—just row slowly, don't strain yourself. By the by, I forgot something!"

"In camp?"

"No, I have it in my pocket. Here, Mr. H——,

undo that spoon and give it to Mrs. F—— and Theodore to use from the stern of the boat. I haven't got time, or I would fix it myself."

Mr. H—— pretended he did not know what a spoon was and how it was used; but he handled it like an expert, and in a very short time he had to face about in his seat to attend to the fish, as Mrs. F—— and Theodore caught them with the artificial lure.

"What a pity we have no stringer! You are the most careless mortal that ever undertook to do anything! Here we are catching the finest of fish with nothing to keep them alive!" exclaimed Mr. H——.

"Of course, Mr. Editor, if I just had had the opportunity to consult you about the intricate question, whether it was necessary to have a stringer if a person wanted to string a fish, you would no doubt have been able to advise me upon the subject; but then you were so busy, so much occupied doing nothing, that I did not like to disturb you; and so came away without anything but this makeshift," said I, throwing him an eighteen foot stringer.

"I did not ask for a clothes-line! Where is the cross stick to keep the fish from slipping off," he growled.

"I never use a cross-stick. Just fasten the lower end to the gunnel of the boat, then string your fish, throw them over-board and fasten the needle where you have fastened the other end of the line. That is the reason the line is so long."

With quarreling and catching fish—one a six-pound bass, which brought the whole crew to its feet—we reached the inlet to the dry slough, and when we had passed it I gave my whole attention to what transpired in the air ahead of us, over the lake and the adjacent woods on the southern shore. I noticed a large oak reaching some distance above its neighbors that seemed the favorite resting place for crows. No matter from what direction they came, if their line of flight passed within sight of that tree they changed their direction and alighted on that tree. Nor did I see any of them leave the place. I had watched this for some time when I saw one coming across the lake, making directly for the southern shore. As it passed, or was in the act of passing the tree, on the west, it halted in its flight, gave three short calls and dived into the foliage eastward.

"Please draw in the troll, Mrs. F——; we must stop here for a few minutes," said I.

"Why, you don't see anything of the deer," said Mr. H——.

"No, but I did not know but what we might get a favorable sign here. You see, there are some birds flying about, and if they should pass to the right—"

"Gammon! Hunt dead deer by augury," called out Mr. H——.

"That's right," said I, as I traced another bird, obviously a mate who had heard the call of the first, to the same place. I waited and in less than

five minutes the whole family—seven in number—had entered beneath the shade of the same oak, from the same direction.

"I think we need to go no further," said I. "We will land along-side that large log there, that reaches in from shore to deep water. We can manage the buck, if he is a large one, with more convenience there."

"But where is he, Henry," asked Mr. H——.

"Under that big oak there, not far from shore."

"How do you know?"

"By augury, Mr. H——. The inquest is being held, and I heard the coroner read the verdict—'Dead, dead, dead!' Didn't you hear that crow a little while ago? They are busy now closing his eyes—that is taking them out, so that they are sure he will not open them again."

Saying this I reached the log, walked it to the bank, and as I mounted the latter the inquest, consisting of some fifteen or twenty fellows all in black, broke up with considerable confusion. The space was comparatively free from cane and this the old stager had selected, because it was beneath his dignity to seek cover, relying upon his vigilance to detect and his powers to meet any emergency. He was uninjured except the right eye, which as he was lying on his left side, was eaten out.

"What do all these birds mean, Henry?" asked Mr. F——, as he reached the top of the bank with Mr. H.-P——.

"What I told you. Don't you see the buck," said I. "Great Scott, man, he's as big as a mule! Wait, don't disturb him; I want Mary to see him?" said Mr. F——.

"Of course," I answered, "and Theodore may bring Mr. H——, too, to teach him the art of hunting dead deer by augury—by the flight of birds!"

When Mr. F—— stepped down the bank, Jochen caught me by the hand and said: "Sonny, I wouldn't take anything for this!"

"For the buck, Jochen?"

"No, for you; for the way it happened."

And now all hands came up to see and wonder.

"Is he not very large, Mr. B——?" said Mrs. F——.

"One of the largest, if not the largest that I have seen," I answered.

"Is he in good condition?" she asked.

"I have not examined him closely, but his coat is almost black on the back and that means that he has not deteriorated as yet to any extent. No, his neck is not swollen. He is tip top."

"Uncle, how many are eight and nine," asked Theodore.

"Why?"

"He has eight ends, no points, on this horn and nine on that. Can't I hang lots of things on them!"

"Yes, my son. But you want to find out how many eight and nine are; now let us see. You say he has nine points on this horn?"

"Yes."

"Now then, add this one on the other horn and that makes ten."

"Yes, and this is eleven, and this is twelve. Oh, I see; it is seventeen. He has seventeen points, and eight and nine are seventeen," his eyes fairly sparkling with triumph.

"He must be a noble looking beast when he stands in his native habitat—perfectly at liberty, unrestrained and untrammelled," said Mr. F——.

"The finest embodiment of freedom that I have met in nature! To see him on an October morning at sunrise examine the eastern point of a mountain spur in search of society, or sniff the air at a distant sound of danger—to watch the poise of that head, the play of the ears and nostrils, the expressions of the eye—'tis the sight of a lifetime! But the loss of the eye disfigures him. Let us turn him over," I replied.

The other side, however, did not improve his appearance, because soiled more or less with blood.

"You are too late," said I, as I saw the first buzzard circling around above us, investigating the question of what caused the gathering of crows, who were still discussing the situation on the neighboring trees. Some, the elder ones, no doubt, held to the opinion that we would not move the carcass without leaving them a handsome meal—the entrails.

"Do you think that those birds find their food by scent or by sight, Mr. B——, I mean the scavengers, the buzzards," asked Mr. H——.

"By both and neither in the manner that the question is discussed in the books. Either view attributes a sensitive organization to the bird wholly out of keeping with its general mode of feeding. The notion that it can see or smell at the distance of miles is absurd."

"But how do they collect so rapidly from all directions and distances—you see how they come!"

"In the same manner that I came to the deer and brought you here. They are distributed over the country, hovering or sailing about in search of food. One sees a collection of birds, of kindred habits with itself, like this one, the crows. It goes to see what they have. Its neighbor or neighbors see it. They see from its motion that it has a definite object in view. Its general survey of space has ceased, it makes for a definite place and swoops down. That is sufficient for them. They follow, and their neighbors follow them. Or one in the general search finds something; the rest do not see what it has, but they see it and its motion. That guides them. It is the same with the migration of squirrels, for example. It is a well-established fact that they will follow the mast. The question is, how does the squirrel that lives thirty, forty, fifty or more miles from the place where the mast is, find out in which direction to travel to get to it? The answer is, it has neighbors; the whole space between it and the mast is populated at the beginning of the migration. But it finds some bright morning that its neighbor to the east, south, west or north has moved, or is

not at home when it calls; it takes its track to see where it has gone. Apply this to the district and the squirrel that lives within a hundred yards of the line of the mast becomes the guide to its neighbor, which lives on the side where there is none; it to its neighbor and it in turn to its, throughout the barren district. See how these birds come! If you step to the lake where you can watch their motion in the air, and also convince yourself of the physical impossibility that the sense of sight should be their guide, you will see that what I state is correct. They follow each other. Each hunts for all. If it had not been so cold this morning, when these fellows don't stir abroad, I would not have had to rely upon the crows alone as guides. The other birds would have assisted them to show me the deer.

"But come, we must be doing. The buck is still warm and will drain well if I open him. Will you pick nuts, Mrs. F——, or would you like to see how a deer or beast is opened? It is not a pleasant sight, although it has to be done."

"Whatever is useful and necessary is pleasant enough for me, Mr. B——. I don't think refinement consists in ignorance. It is not necessary because I am a woman that I should be ignorant of those things that I can not live without. I stayed here to-day in order to see how you would find and handle this deer, and you will greatly oblige me if you will just go on as if I were not present. It is more interesting to me to see how a man makes everything in nature, the living and the dead, serve his purpose than to sit at home reading a novel, or gossip about the last wedding or the fashion of our fall bonnets."

"Don't flatter him for heaven's sake, Mrs. F——! There will be no living with him if he thinks he enjoys your appreciation," said Mr. H——.

"I don't know what you call flattering a man, Mr. H——, and I don't see how a person could manage to flatter a man like him," she replied.

"Come, Jochen, give us a hand. Theodore, you must help Mr. H.-P.——; hold that fore foot—that's right; just hold it that way!"

I now opened the buck, removed the viscera and then turned him to drain. While taking the net from the entrails—a mass of tallow, that I estimated to weigh at least five pounds—we were startled for a moment by a great fuss in a brier thicket, some hundred yards or so down the wind. At first I did not recognize what it was, but soon distinguished the voice of Sip—crying out as if in great pain. I seized my gun, that was leaning against a tree in convenient reach, and made a step or two in the direction; when I saw the dog come out of the thicket, wiping his face, first with one paw and then with the other.

"Go for him, Sip! Go for him! Never mind your face!" I called out.

"Sic him, Sip! Sic him!" hallooed Jochen, who

came to my side with 'grussel greite,' his gun, in his hand.

"What is it, what is it?" asked Mrs. F——.

"Nothing but a cat—perhaps a big one called catamount—that has been attracted by the scent of the deer and ventured from his burrow close by and was disturbed by the dog.

"There! You hear that! Sip has got him," cried Jochen.

"Where?"

"Up a tree! Has made him climb a tree, and is calling for help. Yes, yonder he is in that ash, which stands in that thicket."

"Stop, Jochen! There are more than one. Come, you go around so that they don't jump out," said I.

"Do you see them?" asked Mrs. F——, coming up to me with Theodore and her husband.

"Yes, I see two and there may be more. I think it is an old one with her young. Keep your eyes upon that tree, yonder, and you will see them directly. They are likely to move as Mr. H.-P—— approaches them from the other side."

"There, I saw something move in the lower fork!" said Mrs. F——.

"That is the old one. Let me see; would you like to shoot her, Mr. F——? If you do, you must take that tree there for a cover. Get up to it and then shoot the old one. Be sure you get her; you see she is dodging from Mr. H.-P——, although she keeps watching him."

"No, you go and kill her. I might make a mistake", he answered.

With that I slipped into line with the tree, which I used for cover, and soon Sip had his chance to get his revenge. The remarkable thing was that although his master dropped the four young ones, one after the other out of the tree within sight of the dog, he never quit the old cat. That was the one to be attended to thoroughly. When I drew her out of the briers, he had chewed her as soft as if she had been worked on a hemp break. His face, however, was not much better. It was one mass of blood—checked off and furrowed by the vicious claws of the cat.

"Come here, Sip! Come, poor fellow! That teaches you how to meddle with a buzz saw."

While Jochen was condoling with Sip, I lighted a fire and melted a piece of deer tallow. Then after drying the dog's head thoroughly, I gave it a substantial plaster. That made him easy, although we had to take him into the boat, as his eyes were entirely closed.

"Now, good folks, how is it about lunch? Would any of you have a snack to eat? It is past 12 o'clock and I want to step over here a little piece to see Mr. H.-P——'s pulpit, that he preached from so effectively this morning before sun-up."

"You are not going to leave us here all alone," said Mrs. F——.

"Only for a few minutes; I will be back directly.

It isn't over half a mile from here; is it, Mr. H.-P——?"

"No, I don't think it is farther than a mile and a half. It is only a cat's jump from the mouth of the dry slough," answered Jochen.

"Yes, I know. But that cat's jump of yours is rather an indefinite measure of distances. If you go, Mr. B——, we go with you. We want to see the place as well as you."

"That's all right, Mrs. F——, but that would be likely to interfere with my purpose. You see, I want Mr. F—— and Mr. H—— both to kill a deer apiece before we break up camp; and I wanted to see what the chances might be for them to do that at that place. But if we all go, then we will make a good many trails, and the game doesn't like to walk in man's foot-prints, and in that way it might leave that particular neighborhood."

"Well, then don't you go yourself. Let Mr. H.-P—— take Mr. F—— and Mr. H—— to the place when I am gone. He knows where it is and the way to it from camp."

"Yes, but you see, Mrs. F——, I did not know but what you yourself might want to go with your husband and see him kill a deer. I thought I would look at the place, and if it suited me, I would make a ladder for you to go up by, and fix you a seat, where you could sit, if not with the same ease, at least with the same safety as you sit in your own parlor. Then you would have the opportunity to see a deer—the doe with all her grace and purity of movement, and the buck in his swagger and braggadocio strut."

"Oh yes; and keep me here the whole week! No, Mr. B——, I must deny myself the pleasure of this wonderful life; where every moment brings its revelation. I must go home to-morrow!"

"I think, Henry, she is right," said Mr. F——.

"I know she is. A mother's heart can not err in a question of this kind, and her word is law. Come then, let us eat lunch and after that we will ship our deer, and then I propose we help Theodore to gather some pecans. There are plenty in the neighborhood, and Mr. H.-P—— and myself will see whether we can not persuade some of them to come down from the trees; while the rest of you will help Theodore to pick them up. After that we must go home, to see about dinner, and get everything ready for you, Mrs. F——, so that you can have an early start. By this time to-morrow you ought to be at the ferry."

"A good programme and here is for it," said Mr. F——, as he started to get the basket.

We divided up. Jochen cleaned the fish, I cheered the fire, got the frying pan, some breakfast bacon and a package of cornmeal together with salt and pepper, out of the locker of the boat. Mr. H—— brought some dry wood, and we soon were ready to eat. We enjoyed the cup of coffee, which Mrs. F—— had prepared with special attention, with more than ordinary zest; especially Jochen.

"How did you manage, Mr. H-P——, to miss seeing that deer this morning? I saw your tracks where you had been all around him."

"Within five steps of him, I expect, Henry. But, you see, I never looked for him on such naked ground. I expected to find him in the cane and brier patches over yonder."

"Just so, and if it had been a young deer, or a doe, the likelihood was that you would have found it in such cover. But with an old residenter like this, it is the opposite. Experience has taught him better. He knows that if he hides from danger, that he also hides the danger, and its approach from himself, from his own sight and he can not meet it. The eagle and every self-reliant bird or beast in nature seeks the conspicuous places—never skulks in hiding. The topmost limb of the tree, and dry at that, where it can be seen for miles, but whence it also can see as far if not farther—that is the perch of the eagle. It never roosts or lights in a tree, but on the very top of it. A clear, unobstructed view of the surroundings is all it asks. What is true of them is true, in a more eminent sense, of man. The self-poised, self-reliant does not hide, does not deal in subterfuges. Subterfuges, whether of his own, or of his neighbor's creation, obstruct his vision; and that is the one supreme need of man—vision, sight, clear, penetrating, even to the very center!

"And now are we ready to ship our deer? All hands to the front."

It was no easy job, for even four of us, to handle the beast; but by utilizing the log, alongside which we had landed, as a gang plank and platform, we succeeded in stowing him in the boat, without either of us getting a ducking, or as much as a wet foot.

"But, uncle, you have forgotten our pussies," reminded Theodore.

"That is so," said I. "The pelts are worthless at this season of the year, but the heads could be prepared as excellent trophies. Shall I get them for the little man, Mrs. F——?"

"By all means, Mr. B——; if you will be so kind. I would like to keep them myself as reminders of the day," she answered.

Mr. H-P—— and myself soon attended to what was necessary to preserve the heads and necks of the cats, and then we started east, for the pecan flat, that I had noticed on the west side of the slough which ends in the dry run southward. As we reached the place we landed and picked out a tree that was easy to climb, and that had abundance of nuts of the right quality. The ground beneath was covered with a considerable growth of grass, but this was dry, and after tramping it around I commenced burning it off. This tickled little Theodore wonderfully.

"See, mother, here are the nuts," he exclaimed, as the fire had swept off the grass. "Now we can find them."

His little hands eagerly brushed together soot, ashes, dead nuts and hulls.

"Oh, look! How black!"

"Yes, you must wait a little."

Directly Jochen came with a bunch of buck brush, tied in the form of a rough broom, and as I burned he brushed and swept the ground clean as a thrashing floor. When the space beneath the tree was cleared, Jochen climbed up and commenced shaking down the fruit. But they did not fall as readily as was desirable for our limited time. I therefore cut a pair of smooth hazel sticks, handed them to Jochen and then went aloft. With these we sent the nuts down to some purpose. We soon drove the pickers from under the tree; as some of the fruit was detached with the outer hull still closed and adhering, which rendered the nut capable of giving a person beneath a rather unpleasant thump on the back, head or neck. But the pattering and hopping about of the nuts as they fell to the ground proved too much for little Theodore. Every now and then he had to jump into the "rain," as he called it and gather a handful, until a thump would send him beyond the circle.

When we had the nuts on the ground, Jochen took his broom and swept them together.

"That is not according to programme," said Mr. F——. "We have to gather, to pick up, what you knocked down. Mary, what have we got with us to put them in?"

"I don't know, dear, unless I empty the hamper? I had no idea we were going to gather nuts by the bushel!"

"I think we better empty the basket. Come, I will help you," said Mr. F——.

When they came with the hamper we had the nuts in small piles, and before Mrs. F—— got through arranging the contents of the basket in the locker, and odd places of the boat, we came aboard with our load. I now took my place at the oars and we sent our craft along with a will—Mrs. F—— steering as usual. At a council of war it was agreed that we should dine on venison steak and broiled canvas-back—as dishes that would take least time to prepare.

When Jochen and myself got to the fire he remarked: "Henry, if you want to take a look at that place, you might slip over there now. You can get back by 5 o'clock, by the time I can get things ready for dinner."

"You take my gun and jacket across the branch then, Jochen, and I will slip off at the first chance."

While Mr. and Mrs. F—— were in their tent, attending to their toilets, I improved the opportunity to get away unobserved. I took a straight course and found the ground without much difficulty. It was in the head of a flat, of which the celery lake formed a blind, or wet weather continuation—or connection with the lake, in times of high water. The first glance, or indeed before I reached the spot, abundant indications revealed the value of the

place for the purpose for which it had been chosen by Jochen. Right at the head of the flat, in an oblong space, clear of brush, there was a depression, a saucer filled with rain water, toward which leaned a water oak, bent over so that the head was not more than twenty feet from the ground. The body of the tree, covered with its dense growth of sprouts, as is usual with this species of oak, from within a few feet of the roots up to the head, inclined at an angle so small that the ascent was easy and perfectly safe, even in a starless night, as the small limbs gave a ready support to the climber. This Jochen had improved by cutting away some of the sprouts, leaving as it were a perfect path. The pulpit, as he termed it, consisted of nothing but a dry chunk placed crosswise on two limbs for a seat—in point of fact, it was all that was needed, or desirable. From this seat to the farther edge of the water it was not over one hundred and fifty feet. But the main shooting ground was between the water and the tree and for some distance on either side of the water. Scattered here and there, through this open glade, were a few persimmon trees. In the whole open space there was not a tree or shrub but what was labeled "trysting place;" each had its buck scratch, in hunter's phrase—even to a pending limb from the very tree top that furnished cover for the gun. "An ideal place," said I to myself, after I had ascended to the seat—only the rascal has left too much sign—tramped the ground over in every direction as if he could not see all there is to be seen, or that is necessary to see from this spot. No, he must go up to every scratch; poke his nose into it, handle the limbs the buck has horned, as if that would improve his chances to handle the buck himself. One thing, however, he had sense enough, for a wonder, to be careful about. He did not pollute, and thus ruin the place, with the offal of the deer he killed.

With this I left the glen the same way I came, without approaching the deer run closer than was necessary, to satisfy myself that it had been visited by a very large animal since Jochen left there this morning. This late visitor had fairly scratched the dirt over the very blood of one of his comrades, or rivals—apparently without the least concern about the danger that might be lurking in the vicinity. Or perhaps it was the very scent of this blood that aroused his fury to recklessness, as it is well-known that they will seek the life of their rivals when under the influence of the sexual passion.

I now hastened back to camp and on my way, as soon as I got in hearing distance, picked up what squirrels came in reach—so as to furnish grounds for conclusions as to what caused my absence.

"You're a nice cook! You went, I suppose, to get the meat, like Mr. H.-P—— gets his fish! Too kind-hearted to deprive the poor things of life until the last minute! One makes the fire and the other goes to kill or catch the dinner," exclaimed Mrs. F——, as she saw me come in.

"Of course, the poor things ought to live as long as our needs will let them. You would not expect humane persons, like Mr. H.-P—— and myself, to sacrifice life unnecessarily; and, you see, the killing of a dozen squirrels twelve hours before you want them involves a waste of one hundred and forty-four hours of squirrel life. This would shorten the life of a single squirrel a whole week, and deprive him of the fun of killing whole acres of vegetable life, which he needs for his purposes—just to keep his jaws in practice."

"Dismount man, dismount! You everlasting moon-beam chaser! Not a thought is started, not even a poor sparrow of a thought, but you must give chase through bush and brier, bog and mire. Away you go—nay the very shadow of the sparrow is enough to send you off!"

"Chirp the whistle, chirp the whistle, and see with what ready obedience the young vagrant will pace at your heels! Come, what is broken to be mended, torn to be sewed up, loose to be tied, or angry to be mollified? Mention it, that I may be adoin'. Ah, here it is. You want me to turn that broiler! There is too much fire. Jochen, hand me that long handled shovel. There now! Our hearth is large enough; we need not to singe our brows and spoil our complexions and temper at the same time, by poking our heads into the fire," said I.

"Did you ever hear such a rattle pate!" she exclaimed.

"Seldom or never, unless it was extremely empty. And pern. it me to add, with all candor—the savor of these viands is extremely suggestive of emptiness in some department of your servant's physiological totality. Will you be so kind as to graciously assume your seat at the head of the board—see, how pleasing the suggestion is reflected from every face present!"

"Don't give yourself so much trouble now, Mr. B——. When dinner was to be cooked, you slipped off to look at the place where Mr. H.-P—— killed the deer this morning and left him to do all the work alone! You could not restrain your curiosity until after dinner."

"That's it, Mrs. F——; it was pure curiosity. But you know how it is. It's a passion hard to control. But, banter aside, you guessed what took me from camp, Mrs. F——, although I did not go of my own motion, nor was it curiosity that induced me to go. The general features of a deer run are so well known to me that I would not waste five steps to look at one. But, as I told you at noon, I had a practical purpose in view; and it is not safe to lose time. We can not always have this weather. It may change any day and the peculiar sport to which this is adapted is at an end—until next year. Now, I remember how I felt when I killed my first deer, and I would like very much for your husband and Mr. H—— to enjoy the same experience. I wanted to convince myself of the practicability of the place—for there are a good many things to consider, when

you hold yourself responsible not merely for the doing of the thing, but also for the safety and convenience of the parties doing it."

"Of course, Mr. B——, I appreciate your kindness, but you must let me have my own way to lessen or render endurable the obligation under which I feel myself to you, not only on my own account, but also on account of my husband and child. You have treated us as if we had a claim upon your skill, time, service and care without limit or reservation; you have made our entertainment your pleasure, and your every thought and exertion has been the safety and well-being of those who are with you for the time being, but who have no claim upon you. I only regret that my stay will be at an end so soon, and that I see no way to relieve myself of my obligations to you; but I hope the future will furnish me the opportunity."

"Permit me to join in every word you say, Mrs. F——; only I would amplify them if I could, for I owe him my life and more," said Mr. H——.

"Here we go, Mr. F——. I hope you will not join, too, in this child's chorus of surprise at the world outside of the hurly-burly and jostle of city life! You know, as a fact, that there is such a world; they know it only by hearsay. They are surprised at its laws of conduct, and regard as meritorious what is simple necessity itself. These laws are prescribed and enforced by the wilderness. Man cannot enter here but to hunger and thirst for his fellow. The presence of that fellow is the greatest boon; services rendered to him are the greatest luxury. They are clasped in the mighty arms of solitude, that dwells in forest and prairie and pressed them into one being. Satiety is unknown. Each is the other's strength in their joint battle with the savagery of bird and beast, marsh, flood and elemental nature. This is not exceptional but the rule; not optional, meritorious, but naked necessity. To exist they must join hands.

"It is man stripped to the bone and the bones scraped clean; man face to face with his fate! Oh, how welcome then the ally! Here is the external origin of community and state, the birth-place of co-operation! Here the chamber, whose walls echoed with the labor pains of humanity, and all nature bellowed and roared the bass, that bore the ether-cleaving notes aloft to the empyrean! Here, at the extreme, at the very lowest, the highest appears, for even the scavenger's find, as we saw to-day, is not for the finder alone.

"Human conduct is true only when mutually beneficial to all parties concerned," I heard your brother say, and I add with due reflection: 'It neither owes nor makes debts.'

"But let us change the subject, or rather return to ourselves. I examined the place and find it an excellent one, the best perhaps that could be found for miles around. Now, when do you propose to start in the morning, Mrs. F——? Before you determine you must take into account that we will

have a right sharp frost in the latter part of the night."

"What do you think best, dearest?" she said, addressing Mr. F——. "It doesn't make much difference, so that I am at home by 4 or 5 o'clock.

"Pat can reach the ferry in five hours without injuring the teams," said Mr. F——.

"Well, I shall start at half-past nine; but not later."

"All right," said I, "Mrs. F——; then Jochen and you, Mr. F——, can go early in the morning and get the mate to that buck which we spent all day in bringing home. He has a mate that visits the same place. From his tracks I should judge he may be a size larger; his foot is fully as large, and it sinks deeper into the ground. Mr. H—— and myself will bring the boat down to the mouth of the dry slough, and I think we four will be able to manage to get him to it. We will be back here by eight, or a quarter past. But how is the steak? You all eat as if there was nothing else in the woods."

"Yes, and I don't think we care much whether there is. At least I don't. You said yesterday that I had never eaten venison and I know now that I never did until now," answered Mr. F——.

"Those are my sentiments," said Mr. H——.

"It is excellent, and do you think that big fellow that we brought in to-day is as good as this?" asked Mrs. F——.

"A shade better, in the course of ten days or two weeks. The other, the one we had in the wagon this morning, is better now. But what about the one that is out yet in the woods—are you going after him in the morning, or must I?"

"How would it be if you took Mr. H——? I have had more shooting than he, and it looks a little selfish for me to have all the fun," said Mr. F——.

"I don't think it's safe for him to go yet. The excitement might have serious consequences," said I.

"I feel Mr. B—— is right, Mr. F——. I am very weak and would not dare to leave the ground. The exposure and worry has affected the very marrow in my bones. You go and kill the deer. I will enjoy the fun of helping to bring it home as much as if I had killed it myself."

"But what do you say, wifey dear?"

"You go and kill the deer; if it is not too cold for you."

"I will provide against that," said I. "But both of you, I mean Jochen and you, Mr. F——, must promise me not to kill anything that doesn't have horns—you hear, Jochen! The man that kills a doe or fawn leaves camp!"

"All right; we will remember."

"Yes, we will make a note of it," said Mr. F——.

The party finished their dinner on steak alone—not a duck or slice of turkey was touched; and the squirrel ragout, even a standard favorite, was neglected. After they had drunk their coffee we adjourned to the front of the fire.

"From your talk a little while ago, Mr. B——,

I suppose you don't think very much of gratitude. I expect you are of the opinion of the Frenchman, who defines it as a lively appreciation of favors to come," said Mr. H——, after we were seated.

"Yes," I replied, "by the pugs and spaniels of society. The man who deals in favors is an ass, and the men who receive them are varlets. A true man asks none and receives none. The paltry assistance it is in the power of one human being to render another is a wonderful thing to be talked about! It was recognized as far back as eighteen hundred years ago that such assistance was too insignificant if rendered by one hand to be communicated to the other! But it is the sickness of the day to prate of such things. True manhood does not consist in running about from house to house to attend to other people's business, but so to conduct its own that it may be a help to all, which it inevitably will be if it is founded on justice and managed with honesty. For it to be founded on justice, all that is necessary is that it be a legitimate part, perform a publicly recognized function of the organic whole, of civil society. This conducted with diligence and honesty is beneficial to all, to the whole of that society and to every member of it, as conversely the whole is beneficial to him. This mutuality returns to each his own, and none is giver, none receiver—all are freemen, because all are self-dependent. Your professional philanthropist, but especially your 'public benefactor,' so-called, who robs and steals at night, and gives alms in the day time, that is, who accumulates by dark methods and parades his ill-gotten pelf in the form of public benefaction, they are not the health-givers, health promoters of the body politic, but its excrescences, wards, ticks, lice—parasites in general. Be pleased to imagine a nation composed exclusively of such! Would it not prove a power on the earth! Yes, a nation like the dangling vines; the parasites that hang around us from those trees would form a forest! You observe they add density to its shade, but nothing to its power to battle with the elements!"

"But, where are you going, Henry," asked Mr. F——. "From the sentiment of gratitude you have slipped down to parasites. What in the world have they to do with gratitude?"

"I think they ought to have a great deal to do with it, although nobody looks for it from them. But surely it is monstrous for society to be asked to be grateful to its parasites, and yet that is precisely what the attempt to understand or base human affairs upon the flimsy sentimentality of the emotions—of gratitude, of love of your fellow men and the like—has eventuated in. Yes, by the consciousness of the day, I am asked to fondle, to thank the tick that I pulled to-day from my arm, and whose vicious snout, not satisfied to take my blood for his sustenance, poisoned the wound whence he drew it—yes, I am to be grateful to him for sending me this moment out of the presence of a lady, that I may relieve myself from the effects of his kindness. You

must excuse me, for I am not speaking figuratively."

Mrs. F—— clapped her hands and the rest laughed without moderation—tickled I suppose to get rid of me by means of the illustration used, which called my attention to the injury on my arm. After I had bathed the wound and quieted the irritation, I returned to the fire.

"Well, Henry, have you scratched that tick bite on your arm good?" asked Mr. F——, after I had resumed my seat.

"No, that wouldn't better it any. Scratching only spreads the poison through a larger amount of the tissue. I applied a sedative, ammonia, common heartshorn. It is no antidote, still it withdraws the attention from the injury, and that is something. I don't think it is any more effective, however, than the ordinary remedies applied by society to the injuries which it receives from its parasites—its public benefactors, its philanthropists by profession, its holy fathers without children, et omnes geneci—its blood suckers. Of course, I do not mean the extraordinary remedies, such as the currying which France administered to itself at the beginning of this century, but the ordinary alleviatives administered by a Dean Swift, a Rabelais, a Juvenal, an Aristophanes. I don't attribute any further value to them than temporary alleviatives, momentary diverters of attention. The remedy devised by destiny is the curry comb—as we see it used in our frontier homesteads, to protect the poor work animals and milch cows of the settlers. In the hands of destiny, however, this implement has the inconvenience of now and then removing not merely the excrescences, parasites, etc., mentioned, but also large patches of skin, so that the body politic after the application looks as if it had been flayed alive. Still, I suppose it is regarded as a cheap riddance even at that price."

"But, do you know of any remedy?" asked Mrs. F——.

"None, except what I have stated—the appreciation of and the insight into true manhood—the recognition of the divine in man and how this is realized in the institutions of his nation—the clear, definite knowledge of every feature and function of that life, and the rational existence which it embodies for each and every human being born under its blessed prerogatives. This knowledge and this alone I regard as of value in this connection. Outside of it I find nothing mentioned in the chronicles of our race except—that curry comb!"

"Attic salt is worthless to preserve swines' ears! See Aristophanes and the subsequent events in the history of Greece! It is related that a bishop, after perusing 'Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Tale of a Tub,' remarked: 'It would be hard for me to believe these books to be true records of real events, if they were not written by a dean of the church.' There is a story afloat in the old folklore of the northern nations of Europe, pointing in the same direction. It relates that a certain maker of swords, under some provocation or other, the details of which

have escaped me, made a weapon with which he clove his opponent into two halves, although the poor man was clad in armour of proof. After he had delivered the stroke his victim still stood upright before him, as if nothing had occurred, until he was told to shake himself. When he did this the two halves naturally fell apart. But, you see, nobody asked the good bishop to shake himself, and there is no record that the stroke caused the slightest inconvenience—so tenacious of life is this species of organized existence! What good did it do France to be the mother of Rabelais—the curry comb was the only remedy.”

“But, laying figures of speech aside, do you know of any remedy against the prosaic, the body tick of our woods?” asked Mr. F——.

“Yes, tobacco smoke is a radical poison to the insect. In my forest experience I have applied this by using two suits of clothes. As I returned from the woods I would exchange the garments I had on for a suit that had hung during my absence in a closet, built for the purpose, over a shovel full of live coals, over which I scattered from time to time a handful of tobacco stems—or the parts of the plant that are rejected as refuse by the producer. This narcotic proved effective to protect me from this nuisance—and permit me to add, I have the same faith in the remedy which I have suggested for society against the metaphorical blood suckers of every kind and description, with which it finds itself beset.

“But come—enough of this; to business! Tomorrow morning you, Mr. F——, and Mr. H—P—— go and kill a deer—that is, a deer with horns on. After you have killed the deer—with horns mark you—you will find Mr. H—— and myself at the mouth of the dry slough to help you bring it home. But the deer must be killed on the spot—no hunting about for wounded animals at that time of day. If you prefer I will load the guns for you; and there must be no shooting for the heart and lungs. If the big fellow comes, as he is sure to do, if you follow directions, the butt of the ear is an excellent place to hold for—not the tip, but the butt of the ear, where that organ joins the head. His trysting place is the big scratch under the persimmon tree, to the right of the pond, as you look south from your stand or seat. As he approaches the scratching place he will stop in the clear within a few feet of it and investigate the surroundings—that is, if he is alone. Just then is the time to drop him. You can reach his ear, and you will have no further trouble, but mark you, Jochen, you must not approach your tree by going through the open glade. You pollute the ground that way with your tracks and alarm the game by the scent. Approach your tree from the north and you will see fun—but don’t shoot the small deer that you are likely to see, if you leave the glade undisturbed. Now, get your guns and let us put them in order. Then I will load them for you in the morning with picked shot—not the stuff you

have in the bag, or that is loose in my jacket, but something that will kill after you have taken all the preliminary trouble.

“Let me see—they are both empty? Yes. All right, I can talk and work, too. Now, Mr. F——, when is Pat going to come back from the city?”

“Day after to-morrow.”

“And Nick with the colts will be here the same day?”

“Yes.”

“Then the day after we will make our trip to the landing and see as much of the bluff as we can. Nick can keep camp; Pat will drive you, Mr. F——, and Mr. H——, Jochen and myself will manage to keep in sight of you—”

“If the colts don’t give out,” put in Jochen.

“Well, they must drive a little slower on our account, Jochen, but if they can’t bring down their team to our gait, it is all the same; we will overtake them at Mr. Pheyety’s.”

“That is so; I hadn’t thought of that,” he said, with a very straight face.

I gave Mr. F——’s gun a thorough cleaning, and Jochen surprised the “grussel greite,” as he has baptised his gun since the morning’s shooting of ducks and geese, near his house, with a similar operation. I then examined my ammunition and found that I had only ten wads left—that is, wads that I use when deer hunting.

“What do you call them, Henry? You don’t use them in your gun,” said Mr. F——.

“I call them wads and they are cut out of the soles of old shoes, picked up wherever found, with a punch of the necessary size to make them fit my gun accurately. I use number double o rollers as shot when I go for big deer. Of these my gun, an eleven gauge, chambers three. I want the power of the powder applied accurately to the shot at a point from which, if you draw a straight line from the center of the pellet and prolong it to the muzzle of the gun, that line will be parallel with the inner side of the barrel—in other words, accurately from behind. Now, in order to do this, the shot must rest upon as perfect a plane at right angles with the barrel as it is possible to obtain. And that, too, a plane that will not be warped out of shape by the power when applied, and yet not absolutely unyielding, or it will destroy the spherical shape of the shot. These conditions I find best answered by this material.

“Now, the loading I manage in this way. I charge my gun, thoroughly dry inside, with the powder, the strength of which I have previously tested. I then send home one of these wads, and use the rod until it is firm, which you ascertain from the sound of the stroke. I now shoe my rod with this false button.”

“What is that for,” asked Mr. F——.

“To grease my gun. You observe, the edge of the button has a coat of deer tallow. By applying this after the powder is in place, and protected by the wad, I do not deaden it by the moisture of the grease; and at the same time I obtain the object

for which all lubricators are used—diminution of friction and protection of the implement against rust. I now select three perfectly spherical pellets of shot, as perfect as I can find, and roll them into the barrel. I then take my rod and feel them into place, so that they rest smoothly upon the wad. I then place the next three pellets in the same way, and so the next; then keep them in position with a light felt wad, the edges of which have a suspicion of grease, sufficient not to rub the gun of its proper amount. I then examine the priming and if I find it all right I put on the cap—and the gun is ready for use. It will do me service—all the service there is in it."

"Of course it will," said Mr. F——. "You have reduced the chances of the shot being rolled out of the gun by the powder, set to spinning and thus scattered as soon as they leave the barrel, to a minimum. But how did you hit upon it? I think the way you grease the gun is a great thing. I have always thought that our gun is a very imperfect tool. If I had the time I should like to overhaul it with you some of these days."

"I think as you do, Mr. F——. I believe the thing will be overhauled soon. It is a piece of patchwork as it is. After they had fired it for some time with an end of burning twine, or a rag, they patched up a flint and steel. Then when they found that friction will produce fire, or that force is the Proteus of physical nature, they patched up the present arrangement. I believe the thing ought to be overhauled from the root up. The way I hit upon my mode of loading is the same as with every other implement. I first endeavor to see clearly in every detail, and from every side, the purpose to be accomplished. This done, I find it an easy matter to determine or recognize the means and the mode of their application. Of course, as both purpose and means are but relative, there are or may be a variety of means, and in addition to that a variety of ways in which they can be used to accomplish the purpose. This is the reason that every implement is liable to be found defective, with our constantly increasing knowledge of the means at our disposal for the accomplishment of our ends. Nor are, in view of this fact, the ends themselves constant. It is true, the final or general purpose of all implements to reduce man's dependence on nature to a minimum remains the same. Still the subordinate purposes that furnish the means for the accomplishment of this general end, vary from day to day. They are both means and ends in one and this causes them to be in the constant state of fluctuation. Our neighbor, the farmer, who raises hemp, uses his field, teams and implements as means to accomplish this purpose. But the ship owner uses this purpose, the hemp, transformed into ropes and sails, as means for his purposes, to carry the commerce of the seas. But, the other day a man looked into the purpose of the ship owner. With his more accurate knowledge of the forces of nature he substituted steam for

the means employed by the ship owner heretofore. These means cease to be exclusive ones, and the industry of our neighbor, the farmer, for which they were the end, will have to be applied in a different direction.

"The more accurate and exhaustive our knowledge of the purposes to be accomplished, of the end in view, and the broader our knowledge of the means at our disposal, the more perfect will be the selection of these means and their mode of application. The spirit, the tendency of the day, is correct, therefore, to regard no implement as a finality. Every insight that penetrates deeper into the laws of the universe, and our relation to it, affects the readjustment more or less radically of the entire mass of our achievements, not merely in their economic significance, but also in their mechanical relation. 'One thing helps the other,' as the popular saying has it."

With this Mr. H—— excused himself and retired. Mrs. F——, after wishing Mr. H—— pleasant dreams, remarked: "Now, Mr. Oracle, Captain General, or whatever title you would like to be addressed by, you have laid out all your work for tomorrow, just as if I were already gone. What do you propose to do with me, or what am I to do with myself, while you are all out enjoying the woods in the morning?"

"You stay in camp and help Pat kill possums. He finds a great deal of trouble to protect our game from them, and I think you might lend him a hand! How many did you kill this afternoon, Pat?"

"Four of them, your honor! The whole woods are alive with them, they are!"

"What did you do with them—where are they?" asked Mr. F——.

"Out there on the stump—the last of them!"

"Where are the others?"

"Gone, your honor, some thieving varmin dragged them off as fast as I killed them! I put them on that stump and when I caught another at the turkeys and knocked it on the head, the first I killed was gone, and so the whole day. The woods are full of thieving creatures entirely."

"You are sure the last one you killed is there on the stump?"

"Sure, your honor, for I never put him there at all. I hung him up on a limb by the curl in his tail—a hook like, at the end of his tail—where the thieves can not get at him."

"That is right, Pat. Go and let us see him. Is it a big one?"

"As large as any—they were all of a size!"

Directly, we heard him mutter to himself, then halloo: "Sure, your honor, the thieves have got him, too!"

"Look around there a little! Perhaps you will find another!" said I.

"So there is! Take that, you thief! And how do you like that! It fetched you!" And he brought

in his dead possum, with its mouth wide open and eyes turned in its head—dead, of course.

"But mind, they have no life at all! I just kicked the varmin over and he is dead, your honor!"

"Yes, Pat. When I was a boy I killed one three times in one evening, and next morning I caught him robbing the hen roost. They are very easily killed, but it takes a good many killings to keep them dead," remarked Mr. F——.

"But isn't that thing dead," inquired Mrs. F——.

"No more now than he has been after any of the killings he got this afternoon."

"Let me get Theodore—he will be delighted."

"No, no, Mrs. F——. The child is asleep. He is very tired and you must not disturb him. We will keep the possum until morning and Theodore can have all the fun with him there is to be had. He will keep up his practice of feigning death to escape it for a week or so, until he finds that he is not in any danger."

We then made the rounds of our game—that is, Jochen and myself, and concluded to build a couple of fires for the benefit of our serenaders—as poor Sip was in no condition to give us much protection. Poor fellow, he went with us and satisfied himself that everything was safe. When we got through I applied a fresh coat of linament to his lacerated face.

"Yes," said Jochen, "ain't you a beauty now? I wish Yetta could see you now. Wouldn't it tickle her to tell you that it served you right for always chasing her pussy!"

"Who is Yetta?" asked Mrs. F——. I told her that she was the little golden-haired daughter of Mr. H-P——, who attended to his farm, with the assistance of her mother, during Jochen's absence.

"You must bring her with you some day, Mr. H-P——. I should like to see her!"

While Jochen stammered out something by way of assent, I said: "But, Mrs. F——, you must go out to see Mr. H-P——'s farm. I think it would please you."

"I will if you show us the way. But tell me, Mr. B——, do you think this animal really pretends to be dead on purpose?" referring to the possum which was still lying motionless by the side of the log, where Pat had thrown him.

"Of course he does, and he is not the only inhabitant of the woods that practices dissimulation for the accomplishment of his purposes. Birds and beasts do it alike, to a greater or less extent. But, Mrs. F——, you are not going to start me on a new chippy chase to-night? It is time for us to go to bed. Daylight comes early in this locality, or if it doesn't, hunters are in the habit of going after it."

She assented with a rippling laugh and taking her husband's arm retired to her tent.

As soon as we had put a hickory chunk on the coals and covered it up for morning, we followed suit—that is, Jochen turned in, and I sat down to

sketch in my note book, until my eyes refused to serve me any longer.

October 17, 1856.

At 4 o'clock this morning Jochen called me, and while he made a cup of coffee I loaded the guns. A quarter of an hour later I called Mr. F——, and, to my surprise, found him already dressed. We took a cup of coffee.

"It doesn't hurt me a particle, Henry; I have tried it for the last two days. I can eat and drink anything in moderation," said Mr. F——.

"That is as it should be," said I, "and a man who does otherwise is lower than a brute."

By half-past four they were off.

"Remember," I called after them, "it is the dark of the moon. Deer will be up late this morning, especially the buck, and you need not to hurry away from the glen. If you kill anything, let it lie where it drops; load your guns and sit still. At 7 o'clock you will find us at the mouth of the dry slough, if you need our assistance."

I now returned to the tent and asked, in a moderate tone of voice—"Are you awake, Will?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I have not slept much during the night. I feel restless."

I felt his forehead, and although he had no fever, the skin was dry.

"I think," said I, "you better take some quinine and a drink of brandy, if you can't go with me. You ought to have told me last night that you did not feel right. You know, when I get to talking, I forget everything else—even the place I am in. Here"—and I handed him the medicine. "Now let me fix your bed. You have rolled and twisted everything out of shape. You will have a good sleep now, and don't go out until I come back."

I then took my gun and jacket, picked up the mulberry carrying stick, and went down to the boat. It is a little heavy for one pair of oars, but as I had no load, and the crisp air encouraged exertion, I sent her down the lake at a good rate of speed. When I reached the mouth of the slough there was not the slightest suspicion of red as yet visible in the eastern sky. Here I exchanged the oars for the paddle, and hugged the western shore of the slough, which trends southwest, and consists of the pecan flat, patronized by us yesterday. I noticed while picking out a tree at that time that the flat was the feeding ground for deer. Under every tree that had nuts the grass had been nosed into round funnel-shaped holes, where the deer had picked up their favorite food. As I had to pass the flat in going up to the mouth of the dry slough, I thought I might as well learn what was going on, and although the deer is not a noise-making animal in the woods—indeed I know of no inhabitant that is less so—still, to the hunter's ear, that recognizes every sound, even the deer betrays its presence by its movements. When turning fairly into the slough the great horned owl announced the approach of day, with his rhythmic—"Who-who-who—Who-who-who—Who!" For some time this was

the only sound audible, until I reached a point perhaps a quarter of a mile from the lake, when I heard the sharp stroke of bucks' horns, as they came together in a fight. I rested the paddle and listened. It was a fight. As I had never witnessed such a contest, although frequently found the signs left on the ground, when it was over, I commenced to examine the bank for some point of vantage from which I might see the trial of strength. But nothing presented itself in the way of practical blind or cover. I went up, then down, with the same result. While occupied with this I noticed that I could distinguish the eastern sky—daylight was announcing itself. The noise of the fight seemed to move up toward the head of the slough. I slipped along in the same direction. A few moments of silence, then the sharp rattle of the horns, some fifty or less yards up toward the mouth of the dry slough! I was in full sight of this place when the sounds receded from the shore, and finally died away, or entered the cane beyond the flat.

I was still listening when something attracted my attention to the landing place, where we stopped when in search of Mr. H——. There was a movement on the bank, which is six or eight feet high, and directly the beautiful head and face of a doe became visible, as she stood for a moment looking straight at me, not more than twenty-five yards away. For a moment or so she surveyed the water, then without apparently identifying me, she tripped away a few steps, out of sight, but reappeared as she crossed the dry slough, continued in sight around the point of the water, and then vanished in the cane beyond. Her coy, coquettish motion, the modest manner of carrying the flag, close down, told her story, and the hunter understood the situation. With a stroke or two of the paddle I brought the boat into a position from which the bank at the mouth of the slough was under my gun, and was composing myself to await events, when I heard the report of Mr. F——'s gun from Jochen's glen. I recognized it to be his from the clear, rifle-like sound, that is common to guns of superior make, and that are kept in good order; while "grussel greite" had the ragged guttural sound, implied in the name, and that results from inferior construction and bad treatment. The sound had scarcely died away when I heard the approach of a deer, in full lope, on the track of the doe. An instant after, he stood on the bank investigating the crossing, a spike buck—only for a moment, however; the next he had disappeared, and went on in a great hurry. I regretted afterward that I did not stop him if for no other reason than to notify Mr. F—— that I had a gun, too. The opportunity, however, came, as I had reason to expect, but not until there was another report from the glen. This, however, came when my attention was occupied by the approach of another deer, and that, too, one, judging from the sound, which required care on my part, and so I did not distinguish whether it was Jochen or Mr. F—— who fired the second

shot. As the horns of the new comer became visible over the bank, my gun was on my face, and the next step, the step that brought his majestic head into full view, was his last. In falling he pushed himself off the bank into the mouth of the dry slough, and there was nothing left for me to do, but to recharge my gun. This I did with becoming composure and noiselessness; and neither man nor beast, a hundred yards away, could have told of the presence of anything but the dying buck, who kept striking now and then with his feet, to my great annoyance. I breathed into the crisp morning air and saw that whatever movement there was streamed from north to south. This was nearly at right angles to the run, and I had nothing to fear from that source in my position. I knelt down again and leaned forward against the seat, with my chin resting on my arm, which enabled me to see over the gunnel of the boat. I had rested perhaps five or ten minutes in this position, when I saw a motion in the bed of the dry run, beyond the dead deer. I watched and soon recognized a black wolf coming down straight for my buck. I felt annoyed at the impudence of the cur, but he kept on, examined the situation with his nose, came past the deer to assure himself; but as he did so I sent the entire charge into his head. He never knew what hurt him—never yelped—a great nuisance that they are liable to commit when shot and not instantly killed.

After recharging my gun I resumed the former position. Upon consulting my watch, some time afterward, I found it was half-past six, much later than I supposed; and just as I was restoring the watch in my pocket I heard another report from Mr. F——'s gun. That is three, said I to myself—not so bad for greenhorns; but who couldn't kill deer at such a place—or at this one either for that matter, I added, as I heard the measured jump of one coming down the trail. As his head arose over the bank I sent him to his neighbor—but not quite. In falling his hind legs caught between a root and the bank and he hanged head down, almost ready for the knife.

I now waited for my cue from the glen, but everything remained silent, until I heard the slouching step of Jochen coming down the slough.

"What have you been shooting at, Henry?" he called, when he got into hearing distance.

"Dogs and things, Jochen. What have you been doing at the glen?"

"We have got three and Mr. F—— has the big one. He is a deal larger than the one we got yesterday."

"Oh," said I, "that was no great shakes of a deer! I think I have one here that can beat him."

"You have?"

"Yes, step down there and look at him."

"Narren tant, sonny! That beats anything except the first one Mr. F—— killed this morning. And only four points; but look at the beams!"

"Well, what do you think of the one behind you there that hanged himself?"

"Sonny, sonny! You're a bad man! What did you send us up there for when you could kill all the deer you wanted here?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Jochen. I didn't know that I could. You see, I only waited here for you to come. I could have killed more, if I had thought of it!—but joking aside, Jochen, I saw when we were gathering the pecans yesterday that the flat over there is feeding ground; and you know how that brings animals together. So I thought this morning I would see what there might be over there, and I happened to see a doe run across the mouth of the dry slough. Of course, all I had to do after that was to wait for her company."

"That's it, that's it, sonny! We saw four or five once, two together, fool around the glen, but we did not disturb them. That is the way. I never knew we could kill them with shot-guns. But you ought to see how 'grussel greite' tore the one's head nearly off, that I shot this morning! It is the load, sonny, it is the load that makes the difference!"

"But we must go, Jochen. Just bring our stick from the boat; I brought it along thinking that we might need it."

"What is that, Henry?"

"A black wolf, one of the meanest kind. He came to smell that buck."

"And you wiped his nose for him!"

"Yes, it looks like it—with something worse than the buzz-saw poor Sip smelled yesterday."

When we reached the glen we found Mr. F—— still in the pulpit.

"I am sorry you came as soon as you did; if you had staid away a few moments longer I would have had another shot. He stopped in the edge of the glen, on that side, but he heard you coming—I could hear you myself—and took the back track."

"That will happen, Mr. F——; but come down; we must be at work. You have got your buck?"

"Of course, of course," he said. "Ha, but I am stiff! I didn't know it was so cold! What do you think of him?"

"The boss of the outfit, as far as I can judge by the sign that I have seen around, since we have been here. But the deer are coming in. There is a splendid pecan mast around the lake and that brings them together."

"There are no pecans with us this year," said Jochen.

"I should have judged so from what I have seen here—but come, give us a hand. Take the hatchet and cut a hand-spike. We can't open him here and we can't shoulder him without."

I tied the deer short and then ran the carrying stick through his legs, put the hand-spike under the short end of the carrier, and asked Mr. F—— to take hold of the long end. In this shape we succeeded in half dragging, half carrying him a couple of hundred yards down the dry slough. Here I

opened him while Mr. F—— and Jochen brought the smallest one. We then went for the last. With all the haste we could make, however, we did not get away from the dry slough until half-past eight o'clock. Of course, it was past nine when we reached the landing, in camp, where we found Mrs. F—— very impatient, on account of our long absence.

"What in the world kept you so long, dearest?" she greeted Mr. F——.

"Well, wifey, I don't know; I never knew until this morning that there is such a difference in the length of hours."

"Come down and see," said I. "There are some fellows in the boat here that did not want to let us go unless we took them with us, and the debate about that made us a little late. Come, see!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed—"Mr. F——, did you kill any of them yourself? Who killed that one? Oh, he is larger than the one we brought home yesterday!"

"Yes, and so is that one there, and here are two more that will weigh within twenty pounds of them," said Mr. F——. "This is the one Mr. B—— talked about last night and sent me out to kill this morning!"

"And you killed him?"

"What else could I do? You know how he is, and rather than have a fuss in camp, while you are here, I had to do as he wanted me to."

"But how many have you got?" she asked.

"I killed two, Mr. H-P—— killed one, and when we got to the boat Mr. B—— had two of the largest in the lot, and that wolf. He wanted to show you one of the serenaders," answered Mr. F——.

"How wet you are with perspiration, dearest! Go in the tent and change your clothes."

"Excuse me, Mrs. F——," said I, "but he must not do that. Give us a mouthful of breakfast, if you have it handy, and let Pat set the table a step or two closer to the fire. You see, the tent is all right to sleep in, but not a desirable place to change one's clothes in when a person is perspiring."

"No doubt you are right, Mr. B——; I did not think about that—I am obliged to you."

We now washed, and they sat down to breakfast, where I joined them after looking at Mr. H——, whom I found still in bed.

"I feel better, Henry. I think I will get up. What do you think about it?"

"By all means—never stay in bed in the day time if you can help it, and never be out of bed at night, unless unavoidable business compels you. That is a good rule—come and eat breakfast, the folks are just sitting down."

"We are waiting for you, Mr. B——," said Mrs. F——. "Why don't you come and eat one meal, at least, out here in your burrow, that is prepared by a person who knows what a meal is?"

"Oh, yes; and what have we been doing since 4

o'clock this morning?" I answered. "Haven't we been preparing the most important part of the meal ourselves—the stomachs to receive it? But, bantering aside, I tell you, Mrs. F——, if you will stay with us and just do the cooking, I will chip in my part to pay you two dollars a week—provided you don't let up on us, but do as well as you have done this morning."

"Just listen to him!"

"I tell you, I mean it; and I will give you your own husband for security—the only person I have to go to, unless it be Jochen here, when I need money to pay my debts."

"I will get even with you for this when I get home and see your sweetheart. I will tell her what value you set upon a woman's work!"

"Yes, but cooking is not woman's work, any more than deer meat is venison! And then cooking and cooking differ. I speak of the specific cooking, of which this is a sample, and for that kind I offered to pay the extravagant price of two dollars a week. You will observe, this is a specific, not a general proposition. It is specific as well as regards the performance as the performer. It is not a general proposition, open to everybody; and you have no authority to peddle it about."

"Well, I won't then—so let us quit friends."

"Oh, yes, of course, after you have tried to coax away my boarders."

"Why, who said anything about that?"

"You! Didn't you mean to imply that our establishment here was a poor affair by calling it a burrow, and yet I venture to say you never saw a kitchen as extensive as ours in your life!"

"No, that is true. It is as big as all out of doors!"

"Yes, and therefore has all the resources that the all out of doors contains; and yet you are not satisfied. You don't only run off yourself, but you try to make my best boarder discontented."

"Yes, and I propose to get him, too—good morning, Mr. H——, I understand you have not been very well. How do you feel this morning?"

"Very much better, I thank you. I had about four hours sleep, and that has helped me."

"Come, sit down; I know you will appreciate a good breakfast—a meal prepared with skill and care! These fellows eat, or rather swallow their food, like bottomless sacks; and if a person takes some pride in having prepared a palatable meal, they will argue until they prove white black that it is their appetites, their stomachs, which deserve credit and not the cook."

"Now, that is talking to some purpose. Their is game up that tree. A stomach that is asleep yet, like Mr. H——'s, needs waking up! It can appreciate the cook, for it needs cooking. The trouble is, it is liable to get done too quick—overdone before dinner, before half the day of life is passed."

"Yes," said Mr. F——, after eating for some time in silence, "and I propose to see to it that mine shall never again be disturbed when it wants rest. I

wouldn't give one of Jochen's potatoes, roasted in the ashes, with an appetite, for all the products of the art of cookery, when my stomach does not call for food—by the by, dearest, have you noticed our potatoes here?"

"Yes, and the ham, too. Where did you get them?"

"Mr. Hanse-Peter brought them from his farm."

"And you never brought me any?" she asked, turning to Mr. H.-P——.

"I only got a bushel of them last spring from the old country for seed. I haven't sold any of them. Feeka wants all at home that we can spare. I want to plant them next spring," said Jochen, by way of apology.

"Yes, I see! But what makes them so different? They don't taste nor act like the potatoes we get in the market," she inquired.

"It is the table potato," said I, "of our people at home. The kind we get here in the market is raised there, too, but, it is called the hog potato; it is very prolific, produces double and triple on the same measure of ground what this one does, and is raised for animal food, distillery purposes and to make starch out of. It is produced here because it fills the basket, and as the potato is not the staple article of food, the quality of it has not attracted the attention that it has received among people who live on them almost entirely. The experiment of Mr. H.-P——, however, proves that we can produce the very best if we plant the right kind. But I expect you will have to renew the seed from time to time, as we are near the southern limit of the natural habitat of the plant. One hundred and sixty miles south of here they can not use the seed more than twice, and still farther south they have to import new seed every year. Who sent you the seed, Jochen?"

"August, your brother."

"I thought they tasted familiar, but I did not recognize them as members of the family."

"For goodness sake, Mr. B——! Can't you learn any manners? I have reproved you and tried every way to break you of the habit of running every subject started in conversation clean down into the ground!"

"But that is just where the potato grows; you may look all the days of your life and never find one on the surface of the ground."

"Of course, you aren't through yet! Don't you know that in good society it is rude to follow every theme started in conversation to exhaustion?"

"Certainly I know, Mrs. F——."

"Then, why don't you practice what you know?" she persisted.

"For fear," I answered, "that I might not find any potatoes. The surface, you see, of a potato patch is barren. You have to dig if you want to get potatoes. On the surface you find nothing but the potato apple, which at certain stages of development is a rank poison—almost as injurious to human health

as the fruit of the manners you speak of is to human intelligence."

"What have I told you, dearest," said Mr. F——, laughing. "There is nothing on the top, or under the earth, but he will turn it into an illustration of some phase of human existence!"

"What else is the whole earth for, if not to sustain human existence, and how can that which sustains help but illustrate what it sustains?"

"There, we have got ourselves back again on the top!"

"Back to the place whence we started, and which we never left and can not leave, unless we leave the table for good—that is quit eating, quit asserting that the tangible, the visible, the risible is for us; and this I propose to do at least for an hour or two, until my stomach changes my mind."

With this I arose from the table with the rest, all in the best of humor. We now examined the wagon to see that everything was packed properly, especially the birds destined to be mounted.

"See that you don't take anything with you, Mrs. F——, that doesn't belong to you, except our kindest of feeling!"

We shook hands, and as the wagon started little Theodore called out: "Oh, Uncle, Uncle! I forgot cooney! Do bring cooney! I want to take him with me. I can make him go to sleep with a stick!"

Jochen brought the possum in his box, for which Pat found room between his feet.

Before unloading the boat we rested for some time in front of the fire. After we had sat awhile, each one occupied with his own thoughts, Mr. F—— remarked:

"Henry, from your conversation last night, I gathered—I don't know whether I understood you right—that you don't attribute much value to gratitude, or any of the feelings of our nature, in the conduct of human affairs."

"You no doubt received that impression, Mr. F——, and I am glad you mentioned it, because it might lead you to a wrong conclusion. I value family relations. The objection I urged was to the tendency of the consciousness of the day to generalize them beyond their sphere. As father, husband, son and brother, a man's conduct is governed and ought to be governed by rules that would be ridiculous if applied by him as merchant, banker, manufacturer, artisan—as a member of civil society; and still more so if applied by him as a citizen of the state. As a member of his family his conduct seeks and inspires gratitude, affection, reverence; as a member of society he seeks profit; as a citizen of the state, justice. If as a banker he conducts the business with his client as he does his business with his father, mother, sister, brother, with his wife, his son, and daughter, he will not be regarded as a wise man, and deserves to fail. He—as the poet says—wears his heart on his sleeve, for daws to peck at. Conversely, if he carries his rules of conduct, valid and necessary in the bank, with him to the family

hearth, he will be regarded as a stoney-hearted money shark, and his family may exist in name, but lacks all the substantial elements necessary to produce and nourish sons and daughters capable of perpetuating the relation. The family relation can not exist unless we can love another being like ourselves. This every true husband and wife does: and it is this love which constitutes the ideal side of the physical union, which broadens the man and the woman into a family. It constitutes the spiritual atmosphere of that family, superseding all law that controls one man in his relation to another, for there is no other. Love makes them one. It is the preservation of this unit that constitutes the motive for the toil and care of the father, the suffering and patience of the mother, and its well-being is reflected back to them in the feelings of gratitude, reverence and filial piety!

"It is because the emotions are recognized in their full significance in monogamy that gives to the family its truth as an institution, and this truth has approved itself in the power of the nations of the earth, which live under that institution. They hold the sovereignty of the earth in their grasp. Any one of them could to-morrow subpoena all the rest of the peoples of the earth to a final arbitrament, and, notwithstanding the immense disparity of numbers, would prove itself supreme. The people of the United States could do this, England could do it; so could France, Germany, European Russia, Italy and Spain. Each could do it, single-handed, and what would the rest of mankind be against them combined! But in the world of fact, the test of the excellence of an organization is its power—its capacity to maintain itself in spite of all comers.

"It is, therefore, not merely from the speculative side, from the side of thought, that I value and appreciate human emotions, but also from the side of fact; from a recognition of the part they play in the institutions, the spiritual garments of our existence. It is because of this recognition that I also see their limitation—that I demand that they should not be claimed as authoritative in spheres where such authority would prove destructive.

"I say, Mr. F——, you ought to think as much of your wife as you do of yourself; you ought to love her as much. You agree with me, and say: 'I do! When I look over my conduct in the past I have nothing to reproach myself with. Her well-being is and has been as precious to me as my own. And so it is as regards my children!' This, you observe, is not rhetoric, but fact. Then, if I add: 'But, Mr. F——, this is not enough. You ought to love every woman like you do your wife, every man like you do your son!' you naturally ask: 'But, Mr. B——, how do you think my wife would like that? It seems to me this is in contradiction of the principle of mutuality, which demands not two or more for one, but strictly, inexorably, one for one. My whole self belongs to her, and on that condition alone does her whole self belong to me. One equals

one. Your talk about loving all like her, or myself, must be rhetorical flourish, not fact! I neither can, nor will, as long as I have one wife, and one family! You may talk; but this excludes that, and this holds the power of the earth, and that does not. When you say that I shall love my neighbor as myself, I can understand that your talk might have had meaning when neighbors meant brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts—in patriarchal times. But under present conditions, under the existing institutions, I leave my loves and hates at home when I come down town to my business, in the morning. I come to make what I can, within the bounds of justice, for myself and those I love, and if that is denied me I call upon government and demand that justice which I am ready to render. If you say this is wrong, I answer: 'Take away its power. That power is more respectable to me than your talk!'

"The more strictly business is conducted in accordance with its own law, the better it is for all concerned, and the surer it is of success. If I give a man a position because he needs it, regardless of his ability to perform the duty appertaining, I may be regarded as philanthropic, but I am certainly violating the inherent law that governs the well-being of those depending upon the punctual performance of these duties. Instead of thanks and gratitude, I have earned pity and reproach. On the other hand, if I appoint the man fit by his attainment, he only receives his due. He certainly owes me nothing; my compensation is derived from the adequate performance of the function in question."

Mr. H.-P—— now got up and remarked: "Well, you all keep talking and forget that our game is being neglected. Henry, you must come and help me—there is no managing them fellows by one's self."

As these propositions were too evident to be called in question, we all went to the boat to lend a hand, although Mr. H—— was still too weak to be of much assistance.

"I can't lift much, gentlemen," he remarked, as he came in sight of the boat, "but I can admire your morning's work. Do you think, Henry, there are more left worth killing? I should suppose that seven such bucks as you have brought into camp would thin out the big fellows pretty well, from a range not larger than the ground we have hunted on."

"It would look that way," I answered, "but these animals are traveling. There is no telling from what distance they come. If I knew the limits of the pecan mast I could give something of a guess as to the number of animals collected together near the lake. Mr. H.-P—— says that there are no pecans north of here. It may well be that there is a general failure of the crop, and that it is confined to small areas, situated like this, where a body of water of slightly higher temperature than the rest, which the lake maintains on account of the spring water it receives, has acted as a protection against the frost, which killed the crop at large. If this should prove

to be the case, and I'm inclined to think that it is, as I noticed barren pecan trees near the western end of the lake, where its water is cooler, we shall have any amount of shooting, as long as we don't disturb the does. It is the does that bring the bucks, and they themselves are attracted by the pecans. The bucks are not choosy about their food—gobble up anything that offers, so it doesn't detain them from more important business. That is one reason why their condition deteriorates so rapidly as the season advances. We will have all the bucks we want to shoot, but I don't think we will want many more. In a few days their glory is passed, for the season, and it will be an outrage to kill them."

"But what about the does? Don't they improve?"

"Yes, but I never kill a doe unless I am driven to it by necessity—by hunger. The meat itself is inferior; and the doe has something about her, something in her grace of movement, and the expression of the eye, that protects her from my gun—when I am at rest, and the animal moves about in sight, without apprehending danger. If I walk along and happen to jump her, the excitement of the instant, and her apparent defiance of my skill, may endanger her life; but when I am in cold blood, and the animal manifests an unconsciousness of danger, that admits of being interpreted as an appeal to my manhood, generosity, or whatever you may call it, I can't shoot her. Then, at this season of the year it is bad policy. Where you find a doe you can kill a buck and instead of sixty or eighty pounds of inferior meat, you have a hundred pounds more of superior quality."

After protecting our game, we, that is Mr. F——, Mr. H.-P—— and myself, retired for a sleep, while Mr. H—— asked me for my note book.

When I awoke it was past 4 o'clock. I could not believe my watch, but the sun said the same thing. I looked for Jochen, but he was gone. Mr. H—— was sitting by the fire, pouring over my notes. On asking what had become of Mr. H.-P——, he said that they had gone to get squirrels.

"Has Mr. F—— gone, too?"

"Yes, they went up the creek, and have been shooting an hour or more."

"The rascals! Why didn't they awake me! I have slept until I feel half sick. They just slipped off to get rid of cooking dinner."

"No, I told them that you and I would attend to that. I think it is about time that I should do some of the drudgery, too. I have played the gentleman long enough. I shall cut but a sorry figure in your notes if I don't set about doing something."

"Oh, well, they will hurt nobody!"

"I don't know about that. There is something about them that will give them interest, for a part of the reading world. They show sincerity and self-reliant insight, that are always attractive. Then, the crudity of style, and want of method, are themselves features that will make them acceptable reading to many persons who do not appreciate the beauties of form."

"That is the very thing that I wanted to ask you about. I have been trying for some time to find out in what those beauties consist; but the fellows who seem to know keep the secret mighty close. They point to this author, and to that, and when I look at the works they're as different as a buck in the blue is from the same animal in the red or grey. All that I have been able to formulate for myself is that as the buck changes his coat with the season—or rather has it changed for him—in order to remain in harmony with the prevailing tint of his surroundings, so the different authors, and the same authors treating different themes, seem to change the forms which they employ to harmonize with the subject which they treat, or, with the mental atmosphere into which they introduce the reader. I have thought, sometimes, that I noticed that when they succeeded in permeating the form completely, so that it is all of a piece, thought and expression, form and content, as we find it frequently in Homer, Sophocles, Calderon, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare—they were happiest. But these men are poets; they create. They see the divine in human life, and body it forth in forms which in themselves must necessarily be divine, if true. But if the texture of a sack ought to be fine in proportion to the grain you want to store in it, it seems to me anything might do to hold the happenings and thoughts as they occur in the life of a molder of pots and kettles."

"Especially if that molder claims to be related, through his craft, with the dwellers on Olympus! When his eyes gleam from his grimy face, and blanch at nothing, from the poets and philosophers of world history to the doctors of divinity and managing editors of the day, it seems to me, Henry, that such matter should be expressed in language born of leisure and reflection, and not in the crude phrases inspired by fatigue and physical exhaustion. There are sentences that are as tired as the hand that wrote them, and nodding expressions, with the eyes half closed in sleep. Still, it will be a valuable source of entertainment to you when you want to look back at the struggles, the feats and trials of a life that will be symptomatic of the mass of human exertions in the valley."

We kept talking about the forms of books, and works of art, and although he showed me defective sentences, he failed to show me why they should all be perfect alike. I kept fishing about to see whether I could catch some principle that would serve me to reach beyond the mere likes and dislikes of this or that man, or reader; but the water seemed to be unfavorable to catch anything but stock phrases, such as "clearness," "pithy," "interesting," "voluble," "verbose," and the rest, all of which, no doubt of great value to a person who enjoys the special privilege of uttering them with authority, but to me they seemed worthless. I therefore paid more attention to preparing dinner, and less to literary cookery, about which there is likely as little uniformity of opinion to be expected in the near future as there

is about the variations of tastes in the kitchen, or at the table.

I boned a turkey and one of the young swans for a hash. I also prepared a pit, over which I intended to barbecue the saddle of the spike buck, to take with us for lunch on our trip, day after to-morrow, to the landing. When I had everything ready on the fire that required some time for cooking, I commenced to pick out and fix places where we could swing our deer for the night, to get them thoroughly cooled, in all of which Mr. H—— helped me to the extent of his ability. But he remains extremely weak. Every exertion, however slight, starts the perspiration. Young as he is, his system lacks recuperative energy. I advised him to keep on taking quinine, as a tonic, and prophylactic; for I actually believe he will get chills if he doesn't. The afternoon slipped away into evening, and still we saw nothing of our hunters; but I felt no alarm, as Jochen is no slouch of a woodsman, and is apt to keep his senses about him. Finally dinner was ready, and I took the horn and blew the signal, for an answer. After the proper interval, I heard the "grussel-greite" off toward the east. They came in with a handsome bunch of squirrels, an additional fish otter, a full mate to the one first killed by Mr. F—— some days ago, and a pair of minks.

After dinner was over, and the banter about slipping off on the sly and leaving me to hold the bag was adjusted, by them agreeing to clean their own game, we swung our deer and I retired to the tent, to my note book.

October 18, 1856.

"Well, how did you rest, Henry," inquired Mr. F——, as I looked out of the tent this morning.

"I don't know. I was too busy writing before 12 o'clock, and too busy sleeping since, to judge of anything. What time is it?"

"Past seven, I think! By the by, isn't this Sunday? The boys wanted me to go shooting with them, and were ready to take an oath that it is Monday, but I know it must be Sunday; I could not have lost a whole day."

"No, but you have lost two! It is Tuesday!"

"What?"

"According to my note book it is Tuesday, October 18."

"Well, that beats anything that ever happened to me! Lost two whole days in one week?"

"Gained them, you meant to say!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that a person in the condition that you were when we came here must have gained immensely if he got his mind so occupied with entirely new subjects as to forget the thread-bare routine of life, even down to the days of the week."

☛ "That is true, Henry, and I have gained what I came for. I feel like a new man. But we must stay until Saturday, at least. That is the only mistake we made. We ought to stay until the snow and bad weather drive us out of here."

"That is, we ought to stay here, I mean in the woods, all the time," said I, "because, as far as the weather is concerned, we could do like the rest of the inhabitants, or rather as most of them do; we could go south and keep ahead of it. We need not to allow the winter to overtake us any more than they do. But that is not our object. All that I aimed at was to get out of your tread mill, just for a few days, just long enough to enable you to realize that there is a world to breathe in outside of its walls! For myself, I need this once a year, for the health of mind and body. After I have worked a whole year my task becomes as I imagine the tune must be which the old blind man has been grinding out of his hand organ, on a corner of Market street, for the last three months—rather stale. The music is ground out of it; it is mere noise. But where have the boys gone? Not to kill deer?"

"Yes, I let Mr. H—— have my gun and they went to kill a buck."

"Your gun? What became of his? It is as good a deer gun as yours or mine!"

"I expect it was; but he lost it the other day—gun, watch and hunting knife!"

"No! Strange I never noticed it. But since I come to think, I was so much occupied with the man that I never thought about his outfit."

"And you did not go with them because you had no gun; why did you not take mine?"

"No, I wouldn't do that, because I knew how you would feel about it. Persons like you, who take such care of their things, are apt to become attached to their tools; and don't like other persons to handle them. Then, a gun is not an ordinary tool, in the hands of a man like you."

"That is true, but there are exceptions in all things; I wouldn't mind seeing my gun in your hands, Mr. F——. Of course, persons that are so far above the real things of life, that they have no feelings for them, no regard, no care—it would hurt me to see them handle anything that I work with. My gun would look reproaches at me if I saw it in such hands!"

"Just so, and still you don't allow such things to absorb you."

"Certainly not."

"That is the trick, Henry, that I must learn. I make a machine, and the making and marketing of it is itself a machine—I mean, it requires adjustment of details and parts, each one of which has to be kept up in working order, or the whole will eat itself to wreck. Now, this fills my mind, day and night, and when I heard you talk to my wife the other evening about getting outside of ourselves, outside of what fills us, our mind and soul, I could not help but think of the rest it would give to a man if he knew how to do that."

"Yes, it is restful. But, I was talking not merely of one's vocation, with its absorbing detail, but of everything else, of every object of thought, as well;

then having placed this whole content to one side, see what relation it sustains to me. In this activity, you will observe, I enjoy independence; and independence alone is rest. The desire for that is the bottom fact of all our endeavors in life. The trouble is, we are apt to look for it in directions that make us more and more dependent. But I am through eating. What are we going to do this morning? Are our fellows going to come for the boat, if they need it, or are we to take it down to them?"

"They will come for it. I agreed to keep camp and let you sleep. Jochen thinks you work too hard, and would not allow Mr. H—— to wake you up."

"How are our squirrels?"

"We have plenty."

"I tell you, we might go and kill some canvas-back. I found a new feeding place yesterday—that is, I did not see it, but I saw where the birds alighted, where they dived down into the timber. But we have some of them yet. Since we have got to eating that steak, our other things have had a rest."

"Suppose we catch some fish, Henry. The live box is nearly empty and they will not spoil on us—we can let them go if necessary."

This occupied us until Jochen came for the boat. He reported that they had killed two bucks—and Mr. H—— did not get over his sweat until after dinner.

"Why didn't you break the buck's neck, Mr. H——?" I asked, as they reached the landing with their game at the mouth of the dry run.

"Because I didn't want to injure his horns," he answered.

"That settles it, Mr. F——; he is all right," said I. "He has got back to giving us editorial reasons. He doesn't need any more medicine—I suppose that was the reason you threw away your gun, too, the other day—you didn't want to injure the game with it."

"No, the reason was that I had no reason—you're off entirely. Who told you that I threw away my gun?"

"Well, where is it?"

"Where I left it."

"Out hunting by itself! I don't wonder it got tired of its master."

"You go and find it; I'll make you a present of it."

"Oh, certainly; liberality has always been your weakness! It may strike in some of these days and hurt you yet."

"That is something you need not to fear."

"I hope not, unless bad company and vicious example prove the ruin of me. But such reckless giving away of things that we haven't got is liable to induce imitation."

"See here, Henry, when you were talking the other evening about loading your gun, didn't you say you greased the gun after you put the powder in?" asked Mr. F——.

"Yes; why?"

"Because we disputed about it this morning, and Mr. H—— thought it made no difference. The main thing was that the gun was greased."

"Yes, and so it is!"

"But you have some reason why you don't grease the gun like everybody else."

"The reason is that he must do everything differently from everybody else. It wouldn't be he if he didn't," put in Mr. H——.

"There, we have it again! Another editorial reason; and a good one at that."

"I have been thinking of it," said Mr. F——, "and concluded that you did not want to wipe the grease off with the heavy wadding you use on the powder; is that right, Henry?"

"No, not quite!"

"No, of course not. If anybody else could even guess the reason it wouldn't amount to anything!"—again put in Mr. H——.

"The last editorial elaborated," said I. "No, Mr. F——, the reason that I apply the grease after the powder is in the gun and protected with the wad is that I do not want to kill it. If I grease my gun and then pour in the powder, a great deal of it sticks to the sides of the barrel. Of course, this is scraped off by the wad and not lost from the charge; but it might as well be, for it has absorbed the moisture of the grease and is dead. Now, I can never guess the amount of the charge that is rendered worthless in this operation; if I could it would not be of much consequence. But by loading the way I do, I have at least two charges that I am absolutely certain will do the execution that I want; and that in a buck hunt is a good deal. I know my charge, I know the distance at which it will be effective and I know that my gun will fire when I want it to."

"I see the advantage that it would give to the first charges after the gun has been cleaned," answered Mr. F——, "but after that, I suppose the difference can be but slight."

"Not as much as in the first; still it amounts to more than might be expected. The heavy wad cleans out a good deal of the grease with the discharge, and leaves the barrels certainly in a better condition than they would be in under the ordinary way of loading."

"I have no doubt of it," he answered. "But even that cuts no figure in this special shooting."

"I can afford to take the extra pains in order to have an effective charge when the opportunity offers, especially as that opportunity doesn't occur every fifteen or twenty minutes. I hold it best, on general principles, to be prepared to the utmost for an event that I anticipate. Why the anticipation unless it is to induce the preparation!"

By this time we got to the head of the lake, and Sip came to tell us that everything was safe. When we had put the deer in line with the rest, Mr. H—— commenced hectoring about breakfast.

"That's all right; I am glad you remind me that you are in such excellent shape to help yourself.

Everything is ready. There is the fire, yonder the water, meat stares at you from every limb, while potatoes, flour and cornmeal are waiting to be used."

"What have you got in that oven?" he asked.

"A mouthful to eat, which I saved for Mr. H——P——," said I.

While they were eating breakfast Mr. F—— remarked:

"Henry, I heard you say the other day that there are other birds and animals in the forest that practice deception besides the possum; what are they? I have never heard of them."

"It was one of his generalities—a mere flourish with nothing in it. Nobody ever heard of a bird, beast or insect besides the possum that plays possum!" put in Mr. H——.

"Of course, not in a newspaper office, where they print the news! Practices and characteristics, universally distributed through nature, are much too old to be talked about in a newspaper office," said I.

"Universally distributed through nature!" That is another empty sack!" Mr. H—— retorted.

"Of course, you don't remember of ever meeting a tumble bug when you were a boy, and to have made him play possum by touching him with a straw—you don't remember that, I suppose! It never occurred to you that the very expression, 'playing possum,' was itself proof that mankind had observed this practice indulged in by other quadrupeds, bipeds and living things besides the possum."

"That has never occurred to me, either," said Mr. F——. "But I have seen the tumble bug do it!"

"And have you ever seen a beetle of any kind that did not?"

"No, since I come to think of it. All that I have noticed, if you interrupt them in their flight, or handle them roughly, will let on that they are dead."

"Yes," said I, "but this is only one kind of deception, the most innocent, that I have observed. The living thing that practices it only tries to induce the belief that it is worthless, dead. It endeavors to save itself by taking refuge in insignificance. It lays there in the dust, filth or mire, or courts to be thrown there, a piece of worthless carrion! But this is not the only kind; although closely allied species of it are not wanting. Meet our common quail, pheasant or turkey hen with her brood of helpless little chicks, for example, and instantly the mother bird is crippled; lays there at your feet, with wings quivering, helpless; almost begs you to pick her up. You step toward her to see what is the matter; she is just beyond your reach, but another step will enable you to lay your hand upon her. That other step, however, you will have to repeat, and repeat, until she has tolled you far enough from her little ones to assure their safety—when lo, she remembers that she has pressing business on the other side of the thicket, and the wings but now quivering as with palsy, hum the air in triumph. You are sold!"

"Take our common milch cow, dullest of dull brutes! She roams the public pasture. Her mistress

or he, master notices that she is about to drop a calf, and as the event is important for the household economy, Brindle receives some attention—an extra handful of salt, or a bucket of favorite slop, when she happens to be about in sight of the house. Brindle appreciates these things highly and has made regular calls for a week or two."

"Did you see anything of the cow to-day?" asks Jochen, when he comes home at night.

"No, she has not been around."

"Better watch for her to-morrow. I expect she has a calf and hid it out."

To-morrow comes but Brindle doesn't. The next day, however, she calls for her salt.

"Yes, Brindle was up and has a calf."

"Did you watch her? Which way did she go?"

"She went into the woods, back of the east field. She has hid it somewhere in the bushes there, but I can't find it. She kept watching me, but she wouldn't go to it, although I had Sip with me."

This has been repeated day after day. She comes up regularly for her slop, with her udder empty, or nearly so; but the calf is nowhere to be found. The innocent Brindle, after taking what is given to her, stands around at the gate, for awhile, then bites off a leaf here, crops a bunch of grass there, never sees anybody watching her—not she! She is on her regular business, perfectly innocent. But while she is going leisurely in that dull, careless, innocent manner down toward the east field, behind which every bush and weed patch has been tramped down by the children and the mistress, in search of the calf, Jochen calls Sip and starts in the opposite direction. That is interesting to Brindle. Yes, she remembers, all at once, that the grass is pretty well fed down behind the east field; and see, her head is up, and she comes charging up the fence, until close up to Jochen. Oh well, there is nothing there anyway, Jochen and Sip! Well, I see they are looking for something. I expect I can show it to them, I know—and off she starts at right angles towards the south.

"I wonder whether they have seen me. Yes, there they come; all right. I must be in a hurry!"

And away she rushes toward that new patch of bushes. They are fine—so handy. But Jochen knows she is not running a race with him toward but away from the calf. And so he quietly turns around to go where he intended to at first—behind that west field, where he remembers a very likely place. Sure enough! Although nobody has seen Brindle in that direction, with all their watching, here are her tracks, and not only that, but in a very short time Brindle herself. Yes, Brindle, and Brindle very shy. Every time you approach her, although perfectly gentle, she retreats almost in terror—but never toward those low dense bushes over there; oh no, not in that direction!

This being the case, Jochen thinks it best to examine them and let Brindle tend to her own business. After looking high and low, Brindle a careful

observer, especially when he doesn't observe her, he sees the little brute. He has walked within a step of it, almost stepped on it, over it, but not a hair moved, not an ear twitched. He reaches down to see whether it is alive and lo, the signal from Brindle! Away goes calf and cow at full gallop. There is no hiding now—no pretense of innocent dullness! You better be careful, Sip, or you will be tickled where it doesn't itch!

"Yes, and Brindle will do it every time; even now, when she has to break out of her pasture to enjoy the fun," said Jochen.

"Every cow and calf in the state will do it, and of the two, the calf is the greater fraud—especially as long as it has no confidence in its ability to escape danger by the use of its legs. It will resort on every emergency to the cloak of insignificance for protection. Nor is the practice to be criticised harshly.

"Take Pinky, the hen. All spring she has had a fine time in the barn, and adjacent grounds, with her gossips. Up in the hayloft, in a well sheltered nook, of great privacy, where the March winds and early April showers pass without causing inconvenience, she has made her nest; and with every deposit of an egg, hope, pleasant hope of maternal joys to come, swells her breast, until full enough for utterance—for proclamation—of the fact that she is to become a mother—in this she is corroborated with great gusto by Heck, the rooster—her soul's ideal of lusty cockhood! In concert they cackle, proclaiming the fact, until every hen in the yard joins in, and the whole becomes one publication society, announcing to all the world the facts of the present, with the hopes they inspire for the future.

"The nest is filling, the time approaches. But see! Who is that? It is Sis, wearing that well-known apron. She comes from the hayloft, too, and that apron, usually full when she comes and empty when she goes, to-day is full when she goes. What is this? I thought the nest was nearly full! Is there something the matter with the bottom? No, that can not be; I must have made a miscount! Arithmetic and bookkeeping are not my forte, anyway! We hope for the best. Days come and go; we lay, and cackle, but that nest will not fill. To set the weary days and nights on an egg or two—well, let it go! There is no bottom to it. As for Sis, she is our friend, the source of crumbs and things. It is the fault of the nest, surely!"

"Mother, Pinky has quit laying. I believe I will bring in the nest egg."

"You may as well. Hens can't lay the year around!"

A week or ten days later—"Mother, can you tell whether a hen lays or not by her looks? Grandmother said she could."

"Yes, I can tell, too. Why?"

"I wish you would look at Pinky. I believe she has stolen a nest!"

"Where is she?"

"Out here; come and see!"

"Of course she lays! Don't you see how red she looks about the head! You must watch her!" And watch it is, but no eggs.

Another week has passed—"There, don't you hear Pinky! Go quick! She cackles down in the brush near the barn! She has her nest there in that brush!"

"No, she hasn't. I have hunted it over and over. She cackles there, but I can't see any nest."

Some days later—"Mother, Pinky is gone! I haven't seen her for two days! She is setting some where!"

In the fullness of time there is a noise below the kitchen floor—"Listen! If that isn't Pinky! And just listen!"

"Yes, and Pinky has played it on Sis to some purpose—found by experience that cackling, if it had to be done, be better indulged in at a safe distance from the center of our hopes—our unhatched eggs!"

"Then look at Molly Cottontail—the curs with lolling tongues in hot pursuit! Down the ridge, straight as an arrow her course! Why doesn't she swerve! They are gaining upon her! See, she is only a few jumps ahead, as she reaches that dry flinty patch of ground at the point! Ah, see the foolish thing! She turns at an angle so acute that it looks as if she is intent upon suicide by jumping into their open jaws! But no! She whisks by them, and they not more than a step away they know, they saw her right dead ahead; nothing diverts their attention! They know, down yonder, just below the brow of the hill—and with renewed vigor they rush down the slope, over that flinty ground, there to that thorn thicket beyond! But, how is this? No Molly in sight! The snuffling nose of Pete proves that there was a mistake made somewhere. But we saw her come this way, and that thicket! She must be in there! Investigate! After a thorough search we conclude that she is not there, nor can we find anything of her trail between the thicket and that piece of dry, flinty ground. Beyond that—yes, here is her trail, but that is the way we came, and we saw her down yonder! 'Boys, she has got us! Let's go home.' But if instead of following the foolish pack of dolts, thus led by the nose, we had kept watch of Molly and looked close, we would have seen the air of self-satisfaction with which she returns in the direction of her home.

"The race is not to the swift. Powers without sense breed weary muscle, but leave the stomach empty. Fresh rabbit may be a relishing bite, but it takes exertion guided by sense to get at it. Nay, with close attention we might have heard her chuckle in her sleeve. She understood the use to which that spot of stony ground could be put in case of need!"

"Do you propose to write this stuff down in your notes?" asked Mr. H——.

"If I get time, why not? Am I not telling it here to illustrate how empty my generalities are? I suppose you have forgotten your last editorial—but that is no sign I should forget it, too!"

"Certainly not," he retorted. "Every foolish utterance or occurrence has value for you!"

"Of course it has, if only to prove how foolish its author is!"

"Well, Henry, I think you have made good your word," said Mr. F——. "You have illustrated the practice of deception by insect, bird and animal. The only thing I regret is that Mrs. F—— was not here to hear you!"

"But, I have only commenced. I have only illustrated the practice of one kind of deception, and that not very extensively—the kind used exclusively for self-defense. But this is by no means the only kind, and if you remind me some other time, I will give you specimens of species that make our blood boil. We have to look around now for something to eat for our man. Sip says that he hears somebody coming, and I expect it is either Pat or Nick, or both together."

"How do you know Sip says that? He hasn't said a word—he hasn't barked!" said Mr. H——.

"Oh well, everybody understands a dog's bark—or thinks he does—but a dog has other ways of indicating his observations besides his bark!"

Sip, in the meantime, was stepping beyond the sound of our voices, in order that he might hear better, and—

"I suppose you hear him now, and no doubt think you understand him, too!" I remarked as Sip gave voice.

"Well, what does he say?" asked Mr. H——.

"He says that he recognizes the noise of our wagon. If it was a strange noise, one that he did not recognize, he would talk with emphasis."

In a few minutes more Nick came in sight with the colts, and Sip and Jochen both had to welcome them. Mr. F—— remarked:

"That is a nice span of horses. If they were trained they would do for a carriage team."

"I expect you will find them trained pretty well, from the way Jochen talks to them, and the manner they seem to appreciate his presence. You see how jealous they are of each other for his attention."

"It looks like it; doesn't it!" he replied.

After they had taken care of the colts they came to the fire, and Nick brought me kind remembrance from Mrs. H-P—— and the children—Henry and Henrietta!

"Little Yetta said: 'Tell Uncle Henry that I talk lots about him when I feed my big gander, and tell him he is well and goes walking with me—and he must bring papa home soon!'"

"Mr. F——, did you ever hear pretensions as preposterous! The idea, that a person can tell from a dog's actions what the animal sees or hears at a distance—or knows from his voice whether he barks at a stranger or an acquaintance," bantered Mr. H——.

"I don't know," replied Mr. F——, "what you mean, Mr. H——; but speaking candidly, I believe Mr. B—— can do what his remark implied, under the circumstances. I can tell the difference between

whether a dog runs a cow in a pasture, or whether he answers a neighbor's bark, a mile or two off. His mouth is not the same; and why should not a person of the habits of observation of Mr. B—— be more expert in distinguishing differences that may escape me? If you had been present the other day and seen him listen when our little boy heard that dog, you would think as I do. As soon as he called us up and we all heard the dog, Mr. H-P—— said: 'It is Sip and he has treed!' But Mr. B—— said: 'No; the dog is baying something on the ground.' And you ought to have seen how that conviction affected him! Up to that time he had been perfectly cool. There was no excitement in the expression of his face, or his manner—except that everything had become decisive, short, no argument—of which he seems so fond when there is nothing to do. As soon, however, as he was convinced—and that too against the opinion of the owner of the dog, and my own—that the animal was baying something on the ground, he said: 'The probability is that Mr. H—— has wandered into a bog. The dog is asking for help. Every moment is precious!' There was no doubting his word then. His eyes blazed and the whole man was transformed into one purpose, as he shot from us into the cane in the direction of that sound. My wife said to me that night when we got into camp: 'What a strange sight that man was as he turned from us! There seemed to be nothing left of him but eyes! I would give anything to have a picture of him, as he looked, and the air of that head, as it turned to face whatever danger there might be!' And I agreed with her that I have never seen a sight that I would rather remember. No, Mr. H——, at the extreme distance at which that dog's voice was audible, he distinguished the difference between a bark up a tree and a bay on the ground. And his opinion proved correct. Then, when the conclusion based upon that opinion proved incorrect, it was still his knowledge of the habits of these animals, under similar circumstances, that guided him to success—and all of us out of a very disagreeable situation."

"And me," answered Mr. H——, "more than all of you put together. But, Mr. F——, you must not take what I say in so much sober earnest. I like to strike the flint to see the sparks fly. I don't pound the stone because I hate it. Henry and myself were college chums, and we have had many a wrestle, but never a fight. If I did not love him I would envy many, yes, very many qualities in him, which I cherish because they ennoble my friend. But that doesn't prevent him from being the most unmitigated braggart of his knowledge of woodcraft that ever I met in my life."

"Well," answered Mr. F——; "you two have to settle it between you. I am afraid there is no peace to be expected while camp lasts."

"And that city green-horn, permit me to add, will persist in making himself the laughing stock of it, by prating of things he knows nothing about. Doesn't

know a muskrat from a fish otter, and then presumes to judge of what man can know about the habits and conduct of animals! Never saw, in fact, an animal in his life, unless one of those two-legged caricatures that inhabit town slums!"

"Hold on! It is my turn now! You see that dog!" Mr. H—— exclaimed.

"Yes, and you actually know from his action that our other wagon is at hand, especially as you can hear the rattle of it with your own two well-developed ears!"

Pat brought me a letter from Elizabeth, and a handsome watch from my little friend, Theodore, with a letter from his mother; which I dare not copy for fear these pages should get out of my hands, and I be regarded as a vain cockcomb. Elizabeth's letter all upsets me. She looks at me through the eyes of Mrs. F——. And when will I have the opportunity to show myself equal to her partial enthusiasm? How hard it is for a woman to be just! "A man is either a hero or he is nothing," said I to myself after reading the letter. Elizabeth also gives me a list of the game, which Mrs. F—— sent her, with the remark—

"We will have meat enough for a month, and father is very happy! But don't expose yourself, dearest. If I did not know you as well as I do, Mrs. F——'s description of your life in the woods would keep me awake with apprehensions every night of your absence."

"Yes, yes, my darling—and I will endeavor to justify your confidence in my ability to take care of myself."

I left the tent to get rid of reflections that act on me like alcoholic stimulants—carry me with great hilarity into a land of nowhere!

"Is it not about time, Henry, we were making some preparations for our trip to-morrow?" asked Mr. F——, as I came to the fire.

"I should think so," said I; "and I expect you and Jochen better go down and get us some fresh canvas-backs. We can cook them anywhere, with little trouble, and will not have to gnaw cold meat all day."

"All day? Do you expect to get back here by to-morrow night?"

"That was my figuring! But I don't know whether our teams can make it. What do you think, Mr. H-P——?"

"Well," Jochen drawled out, "you know, Henry, the colts are young and can't stand much. It will be a stiff drive if we go to the landing; that is thirty miles from here, or a little more. Then, if we go to the bluff from there, that will add some eight or ten miles. I suppose it will be seventy or seventy-five miles in all to get back here. Yes, we can make it by starting a little early; but it will keep us agoing. I think the colts would stand it."

"But, what time would we have to look around?" asked Mr. F——.

"That would depend upon when we start", was Jochen's answer.

"Just so!—I think, however, we better not calculate to get back here to-morrow night. As we have the trouble of the trip, we may as well get the benefit of it and not come away empty-handed," said Mr F——.

"All right," I answered, "we will arrange accordingly. Get off then and bring us a few additional ducks. Away with you to the lake!"

"What's the matter with me," put in Mr. H——. "What have I done that I can't go along and kill some ducks?"

"What would you kill them with—a hand spike? You can't have my gun," said I.

"Of course not, but who asked you for your gun? I reckon yours is not the only gun in the world!"

Saying this he stepped to Pat's wagon and came back with an entirely new outfit—gun, loading apparatus, shot and powder flask.

"Don't you wish you hadn't said anything?" said he.

"All right, I am glad you have decency enough about you not to rely upon sponging off other people," I replied.

As they started Sip asked permission to go along and I put in a good word for him. His face is nearly well again, but it looks as if he had his head done up in a fish net, with very small mesh.

I now set about in earnest to get dinner, with Pat and Nick to help me; and before our hunters got back everything was in ship shape except the saddle of venison, which was still over the pit.

"What is that? Is that for dinner?" asked Mr. H——, when he spied it.

"No, it is the saddle of Jochen's spike buck, that we take with us to-morrow for lunch."

Nothing would do, however, but they must have a taste of it. All had heard of barbecued meat, but never saw or tasted it. As I expected this, I had left the three last ribs on the saddle and given them the most fire, so that they would be ready for dinner. These I served red hot, after soup, and neither Mr. H——, Mr. F—— nor Mr. H-P—— tasted anything else.

"This beats steak if anything can," said Mr. H——. "I thought the ribs of a deer were of no account."

"Like most things that are regarded as of no account, it depends largely upon how they are used," said I, sitting down to my private dish of possum and baked sweet potatoes.

"What have you got there?" asked Mr. H——.

"Something that nobody else would taste if they knew before hand what it was."

"What is it, Henry," asked Mr. F——.

"The possum that Sip treed night before last," I answered.

"Sit over there a little farther. Get off with it from the table, on the log, man! Don't spoil our dinner

for us!" said Mr. H——, with a great pretense of disgust.

"Help my plate to a taste. I should like to know how it goes," said Mr. F——.

After helping him to a slice, with a potato and a baked apple, he said:

"You're joking, Henry, that is roast pig!"

"No—but the best substitute for it in nature. I regard it quite important for camp. It adds variety to its resources, and without variety the best of material becomes stale. Nature does up her dainties in many different wrappers, and the labels are sometimes very deceptive. I make it a rule never to buy at her counters by the label alone, the outside appearance, but examine the contents before I make selection. A young muskrat, for example, two-thirds grown, is a great dainty, fully the equal of a young fox squirrel of the same age. The latter is recognized by everybody as a superior article of food; but the former, simply because some ignoramus, thinking he saw a resemblance, called the animal a rat, is tabooed as unfit, unclean; yet, besides the squirrel, there is no animal in nature that feeds as daintily as the muskrat. Both live exclusively upon the germ, the concentrated essence, of plant life—the squirrel upon the germ, the seed and bud of arborial, and the muskrat, on swamp, or water vegetation. It is a gnawer, it is true, but not a gnawer of bones, no scavenger, anymore than the squirrel, which is also a gnawer."

"But," said Mr. H——, "is there anything more unclean in nature than the possum?"

"Nothing that I know of," I answered, "unless it be the hog and man; for both, at certain stages of development, are cannibals, and that, it seems to me, is the acme of unclean feeding, as it contradicts the very purpose of feeding—the perpetuation of life—and is thus, logically, an eating that eats itself."

"What time do you propose for us to start in the morning, Henry," asked Mr. F——.

"I don't know. What do you think, Mr. H-P——?" I answered.

"I thought, Henry, you and me would start about buck-hunting time. You see, we can't drive as fast as Mr. F——, and by starting a little sooner we might get there about the same time. We wouldn't want them to lay around there to wait for us too long," said Jochen.

"No," put in Mr. H——, "of course not; and if there is anything annoying in a drive, it is to have to wait for a slow team."

"Yes," drawled out Jochen, "but you see, Mr. H——, we have no others out on our farms and we must get along with them the best way we can."

"Well, you can start ahead if you think it is necessary," said Mr. F——. "We will start at 5 o'clock. Pat, see that the team is ready by 5."

I then requested Jochen to have an eye to the barbecue, asked Mr. F—— to be so kind as to see to the putting up of our lunch, and retired to the tent to my notes.

After the rest had retired and I felt fatigued from writing, I boned some braces of canvas-backs and gave instructions to Nick about the treatment of our game during our absence from camp. I then showed him the best fishing place, gave him the tackle, but advised him not to go out with a gun until we came back.

"What time shall I call you," he asked.

"There is no occasion to trouble yourself about that, Nick. Jochen or myself will be awake in time. Good night."

October 19, 1856.

Jochen was not astir as I woke up, but when I looked out of the tent, Nick was poking the fire and the coffee pot was steaming on the coals.

"Don't be in a hurry, sonny, we have plenty of time," said Jochen when he came out of the tent, a few minutes later.

"What time is it?"

"A quarter past four," I answered.

"I thought so—we have plenty of time! You see, we want to start just a little ahead of them. I wouldn't like to pass Mr. F——'s team on the road; and you know, it might not be easy to keep from it."

"Of course, Jochen, I thought your modesty was a little, just a little put on, talking about your colts as if they were ordinary plugs!"

"Well, sonny, when people expect little, a very little more goes a great ways to be much, as your father used to say, and I don't mind showing them a team that can travel. You better put the cooking things in our wagon. Perhaps we will have time to get a mouthful to eat ready before they overtake us at the landing."

As we sat down to breakfast Mr. F—— came out of his tent and said:

"Aren't you off yet? It lacks only a quarter of five. Pat, is the team ready?"

"It will be as soon as your honor is done eating."

"Where is Mr. H——? Oh, here he comes!"

A few minutes later Jochen and I started.

"Now, Henry," said he, as we got out of camp, "we will poke along until they come in sight up in the road, at the spring, and then we will see who will be annoyed by waiting for a slow team."

But he had both hands full, with all the coaxing, scolding and cajoling he could do, to keep the horses down to a gait reasonably safe for the road, or no road, that we were driving on through the woods up to the spring. Here he stopped, examined the gear, every buckle, strap and chain, talked to the colts and fooled away time until Pat hove in sight.

"Give the road there," called out Mr. H——. But just then the colts started, and we managed to keep ahead, in sight of them for a mile or so, until we struck a piece of good road, visible straight ahead for a stretch of some three miles. As soon as we reached it Jochen settled himself down to drive. Without a call, the mere manner of handling the reins, with the splendid road under their feet, and

before them, sent the horses off in a trot that made a person's hair singe, and gave me the impression, as I looked back, that Mr. F——'s team had come to a halt.

"That will do, Jobe, that will do!" said Jochen, as we neared the end of the stretch.

"That will do for a warmer, steady now, Jobe"—and the horses eased up, as we ascended a spur of the bluff.

"Have we given them road enough, Henry, or do they need more?" asked Jochen.

"They are coming with a rush, some two miles back—I can just see them, Jochen."

"All right, but I reckon we better give them a little more," he remarked; and we went on, not at the rate of speed we had driven the last three miles, but still fast enough to keep out of sight, the 'whole way to the turn, where the new road starts west to the river.

As we made the turn, he brought the colts down to a gait that gave us an opportunity to judge of the work done by the "Olle Kulle."

"Yes, Henry, that is well done. You don't find many new roads like that. See, the old fellow has cut down every tree alongside that could shade the road and make mud holes! Yes, that looks well. See, if he hasn't a lot of puncheons piled up there, on a scaffold, to replace any that may be carried away by high water from the bridge," Jochen remarked, as we passed the bridge over the slough.

"But he was working for himself," Jochen continued. "He gets more use out of it than anyone else, I bet. Yes, you see there, he has been hauling wheat over it already!" pointing to a few grains scattered on the corduroy, at the western end of the bridge.

"No, Henry, this looks well, if he did want that land down yonder to build a barn on! Look, isn't there somebody down there!"

"I don't know. It looks like it, but I can't tell. It may be a cow brute, or a horse, or something of that kind," said I.

"Not there, sonny. Come, Jobe, step up a little!"

It was not long before we could distinguish a wagon, down near the landing—but not plainly, on account of the belt of timber that closed the far end of the road, and cut off the view to the river. But we were now going at a rate of speed that diminished the distance very rapidly, and it was not very long before Jochen called out:

"Henry, that is Conrad Witte, with his trumpeters!"

"Nonsense, Jochen, you can't see that far!"

"Yes but, sonny, it is him, sure! You see, he knows that we would be here to-day."

"How did he find that out?"

"I told him, and he said maybe he would come, too; he had some things to show and talk to you about. That is him. I know it, don't you see!"

"No, I don't yet; but it may be as you say, because I don't see who else it could be."

When we got a mile or so farther, I had to agree with Jochen, and as we came up, Conrad himself greeted us.

"Yes, you see, I didn't have to drive as far as you did this morning, and beat you. I staid all night at Mr. Kroemer's," said Conrad, by way of explanation.

"But why didn't you let me know that you would be here?"

"Oh, you see, Henry, I didn't know it myself, for certain; but I wanted to be with you, if I could, to show you several things that we had to do here, without you knowing anything about it. You were so busy, and things could not wait!"

"What is that over yonder, Conrad," I asked.

"That is a house," he answered, "we had to build. You see, the people had to have something to put their wheat in, and there was no use to wait. It isn't much of a house, but then it answers the purpose, for the present."

"But who built it?"

"The neighbors built it for you—the tenants, Kroemer, Kulle and the rest. When they cut out and built the road, they wanted something to go into at night, and to eat in, and I thought that while they were at it, they might as well put a little more work on it, so that it would do to put things in that they wanted to ship."

"Yes, they are using it already, I see." While we were looking through the cracks at the pile of wheat, stacked up in sacks, on the inside, Jochen, who had been with his colts, came up.

"What have you got there, Henry?" he asked. "When did you have that built?" I explained to him what Conrad had said. "Now, that is first rate, only you must have them top logs let down and two more rounds put on. That old skin-penny, he knows well enough how it ought to be done! But, a kick and a cuff is good enough—if it isn't his own. I wonder whose wheat that is in there?" said Jochen.

"I think it is Kroemer's, and likely the other pile is Mr. Kulle's. But where are the other people that were to come with you, Jochen?" asked Witte.

"I don't know," he said, looking down the road. "I don't see anything of them yet."

"Are they coming," asked Conrad.

"Yes, some time to-day, I suppose," drawled out Jochen.

I explained to Conrad that Jochen had been playing one of his pranks.

"You know he will do that," said Conrad. "He can't live without that. But I wanted to go with both of you over yonder a piece, in that direction"—pointing toward the southeast.

"There is a piece of bottom prairie there, some fifty acres, I should judge, and Mr. Pastor has a man who would like to rent, build a house and live on it. It is not too far off; he could have an eye on the ware-house and see to the shipping; and they wanted me to see about it while you are here."

"Let us go and see what the land is," said Jochen.

"No, they are not in sight yet," he said, as we crossed the road. Conrad showed us the land and Jochen got wild.

"Just look at it!" he exclaimed, kicking up the black mold, sufficiently mixed with sand to make it loose. "Just look at it! Take the hoe and plant your corn after you run the fire over it, in the spring, and you have a crop! Who is it that Mr. Pastor wants to plant here, Conrad?"

"A Mr. Rinehold," replied Conrad, "a good man. He speaks English and our people know him."

"Narren tant, Conrad! I tell you what you do," said Jochen. "I didn't know this land was here, or I would have talked to you about it before. I tell you what you do—you bring down Mr. Poggy, your son-in-law. He speaks English, too. Henry buys you the other half of this section and you give it to Lisken, your daughter. They build their house right here, and they have a farm ready made. Henry can let them have this quarter for five years and in that time they will have enough land, and land that is land, opened, as much as they want to use! This is too good for anybody else. It don't overflow once in a man's lifetime!"

"Yes, yes, Jochen," replied Conrad. "That is not so bad. What do you think about it, Henry? Would you rent it to my son-in-law? I think he would be glad of the chance, although I had not thought of it."

"If it is rented at all," I answered, "I would rather that Lisken lived on it than anybody else; and nobody else can have it, if she wants it; but I have asked Mr. F—— for his advice in regard to the management of the landing, together with what appertains to it, and as soon as I can look it over with him you shall know."

We now turned back to the landing, and as we came in sight of the road we saw Pat coming in full trot.

"What in the world became of you fellows! You left us as if you didn't care a button whether we caught up with you or not!" said Mr. F——; alighting from the wagon.

"Well," I answered, "I expect Mr. H.-P—— was afraid to be in the way of Mr. H——, and then you know there is nothing so annoying in a drive as to have to wait for a slow team."

"How long have you been here," he asked.

"About an hour and a half, perhaps a little longer."

"Say, Mr. H.-P——, what kind of horses are they that you are driving? I thought I understood you to say they were nothing but colts," said Mr. F——.

"One is five and the other six years old, coming April, Mr. F——. I raised them, and so I still call them colts," answered Jochen.

"Yes, and a better pair to travel it would be hard to find. They have dried out as if they were trained race horses," Mr. F—— remarked, as he lifted the blanket and passed his hand over Jobe's loins. "They are perfectly gentle, too, I see," he added.

"Yes," drawled out Jochen in reply, "they have never learned any bad tricks. You see, I never al-

lowed anybody to handle them but myself, until here lately. You know a horse hasn't got much sense, but a good deal more than most people think; and a colt that gets into everybody's hands has no chance to learn anything. They know how to work and how to behave, if the man who drives them knows what a man can ask of a horse."

"Yes, there is a great deal in that," said Mr. F——, and turning to me he said: "But, Henry, where did you get this road down here!"

"You must ask my friend here," said I. "Permit me to introduce you to Mr. Witte, Mr. F——; Mr. F——, Mr. Witte; and this is Mr. H——, an old school mate of mine, Conrad."

"And you built this road for Mr. B——, Mr. Witte?" asked Mr. F——.

"No, Mr. F——, Henry is mistaken. I expect if you look into that house there you will see what built this road," leading him to the warehouse.

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed Mr. F——. "A half a steamboat load of wheat, already."

"It is the new crop, just ready for market; and the people have had to haul it so far with their wagons that they had to earn it over again, and when Henry had this road laid out they were glad to cut it out and put it in order, so that they might use it."

"Of course," replied Mr. F——, "and you were perfectly right, Mr. Witte. It was that wheat which built the road—the marketing of that wheat. Let me see, where are we on your land, Henry, I mean how far is it from here to the north and south line of the section?"

"The road is in the center. It runs on the half section line," I answered. "Come, let's go up to the north corner. I would like to see the river up there."

"All right, Mr. F——," I replied. "Jochen, will you get lunch ready by the time we get back? I feel like eating something—or will you go with us?"

"No, I will get everything ready, Henry."

When we returned we sat down to lunch, and looking around over the ground Mr. H—— asked:

"Henry, why didn't you have that road cut out and built down to the river bank. That is one of your oddities, I suppose!"

"You hit it exactly, Mr. H——," I answered. "It was the mere desire not to have my landing look and be served by the river like other people's landings look and are served. I did not care about having it washed away, and so refused to have holes bored into the bank that the water could use to undermine and destroy it."

"Who is such a fool as to do that!" he exclaimed.

"Everybody," said I, "who cuts down a tree upon the river bank. He kills the roots of the trees that penetrate the ground in every direction. These roots rot and leave the space they occupy a hole, which the water upon and in the ground uses and widens into canals to reach the river, when it is falling after a flood. The consequences are that the bank is undermined and tumbles into the stream. Now, just for

the sake of the oddity of the thing I would like to preserve this bank, for a mile or so, as I want it for a different purpose."

"How is that, Mr. H——," asked Mr. F——; with a smile; "there is nothing impracticable in that, is there?"

"Well, it seems he has looked around some since I knew him at school," said Mr. H——.

After lunch, Mr. F—— and I strolled down the river to the south corner of my land and in returning we came by the piece of bottom prairie which Conrad had shown to me. I told him of the conversation that I had with Jochen and Conrad, and asked him what he thought of it.

"I don't know yet, Henry," said he. "When we see the rest, and I have some idea of the amount of business there is likely to be concentrated here in the near future, we can better determine what is best to be done. One thing, however, we may as well settle now. You can't have a stick of timber cut or killed within two hundred yards of the river bank, under any circumstances. You are perfectly right in regard to protecting the bank by the timber. I had never thought it out, but I see it as plain as daylight, and all the experience on the rivers confirms your conclusion."

"But, Henry, I am surprised at that road! I haven't seen a new road, built under the wretched system that prevails, any where in my travels in the western country that can be compared with it."

"I expect, Mr. F——, that Mr. Witte hit it about right. These people needed a road, and they built it; and my impression is that the same thing will be done in other localities. The trouble in regard to our roads largely is that there was no need for them. The public domain, open and free on every side, furnished room for new tracks, when the old ones became so deep that they were no longer practicable. These things will change as population increases, and many of the conveniences which we have been accustomed to, in the older and fully developed parts of the globe, and which we miss here, will come in the same way."

When we got back to the wagons we consulted about the programme for the balance of the day, and for to-morrow. It was finally agreed that we should drive up to the bluff, take a general survey of the situation, then Mr. F—— and Mr. H—— return and stay over night at Mr. Pheyety's; while, in order not to strain their simple frontier accommodations, Mr. Witte, H-P—— and I would stay at Mr. Kroemer's. Then to-morrow morning we would come by for Mr. F—— and Mr. H—— and drive to camp.

"Drive ahead, Mr. H-P——. It would be a pity to compel animals like those to swallow our dust, and we will never reach your wheels close enough to be inconvenienced by yours. Drive ahead, and wait for us at the foot of the bluff," said Mr. F——, as we were about to start. Accordingly, we started off at a lively, but not a killing pace. When we

reached the bridge over the slough, Jochen gave his team some water, and as we started again, Pat was in hailing distance. At the foot of the bluff we waited until they came up, and Mr. F—— suggested that I take a seat in their wagon, so that I might point out the land to them. Jochen, however, thought it would be better for us to drive to the first corner, and then for both of them to take seats with us. This was accepted as a "compromise," according to Mr. H——, and we drove on. As we got in sight of the corner and the eye swept down the south line of the fence, Jochen exclaimed:

"As far as the eye can reach, sonny! How does that look for a garden patch!" He was still on his feet—now telling Jobe not to make a fool of himself, and then giving vent to his pleasure, at the sight before him, in short ejaculations, when Mr. F—— came up.

"Get out and get in, Mr. F——, both of you—I mean get out of your wagon and get in mine. Take this seat," Jochen said, as he turned up the rear seat.

"You see," he continued, "this is Henry's farm, as far as you can see that way," pointing east; "and that timber yonder belongs to it and this hill here—I mean, it runs nearly to the foot of the bluff. Get up, Jobe!"

And we rolled down the road, until we came to the corner where it turned east. Here he stopped the team, and as he arose and pointed down the road, with his right hand, he looked at least six feet ten.

"There, now you see it. That is what Henry has done in the last four months. Every stick of wood, every house, every furrow of land plowed has been put where it is since last July!"

While we were still looking over the ground, which but a few months ago was a wilderness of grass, Mr. Witte came up and as he drove alongside asked:

"Henry, how does it look to you? Every time I look at it from here, I think it looks well."

"Yes," I replied, "Conrad, it does look well. Those two lines of fence down the road look like they had been cast in molds, and the way you placed the houses looks like it was done by human beings—and not as if they had been snowed from the sky, alighting by accident, here and there. But what is that big building over yonder, which stands by itself as if it needed no neighbors?"

"That is the school house," he answered. "And I wanted to mention to you, Henry, that you ought to locate the church for the settlement before you go. You see, the people need a blacksmith shop and a shoemaker's shop, and a tailorshop, and then they want a place close by where they can sell their eggs and butter and chickens, and things—the small things that the women folks raise, and where they can get pepper and salt, and such things. And these places ought to be where the church is, because our people can't run around on week days and make special

trips for things that they can bring with them when they come from church."

"And where would you place that church and the houses you have mentioned, Mr. Witte," asked Mr. F——.

"I think, Mr. F——, right over there somewhere," he said, pointing to the western half section. "As near the corner as might be convenient. You see, when the wagons go to the landing they all pass here, and that would be convenient for them. Then, if the church were here, too"—

"I see," answered Mr. F——. "Mr. H.-P——, please drive up to the edge of the bluff, straight up, as if this road from the east kept on its course."

When we got to the edge of the bluff and saw the bottom beneath us, with the river gleaming on its western border, they sat for some time enjoying the sight. Finally Mr. F—— said: "Henry, could you and I walk down the bluff?"

"Certainly, only the climbing back may be a little tiresome to you."

"I'll risk that," he said, and jumped out of the wagon. I followed suit and we walked down. When we got to the road he remarked:

"Henry, the first thing you do is to continue that road from the east straight down to this point, to intersect this road right here. It will cost a few hundred dollars to grade the bluff, but that is nothing. You then take the two forties on each side of the road, north and south, between here and the western fence of your farm property, and lay it out in building sites, from time to time, as the occasion may demand. Then, the landing you place in the hands of just such a man as Mr. Witte and Mr. Hanse-Peter may select—but don't allow any business there, except the shipping and receiving of such articles as the people may want. That is all there is in the situation. These one hundred and sixty acres are likely, under the arrangement I have indicated, to be worth quite as much money in fifty years from to-day as the entire farming land that you own. I can only say 'I congratulate you.' It is a good situation, and you have the best of men to help you. How is it that these two men are so attached to you?"

I related to him the circumstances of my youth, and the interest that Jochen and Conrad had taken in me from early childhood.

"I see now," said he; "that is, I see enough to fit the rest together." We returned to the wagons. When we reached there Mr. H—— met me and said:

"Give me your hand; I congratulate you. I had not expected this—but you have friends, and that is the half of life."

"No, Mr. H——," I answered, "it is the whole; the only thing upon which I deserve congratulation."

We now walked down to the fence, to enjoy at more leisure the sight before us. There we met Pat, who had driven up from the corner, and we

separated for the night. As they turned to go Conrad said:

"Now, Henry, you thought of staying all night with Mr. Lueke, but wouldn't you like to drive down the road, look at what has been done a little closer, and then we might stop with Dierck, where Mr. Fromme is likely to expect us. I told him last night that you would be at the landing to-day, but that I did not know whether you would have time to come out on the bluff. He had to go to a wedding and couldn't come with me, but said he wanted to see you. But if you are tired you drive down to Lueke's and I will go up and bring him down."

"No, Conrad. Your first suggestion is the best. It will not tire the colts too much, Jochen, will it, if we drive to Kroemer's?"

"Narren tant, Henry; sonny, narren tant! Don't you see how Jobe is tickled at the looks of that straight road? You fix up them lines, Conrad, and get in with us here, and let the mules follow the wagon. You can tell Henry who lives in the different houses, as we drive along."

"That is so, Jochen, and I expect I better do that," answered Conrad.

After Conrad got in we started, and as we reached the first two houses, facing each other on the opposite sides of the road, he remarked: "We have numbered them, Henry. That (pointing to the south side) is No. 19 and the one there, opposite, is No. 20. We commenced on the southeast quarter of the eastern section and called it No. 1. And across the road from that, on the northeast quarter, we called it No. 2. In that way, the even numbers are on the north and the odd numbers on the south side of the road. Mr. Pastor thought, and so did I, that it would be better that way for you. You know names change, but numbers don't. Now, here lives Mr. Mueke; that is nineteen, and there at No. 20 lives Mr. Ploesmeyer."

"It was well," remarked Jochen, "that you placed the Muckes out here, on the edge of the settlement, and near to the bottom. They like to be near the water, and the people, I reckon, would rather not have them too close by."

Of course, he referred to the mosquito, as Mueke is the general name for the family of insects to which the mosquito belongs.

"Oh, you're always full of your foolishness, Jochen," said Conrad. "Yonder," he continued, as we were driving along, "at No. 17 lives Suentmueller, and his neighbor at No. 18 is called Klapka."

"Now, that is right, too," said Jochen. "Suentmueller can grind up all the sins of the settlement, and Klapka can keep him to his work, can crack the whip at him." (Playing on the meaning of the two names, as Suentmueller means sinmiller and Klapka, one who cracks the whip.)

"He might have more to do, Jochen, if you lived here, but as you don't, I reckon Mr. Pastor will tend to that. He will keep the settlement clean of sin," replied Conrad. "That, there," he continued, "at No.

15, is Mr. Henry Hahn's, and at No. 16 lives Mr. Goessling."

"That," put in Jochen, "is all wrong, Conrad. You ought to have known better than that! The Hahn (rooster) ought to have been in the center of the settlement. Do you mean that the people at the eastern end shall sleep all day? To give him a Goessling for a neighbor, that was all right. They are used to each other and live peaceable enough together. But—"

"But," Conrad interrupted, "you have one of your boy's fits, Jochen. There isn't a sober word in you to-day. You are beside yourself. It is not necessary, Henry, to tell you the names. You see it all on the paper as you know the numbers. Mr. Pastor has it all down on the map you gave him."

"That is true, Conrad," I answered, "and that will leave Jochen the only one uninformed. I think, upon the whole, it serves him right." And we passed several houses without a word being said.

"Who lives there, Conrad," asked Jochen, as we approached a house out of line with the rest, and much larger.

"That," said Conrad, "is Frederic's school-house. The people called it that, to remember Henry's father!" As the horses passed the first corner of the lot, handsomely enclosed with a board fence, newly whitewashed, Jochen took off his hat, and so did Conrad. The rest of the way up to Mr. Kroemer's was passed in silence.

"Nay, Henry, that is so. I must tell you; anything, I would give anything I have to drive your father over that road! Just once! I have thought again and again, while we were in camp, when I heard you talk and do with those people, and the night I came to see you and found you laying on the bare ground, with every stitch of outer clothes you had wrapped around that man—I thought I would like him to see you! But, that drive this evening!"

"Well, Jochen," I interrupted, "these things will occur to us; and there is a way of looking at them that keeps those who have gone before and whom we love and reverence near us, through all the vicissitudes—I mean the changes, the ups and downs—of life. But such things I keep under lock and key; you and Conrad have a right to see them—but the air outside, you see, Jochen, is a little harsh for plants and flowers of rare fragrance! We are here in the barn-yard—don't say anything of this when we get into the house."

"No, sonny, that I wouldn't; you depend on that!"

As we came around to the porch, Mr. and Mrs. Kroemer and Mr. Pastor received us with kindly greeting. After some time spent with the usual inquiries about the health and well-being of ourselves, the relatives, mutual friends and acquaintances, we adjourned to the table, where the same theme was continued by us, the talking members of the company—Mrs. Kroemer, Mr. Pastor and myself. Supper done, Mrs. Kroemer took a lamp and said:

"I think Mr. Pastor and you, Henry, will have a good deal to talk together. Come, I will show you to your room."

"But you must not stay with them, Mincken, for Henry can't 'tend to business when you are about," said Jochen.

"You need not to be jealous of Henry. He has owed me a kiss these twenty years, and if I live fifty years longer, you will find it among my bad debts when I die," she said, shutting the door behind her with some emphasis. "Come this way, Mr. Pastor," she continued. "You take my room, where you will not be disturbed." And she tripped up the stairs, with an air as if she were a girl of eighteen. "Here, now, you use this table, and when you want anything, just rap on the banister, at the head of the stairs."

"That is kind in you, my daughter," said the minister, as she retired.

"Suppose, Mr. B——, we both look over these papers first. They are all completed. I have numbered them, and the number of each corresponds to the number of the lot, the quarter section on the plat," he continued, unwrapping a package, which proved to contain the leases. I examined a few of them and found that they were filled out with accuracy and neatness.

"I better sign them at once, while you unfold them," said I, "and you can give the people their duplicates."

"That would finish up the matter at once," said he, and in half an hour my leases and plats were wrapped up and out of the way.

"Now, I suppose, Mr. Witte has shown you what we have done, and while we had to take some liberties in the matter, as such things are always surrounded with detail that is hard to foresee and provide for, I hope we have not abused your confidence, if we had to exceed our authority now and then."

"Most assuredly not, Mr. Fromme. I regard either of you as incapable of doing that; and the only thing I regret is, that I see no way of returning the services which you have rendered me, in some way approximately adequate. But that is the nature, more or less, of every true discharge of duty—as I need not to remind you. I am more than satisfied with what has been accomplished, and approve in advance whatever you and he may deem necessary for the future welfare of these people, so far as it depends upon my consent."

"Mr. B——, in that respect I have but one suggestion to make, and that, I suppose, Conrad has mentioned to you already—I mean the selection of a site for our church. The settlement lacks a center; and if we wait it will select itself at haphazard. That ought not to be. It leads to waste, and that, too, to a waste that is transmitted from generation to generation—almost as bad as vicious habits are from father to son."

"You refer," said I, "to the waste involved in the transmission of products from producer to consumer,

by that haphazard location over the world of the various industries of civil society?"

"No, Mr. B——, my mind doesn't grasp the whole; I only see things on a small scale. I see our settlements and the errors committed there. The principle no doubt has its application beyond my sphere; but outside of it, I do not see that application. Here, however, I see it. Two weeks ago we built a warehouse on your land, to enable our people, from the old settlement, to ship their wheat to St. Louis, by river. After the first load of wheat, which they hauled to the landing, the miller at Belleville offered them three cents more per bushel for their crop than he was willing to pay them before."

"Yes, a general law is liable to be operative in the smallest place, on the frontier, with the same effect that it sways the affairs of the crowded populations."

"Now, for that church site, Mr. Fromme. Conrad mentioned it to me, and he also called my attention to the fact that the people need a blacksmith, shoemaker, tailor—in other words, need a village to perform the function assigned to such aggregations of man by the agricultural pursuits in the vicinity. I have looked at it, and if it meets your approval, and the judgment of Conrad, I will continue the road that runs through my property from east to west, on straight, through the half section on the bluff, until it intersects the St. Louis road, in the bottom. The bluff we will grade down as opportunities serve. On either side of this road, where it cuts the half section, the ground is at your service. You select the site for the church that suits you best. I would suggest, however, the north side and then near the center, that is, as near half way between the bluff and the present fence upon the property as practicable. I propose to reserve the two forties, on either side of the road, for building site purposes, and will prepare and send you the plats as soon as I return to the city, where I will have them put in shape for record, so that the matter may have, or receive, its proper legal form.

"The landing I propose to place in the hands of Mr. Puggy, the son-in-law of Mr. Witte. No business will be permitted there except the receiving and shipping of goods and produce, and such storing as may be necessary to facilitate this, together with ordinary accommodations for persons who desire to go and come, to and from the city, by that route, while waiting for a steamer or team. This is the general outline of my purpose as far as circumstances have made it clear, aided by the counsel of friends who assisted me in looking through the situation."

"And this is all that is necessary for the present. It is complete, and I would not know how to add to, or take from. But, what amount of ground have you allowed, in your own mind, for the church site?"

"A single block, neither more nor less; not so large as to hinder the every day business by obstructing streets, or to arouse passion by undue display, passions which it is the very purpose of you to restrain within rational limits."

"That, too, is well, Mr. B——," answered Mr. Fromme; "but suppose, with the blessing of Our Father, we should be able to build an academy—an institution which we need so much, for the training of our teachers and ministers, at least in what we might call the primary higher branches of education—would one block of ground be enough?"

"For the church, yes. For both church and school—no. But I did not intend that it should be, for the church must be separate. It must occupy the allotted space by itself. Its inner purpose is distinct, and that purpose should be indicated by its external appearance and surroundings. Not even the school can occupy the same inclosure. You will want ground for a parsonage besides. This must be large enough to furnish a garden—both for use and recreation. The block for the parsonage will be the square north of the church—if you select the north side of the street. Then for the schoolhouse, or the site for the academy, we must cross over to the southwest corner of the village, where we have air, the southern breeze and a free, extensive horizon. Quiet, too, can be had there; nor will the running to and fro of the village be hindered in that quarter, if we have to close, or not open, a street or two. In other words, there we can occupy the room we need. But, in the meantime, you must have an eye to it, Mr. Fromme, that none of the beautiful trees on that part of the ground is injured. We will need them. Now, when I get the plats ready, I will send you two copies. Upon one of them you mark the block you select for the church, and also the one for the parsonage; then send it back to me, with the name of the congregation that will improve the property, and I will send you the dedication of the ground, in legal form. The site for the academy I will select myself and indicate it on the plat—the dedication of it is not a matter that presses—but we can attend to it the next time I come out, or as soon as you furnish me the name of the beneficiaries."

"Why, Mr. B——, you leave me nothing to ask, absolutely nothing. You are ready to give with both hands—far beyond what I would have dared to ask."

"The land necessary for public or general purposes it is for me to supply, for I am the general proprietor, Mr. Fromme."

"That's it, that is the peculiarity of dealing with you. Everything flows from general principles and acts that we are accustomed to applaud, as based on noble sentiments, you attribute to logical necessity, as the result of clearness of vision, and largeness of view. What you say is true. But where do you find men that see, or if they see, appreciate such truths?"

"Well, we must leave such people to paddle their own canoes. They have neither sails, nor machinery to use instead. None of us can hit the mark farther than we can see; if we do, it is accident and not our skill that guides the bullet. A few can hit as far as they can see, but the mass of us lose our aim at

the instant of fire; our nerves betray us. Your judgment approves the plan I have explained, Mr. Fromme?"

"Yes, in every detail, and all I ask is, leave me something to do in forwarding its execution. It is such a privilege to feel identified with the accomplishment of objects that reach into the future without limit."

"Well, to-morrow morning you go with us, I mean with Jochen and Conrad. We will drive over the ground, explain our plans to them and hear what they have to say. Conrad I know will agree with us—but Jochen may give us trouble."

"He loves the ground because it belongs to you, and a piece sold seems to him to diminish the man he loves. Well, it is a great thing for him to have you. It has opened his heart, which was contracting, or threatened to contract, into a mere purse. Affection and respect, if but for one human being, are a great blessing. They keep the ice open—the ice that with age incrusts the heart—the spring of affection and good will that flowed so freely in youth and early manhood. Affection for any man is a great thing, but if that man is worthy to be loved, if he is of a stature that towers into the sky, every look at whose face lifts the eye above all littleness, the small selfish purposes and aims of life, whose every glance reaches the center and traces every arc of the periphery, however short to that center—affection for such a man is ennobling, elevating, a blessing beyond prize."

"I agree with you, Mr. Fromme, that it is important to have an object for our emotions, and a worthy one if possible, but I don't think that Mr. H-P—— was in danger of becoming a one-sided moral cripple for the want of such an object. He is a husband and a father. As the one, he is loving; as the other, he is indulgent and kind. It is true, this is not enough to finish and preserve the man. That requires that as a member of civil society he should be thrifty, and as a citizen of the state he should be just. The first and second of these relations furnish the motive power for the third; but it is the fourth that reaches over the first three, preserves, sustains, maintains them, and renders rational existence possible under the sun. Now, in this last relation, so important for the whole, he may be said to be weak, nay must be so of necessity—but not in the sense that he would fail to do justice to his neighbor. That is impossible for a man who fills the first three relations as a man—as Jochen Hanse-Peter does. But in the higher sense—that he contributes his full share to the public spirit and institutions which secure the existence of justice as a reality—in this sense he is weak, but who, I ask, is strong?"

"I see, however, that here the same difference of point of view from which we regard human life and human excellence, which you mentioned before, again intrudes; and we better adjourn the discussion of a man until we have found an opportunity to as-

certain the difference in the length of the yard-stick which each of us applies. Mine, you observe, is rather short. It demands a loving husband, a kind father, a thrifty member of society and a just citizen. I do not see where to find another that I would dare to apply to a fellowman; for, by this alone I am ready to be measured myself. This man has a right to demand of his fellow, because man cannot exist without it as a rational being, and this alone is the basis of that right. I propose we go below and see whether the people are all asleep."

"So be it, Mr. B——, and as we value in common so much that is excellent, let not the cut of my last year's gown offend you, for I assure you, Mr. B——, that the color of your cap, although no favorite of mine, does not diminish one particle the respect which I entertain for the head beneath it."

With this we went below. On joining the company we found that the "Olle Kulle" had come, while we were upstairs, and was engaged in his usual debate with Mrs. Kroemer—while Jochen was acting as moderator. Of this position he seemed to entertain a peculiar conception—that is—as to the duties that it imposes. All he did was to add a drop of oil to the fire, from time to time, on whatever side of the hearth the flames threatened to go out, or flicker with unsteady virulence. The subject under discussion was the conduct of the miller, at Belleville, who had swindled them—downright swindle, that was it; yes, swindled them out of their wheat, all of it, for years; just because they had nowhere else to go. The other party did not see that it was swindle, and when that position was threatened, turned the whole works of the opponent, by seizing with true feminine alacrity, and, as it were, at one leap, the new one—if it was swindle, it served them right. The river had never been farther from the settlement than it was to-day, the prairie was open and the bottom not fenced up. Why did they not have sense enough to see their way to market!

Of course, this settled the question. "But, if I was Henry, I would make you pay me for showing it to you," she remarked in conclusion. "No doubt you would; I have no doubt!" answered the "Olle Kulle."

"But, Mr. B——," he remarked, addressing me, "that was the reason I came down this evening. I heard that you were here and I wanted to see whether you intended to make us pull the house down that we built on your property without your consent."

"That," said I, "Mr. Kulle, would hardly be neighborly; you must leave me the house. You see, I will never prosecute a man for going on my land to build up, but when it comes to tearing down, that is a different matter!"

"That is right, Henry. You keep the house, and make them pay for it," said Mrs. Kroemer.

"That would hardly be fair either, Mincken, would it? Suppose, now, that next spring you should want to go to the city. You go down to the

landing, and there you find Mr. Witte's daughter, Liskén. You stay with her until a steamer comes by, and just as you want to step aboard, I come up and ask you toll for passing over my landing. What would you say?"

"I would say," she answered, "as soon as you pay me for the plums you stole out of our orchard, I will pay you toll at your landing."

Of course, the laugh was on me.

"And your answer would be exactly right. Neighbors can not weigh things with an apothecary's scales. The loss of time involved in keeping the reckoning outbalances the value of the transactions, and a boy's pocket full of plums may well be pleaded as an offset for a walk over a landing—that is, if we don't take into consideration the punishment of the boy when he was caught.

"What was that, Henry?" asked Jochen.

"If you say another word, Mr. B——, I'll leave the room," threatened Mrs. Kroemer.

"Oh ho, ah ha, that is a horse of another color! A sheep's head with different wool," as the boy said when he put his hand on the hedgehog.

"Come, Mr. B——, tell us what you refer to," insisted "Olle Kulle."

"Well, gentlemen, I have heard it said that the boy is father to the man; if this is true, it can hardly be in the boy's lifetime. He necessarily dies the day that the man is born, and if that is true, don't you think it would be asking a good deal of the man to tell stories on the boy, his parent, and that parent dead and gone, no longer able to defend himself, or his memory?

"But, it is getting late and this is not attending to business. The landing, Mr. Kulle, will be in charge of Mr. Poggy, Mr. Witte's son-in-law, who will move there as soon as the necessary preparations can be made. Mr. Fromme, Mr. Hanse-Peter, Conrad and yourself will constitute a board, to determine from one season to another what is right between the people who do not live on my property and who want to use the landing and myself. The people who live on my property and the produce raised by them will have absolutely free use of the landing, except as they pay for the necessary service, and contribute their share to keep the road and necessary improvements in good serviceable repair. No outside business, beyond the storing and shipping of goods and products, will be allowed at the landing, except that Mr. Poggy will have to provide for the accommodations of persons who desire to go by that route from the settlement to the city and back, while they are waiting for a steamer. He may also provide vehicles to such persons as may want to visit the settlement, and are not provided, and are willing to pay a reasonable price for the services rendered. How does this suit you, gentlemen?"

"Anybody who objects to that," said the "Olle Kulle," bringing his fist down upon the table, with a whack, by way of emphasis, "let him go and establish his own landing."

"That is what I say," responded Mr. Kroemer.
 "And now, gentlemen, good night; I am tired."

October 20th, 1856.

We found breakfast served so "that we might have the day before us," as Mincken remarked—that is, with the first blush of daylight; and as the horses had also been attended to, with a view to this, we were in our wagon before the sun was in the prairie, that is to say, Jochen and myself. Mr. Pastor had gone home last night, and we left Conrad to wait for him.

"Nay, Henry, she is a good woman; 'tis a pity she hasn't got a man, a husband, I mean, that is her equal. But it is as it is. They can't all be matched if they are all to be mated," said Jochen, as we reached the road.

"But, they get along well enough together. She has a house full of children, and they ought to help out."

"Yes, yes, sonny; but children are children. You love them, but they can't carry the short end of the handspike; it takes a man to do that!"

When we got to the corner, and turned west, he stopped the horses. "Yes, Henry, it looks as well from this end as it does from the other; I don't know but a little better. The ground seems to hang a little this way."

"I am inclined to think, Jochen, that is a mistake, owing, no doubt, to the light. It looks that way, however; but the drainage, the run of the water, tells a different story."

"That is down yonder—but up here you see the heads of the drains all look toward the west."

We now drove down the road leisurely, to the great annoyance of Jobe, who required a good deal of persuasion to give us time to examine the improvements.

"How is it, Jochen," said I, "that you have commenced to talk when you drive the colts; you used to be as silent as a stick of wood?"

"No, but I didn't talk any more than the colts, sonny. That was because I was talking to them, and they required all my attention, as we did not understand each other quite as well as we do now. You see, they are out of school, have graduated, now. They understand what we want of them. Nick can drive them now; yes, and so could you. But they had to learn this first, and I did not want to disturb them at their lesson. Then, if you are careless and allow them to make a mistake, it takes you a long time to teach them that it is a mistake. It is best when you train a horse to do nothing else. He likes to learn, but you must not confuse him."

"But isn't it strange, sonny, how a little order makes things look respectable? Just see, there is nothing on the ground but log cabins, and rail fences, and because they are placed in that way, it looks as if the people that live in them were somebody. They a kind a help each other to look like

something—and you are surprised that you see nothing but a log cabin when you look at any one by itself."

"I expect, Jochen, we are liable to get the impression from this order that there is some common purpose behind each little homestead, which impresses upon us the idea of the whole, in each part, and makes that part bigger than it is. Then the order and neatness around these cabin yards—that wood pile yonder, under the shed, each stick piled in its place, carried up smooth like a wall, as if intended to stay there forever. All these little things, even down to the turnip-patch convenient to the barn-yard, repeated at every cabin—all tend to give the impression that we don't see it all; that to see it all we must look with the mind's eye, and anything that does that, or makes us do that, is always pleasant."

The people were all up and astir. The men were mostly occupied in putting the last touches to their fences, stables and outbuildings. Some, however, were cutting sod, on pieces of prairie that had been broken two or three weeks ago. The disadvantages of unseasonable breaking were obvious; but labor, persistent labor, overcomes everything. A goodly sprinkle of women folks, girls from twelve to sixteen years of age, and some older ones, who had children at their heels, were preparing the prairie for garden spots, near the cabins, with spade and hoe. Others were busy planting fence posts, for a "pailing fence" around their garden plots, already spaded, raked and hoed into shape for next spring's use. In the entire drive we did not see one idle human being. All were at work—each his own task master. As we reached the western section, the condition of the ground showed what experience had done for the "Olle Kulle."

"Just hold the horses for a minute, Henry, I want to see that land. Yes, sonny," he said as he came back, "that is worth knowing. They have made a garden out of it—a garden. They have four inches of soil pulverized as fine as a garden bed. That is what I call making land out of wild prairie. No wonder he gets rich, the 'Olle Kulle!' Look yonder, Henry! If that isn't Mr. F—— tramping the prairie like a rabbit hunter! Have you noticed, sonny, how he is taken with the colts? Well, the man that takes them out of my hands pays for them, that is certain!"

"You wouldn't sell them, Jochen, would you?"

"No, I don't want to; but then they are rather stylish to haul truck and potatoes with. You see, they ought to be worth more than that."

By this time Mr. F—— reached us with a friendly "good morning."

"Well, gentlemen, I beat you. You are pretty early risers, too, but you had to come farther. I left Mr. H—— asleep, and thought I would like to see a little more of your farm, Henry, before our return. Would you mind to drive down the road a little piece with me?"

"Certainly not, Mr. F——, if there is anything that Jochen can not show you, as well as I can myself; but if there is not, I would like to examine that ground up there, with a view to the matter that you suggested to me last night. If Jochen can take you down the road, I can look over the ground until you return; and we will be ready to start for camp sooner."

"That suits exactly! Just jump out and I will take your seat."

"Well," said I to myself, as Jochen turned and started down the road, "I will not have much time to look for what I want to see, if that is the speed at which you are going to drive;" so, after saying "good morning" to Pat and assenting to his "ain't them elegant goers," I turned to step off the eastern front of the northern forty, adjoining the contemplated road, through the western half section. After a step or two, however, I noticed that the forty in the field east of me was cut off by a cross fence, so I merely took the line from that and went west to the edge of the bluffs. In coming back I cut diagonally for the road, where I noticed Conrad and Mr. Fromme had arrived, and were talking with Pat. After greeting, Mr. F—— asked:

"Where is Mr. H.-P—— going to? He is driving as if he were going for a midwife, or to bring a doctor to the bedside of a person in extremis. No accident has befallen any of the people, has there?"

I explained to him that he was only giving the colts a little exercise for the amusement of Mr. F——, who had expressed a desire of seeing a little more of our farm and people than was visible at this distance off. We then started up the southern two forties and explained to Conrad what we had concluded to do, as we were walking over the grounds.

"But how much room would that give, Henry? You must not make it too small," Conrad remarked.

"The two eighties will make sixty-four blocks, of three hundred feet square each, fronting on sixty-foot streets. Each block, if we allow fifteen feet for an alley, will give us twenty-four lots of twenty-five feet front, by a depth of one hundred and twenty-two feet, six inches to an alley. This would give us room in the village for seven hundred families, with liberal allowances for church, parsonage and school purposes. In the meantime, I own the adjoining land on three sides and am not likely to dispose of it soon, so that we can protect the village, as long as it may need protection, and enlarge its boundary as and when the future may dictate."

By this time we had arrived near the center, as near as the eye could determine, and I pointed out what I thought to be the most eligible site for the church—the fourth block from the eastern and the fourth block from the western line of the village, while the square north of it I indicated as my selection for the parsonage. This places the church in the center of the village, fronting south on the main

thoroughfare; the parsonage, on the other hand, as near to the church as can be permitted, but more retired, as the purpose to be subserved demands.

"Yes, Mr. Pastor," commenced Conrad Witte, "what is there to be said. We may turn it upside down, and the other end foremost, and it still is as Henry thought it out. You send us out the papers, and Mr. Pastor and myself, we will stake off the ground. I will have to be here a good deal anyhow, as Lissen will be here; and we can do that at odd times. But, how do you propose to do about the lots—about disposing of them? You see, we ought to know, because the people must have places to work."

"I have not thought it out yet, Conrad. Only one thing I have settled. I will sell no lot except to a person who wants to build on it; and anybody who doesn't build within the time agreed upon forfeits his title—unless it appears he was prevented by circumstances over which human beings have no control, and in that case, he will receive back his purchase money, without interest. Another thing I have settled, in a general way, and that is, I don't propose to work for nothing, nor do I intend to allow the accidents that govern values prescribe for me the limits of my profit. I do not propose to make out of it what I can—no more than what is a just compensation for my labor, risks and judgment devoted to and involved in the enterprise. If the market value of the lots rises above that, I shall not refuse to accept the surplus—as that would interfere with the rights of previous purchasers—but I shall apply that surplus to a fund for the improvement of the common facilities—such as streets, sewers, water supply and the like, as they may become necessary. In that way I propose to return the increment that may accrue above my just compensation to the source from which it emanated, the common exertions of the people of the village.

"These general principles I have settled, Conrad, but the details I have not. I cannot tell you to-day, sell this lot for such a price, on such terms of payment and conditions, and that other, at such and such figures—but I will send Mr. Pastor a plat, on which the price of each lot will be marked, as far as may be necessary for immediate use, and also the blank forms for the deeds, which will contain the conditions under which the property will be sold, as soon as I return to the city, and can get these matters into shape.

"Of course," I continued, as we reached the wagon, "there is no occasion, for the present, to do anything but to stake off the main street, which is nothing more than a continuation of this road, widened to sixty feet, in order to give room for sidewalks. It is necessary, however, to have the plat of the whole before us, in order to mark off the corners of the north and south streets, which will be opened as soon as parallel streets become necessary from east to west. The object is not to create a halloo-balloo, public sale, and the like; I have nothing to offer to

the general public. What we want are artisans and trades people, who are more or less in harmony with the people whom we see toiling yonder so faithfully. We don't want sharpers here, to take from them their hard earnings by any means that human wit can devise, short of going to the penitentiary. By this I do not mean to constitute myself their guardian; the world, as I understand it, has no use for minors over twenty-one years of age—but I simply mean that I don't propose that this village shall be a sponge, in my hands, to draw up their substance while they are not looking. Nor do I mean to fence them round by nationality—it is the reverse of this that I propose to do. I shall make it a special object to induce men, when the time comes, to settle here who were born in this country, from parents who were born here, and who possess that liberality and general breadth of character which is indigenous to the climate, and to the general conditions under which man is produced and matured here.

"It may also be necessary to stake off the front on this road, for a block or two south, as the main travel from and to the landing will pass here until the bluff is graded or cut down. You will be governed in that by the circumstances, as they present themselves."

We talked on for some time of various matters, until Conrad remarked: "See, here they come at last! I wonder what has got into that man, Jochen. He acts as if he was beside himself, he doesn't know half the time what he is saying or doing. Just see him drive. It looks almost as if there was a screw loose somewhere—as he says sometimes."

"Don't be alarmed on his account, Conrad. He knows remarkably well what he is doing. He is selling the horses to a rich man, who doesn't care what he pays for an article of that kind, so it suits him," said I.

"Depend on it, he is after something. Well, they are a good pair of horses, and a man is not cheated who buys them. But he will have to pay for them to get them out of Jochen's hands," said Conrad.

As they came up Mr. F—— remarked:

"We have let you wait, I expect; but as we were so close to the first farm ever opened in one of our deserts—as we used to hear these prairies called, even as late as five years ago—I could not deny myself the satisfaction of seeing with my own eyes what I have heard you talk about so persistently, Henry. All I can say is, the half is not told, nor is it likely to be, in the next thousand years. You have shown me a new world, almost from my back window; the existence of which I suspected, but had never taken time to look at."

I then introduced him to Mr. Fromme, and explained in a few words his relation to the people of the settlement, and the interest he took in procuring homes for them—or the opportunity to procure homes for themselves. After they had conversed for some time, during which Mr. F—— treated the

minister with the respect that his profession commands from every gentleman, and with the easy courtesy of the man of good breeding, so readily appreciated and so hard to practice, I interrupted them by asking:

"How far did you go, Mr. F——? Did you go all the way to the old settlement, where I found that stove?"

"No, Mr. B——, I did not need to go all the way there. From what I saw yesterday at the landing, and to-day at Mr. Kroemer's, and what looks at us from every side, wherever we turn between here and there, I am satisfied that the stove, and so many other things that I have heard you talk about, are not mere empty generalities—as Mr. H—— would say. I have there, in Mr. H.-P——'s wagon, a whole sack full of specimens of products of Mr. Kroemer's farm, that I will take home to show to my wife and children, and to brother Oliver; and after that, I propose to send them to our people east, as products of the great American desert, gathered partly with my own hand, and the rest under my own eyes. I have Irish and sweet potatoes that Jochen dug, and I picked up. I have turnips, beets, gopher peas, cabbage, kale and tobacco, all of which I gathered myself. Then I have ears of wheat, of rye, oats and barley, which I plucked out of the stacks in the fields. I also have carrots, parsnips, garden peas and beans, without end; onions, from the garden and the loft, late and early—with corn, the great staple, such as I have never seen before."

"Why, Mr. F——, stop! You will make a man wild!"

"You are right, Mr. B——. That is what I used to say, when I heard you repeat the simplest prose facts in the world, and regarded them as the enthusiastic exaggerations of youth and inexperience. But, you will have a witness in the future, who did not merely see, before he believed, but put his hand on the fact, to make sure that it was one. But how about our return to camp? Are you through here, Henry?"

"Pardon me, Mr. F——," commenced the minister. "We have listened to him this morning in regard to his business here, and I must answer that question with a decided 'no.' He has only given to us a general idea, as he calls it, but to such ideas one could listen always, and still say—'no—you are not through!' We would look with you at what precedes, what follows, for there is no break; all is of a piece."

"That is his peculiarity," said Mr. F——, "and if you can only hold him down, you will find that the smallest detail has not been overlooked. The trouble is, he will take it for granted, if you let him alone, that it is beneath your dignity to have your attention called to it—that you are long since familiar with that at least—and you are liable to lose track of him. He will take long steps, if you let him, for he passes over great distances. It is no

pleasant ramble to follow him, but the work of an athlete, in full training. If, however, you do exert yourself, you are liable to be compensated at the end of the journey by finding yourself upon some eminence, from which new views unfold in endless variety, all of them bathed with radiant light, wholly new to your experience."

"Come, come, gentlemen! If you propose to fill this space here with compliments, you will find that you have undertaken a large contract. Good-by, Mr. Fromme, I will send you the paper in a few days after I reach the city. Good-by, Conrad; see your daughter and let me know whether her husband agrees to take the place at the landing. As to the terms and conditions of the lease between him and myself, you fix that, or if you prefer, you can consult Jochen about it and he will let me know. Now, good-by, and at the earliest convenience I will come out again and spend a few days with you—when we can attend to the dedication of the school house."

With this I jumped into the wagon and we were off. When we got to Mr. Pheyety's we stopped a few moments to shake hands with the people. As soon as Mr. F—— came up, Mr. H—— took his seat and we started for camp.

This we reached in good time, and found everything in shape, as we left it. I set to work at the fire to get dinner and Jochen, Pat and Nick commenced loading the wagon for an early start tomorrow morning. Mr. F—— showed to Mr. H—— his specimen products from the Great American Desert—"part of which that impractical visionary at the fire there is endeavoring to reclaim."

Mr. H—— expressed regret that he had slept so late and missed the trip to the oldest farm on the prairie—as it would have been a good chance to write it up. He criticised this and that product, although, as he proved unable to tell a carrot from a parsnip, his criticisms were not regarded as of much weight. In the course of the evening Mr. F—— happened to step down to the creek and hallooed: "Henry, come here and see what is the matter with the live-box!"

I stepped down and looked.

"There is nothing the matter with it, except that that Dutchman, Nick, has done nothing but fish while we were gone, and has the box so full that the fish have not room enough, and they kick up a fuss."

"What are we to do with them?" Mr. F—— asked.

"We will select what we want for ourselves and friends. I will send a bunch or two to Mr. Robertson, and after everybody has taken what he wants, we will let the rest go."

After dinner Pat assisted me to kill and tie up fish, while Mr. F——, Mr. H——, Jochen and Nick went out to kill squirrels, or ducks, or whatever came in their way, except deer. When they

returned and were attending to their game, they tried to start me on the former theme—about the prevalence of cunning and deceptive practices in nature. But I refused to listen, went to our tent and commenced sketching down the occurrences of the last two days. At 10 o'clock I turned in.

October 21, 1856.

This morning at 8 o'clock we left camp and by 5 p. m. we were at the ferry. The wagons were loaded and we had to drive slow. I said "good-by" to Jochen and Nick at the Cahokia Bridge, shook hands with Mr. H—— as the boat landed on the wharf, and had to go home with Mr. F—— to tea. Fortunately, we stopped at the foundry and I had an opportunity to change my clothes; for when we got up to the house, we met not only Mrs. F—— but Miss Elizabeth and two other ladies, besides Mrs. F——'s sister. Little Theodore, too, was on hand, and had ever so much to tell me about his "cooney" and "Aunt Gilsey," and what they told him about his deer horns, his "pussies" and his eagle, and what he told them what he had seen Uncle Henry do in the woods.

The ladies too were in a high mood; and Mrs. F—— distinguished herself in describing the manner of finding a dead deer by augury, by the flight of birds. But they failed to start me on the mysteries of frontier life. Then, when Mr. F—— brought up his sack of specimens into the parlor, and commenced to describe what he had seen out in the prairie, I had enough to do to defend myself against the reproach of Mrs. F——, that I had reserved the best of the trip for the men folks alone. It was a pleasant evening and, as Mrs. F—— was considerate enough to give us an opportunity to leave at an early hour, Miss Elizabeth and I embraced it with happy hearts. We started early from Mrs. F——'s and, although she placed her carriage at our service, we preferred to walk. This, however, proved a bigger undertaking than I had anticipated. It took us a long time—and when I got home I felt thankful that I did not have anything to write down—it was so late.

October 22, 1856.

Busy all day hitching up. Early this morning I went and looked at my house. Found the outside finished, but could not get in to see how far they had got with the plastering; it was too soon in the day. Came by Mr. Olff's. Found him astir; he has made good progress on the coal cooking stove. I gave him the data for the plat of the village. He promised to make me four copies. While eating breakfast Mr. H—— came in.

"I feel rather lonesome, Henry. I wish you would let me have your notes to while away the time. I don't want to start home for a day or two, until I wear off a little of the bark and moss that I have gathered in the woods."

"You don't want to take them to your room, to the hotel?" I asked.

"Yes, that is just what I want."

"And that is just what you can't have. You may read here as much as you please, but they are private papers, and I don't want them to go out of my room. Besides, I don't see of what interest they can be for you. You are looking for the news of the day; and there is nothing strange in that to me. At a time that is as fruitful of new things as ours is, the news of the day is well worth watching. But I'm noting down not the new, but the newborn—the ever recurring, the abiding, with now and then an occurrence of the kind that falls into the life of a mechanic—illustrative of that of the old—like the crop of new leaves in the forest next spring. They will be new, but only illustrative of the crop perishing this fall. By pressing a few specimens now I will be able to verify the species then—convincing myself that although new, they are old."

"My interest in these papers," he retorted, "is not for you to determine, or to doubt. It is true, they are written from a point of view that differs from the one from which I see the world; but they certainly do not lack the element which you suppose alone capable of interesting me, that of being new. If they do nothing else, they give me at least some information of yourself, the life you lead, and the way the world looks to you, and that is not without interest to me. You say you will not let me have them so that I can read at my room—how about me dropping in here and reading? I reckon I can put up with the room, on account of the man who lives in it."

"All I have to say to that, Will, is that you are more than welcome—but you are not to annoy me with haggling about this or that. There are the papers; get what you can out of them; but don't imagine that you have to write, or to rewrite them. With that you have nothing to do; nor with the life of which they are the garbled chronicle. The errors of thought and action that you may notice are there for your benefit; but not to cackle over with self-conceited quavers, and thrills of a rhetorical chancicleer, that never laid an egg in his life! As to the room, you see yourself how bright the sun of heaven shines into it. Nor is there a palace in all the world better lighted! What more do you want? If you propose to get into a book, do you need more than light? If your soul is housed in the book, what does it know or care about the out-of-doors?"

"Then again, as an accessory to get into these papers, this is the only room in existence. This clean pine board is the desk on which they are written, and when you get into them you will detect the healthful scent of resin, so precious for consumptives, which it has communicated. The same scent, you will observe, pervades that dry goods box, my book case, and banishes even the suspicion of musti-

ness from its shelves and their contents. Then this solid wooden chair, so pleasant to tired limbs! How could you appreciate the celebration of the pleasures of life, as the sweet after-taste of labor done, which you find in these pages, if you had not seen and enjoyed this seat? I don't mean the one you sit in; that is not mine. That was made to rest a man when he is not tired, and is quite an expensive apparatus, as such things necessarily require considerable contrivance—but this one, this seat, one solid piece of oak!"

"Yes, I should think it would take a man to be tired to appreciate sitting on a thing like that!"

"The only human beings seats are made for, Will! Then, you see, there is no gliding, with noiseless steps, about this room, on costly rugs and velvet paddings. The heel of your shoe comes down with distinct emphasis, flat upon the naked floor; no slipping up on a fellow, unawares, over rhetorical flimflams! Now, where could you have all these helps to get into these papers but right here, in the place of their birth? And yet, with all these advantages staring at you, nay with the very dust and grime that you complain of as defacing them, in easy reach of you, by the hand and shovel full, you want to take them to your room, at the hotel, where idlers yawn, and wonder when the time will come that they can hire somebody to breathe for them—it is such a drudgery, so tiresome! That is the last place on earth fit to read these papers in!"

"You are not done? Why not go on! It saves me the trouble of reading it all, because I will find nothing but the same stuff anyhow. You first talk it, and then write it down!"

"Come in—you see why I stop. I told you, here the corner announces himself without bell or flunky at the outer door!"

"All right, Sam! Tell Mr. F—— I will be down in a moment. How is he this morning?"

"He looks well and isn't cross a bit!" Sam replies.

"All right, I will be down."

"So, Will, make yourself comfortable—here is an extra key to the door. If you leave before I come back, please lock up and take the key with you. Come and go as and when you please. I have to step down to the shop—by the by, are you going to call on Mrs. F—— before you leave?"

"I don't know; I want to talk to you about it. I will be here when you come back."

I found Mr. F—— in my private shop, looking bright and cheerful.

"I caught you napping for once, Henry! How did you rest last night?"

"Excellent, although it was difficult to get air enough into my room; and that reminded me that I had forgotten to tell you to open your windows before you retired. I was afraid you might catch cold, in consequence of my neglect. But I see you look like a fighting cock!"

"Yes, and I feel like one, too. I suppose you are

busy to-day picking up odds and ends, and I don't like to break into your arrangements—but if you find time, I wish you would go up to Mr. Olff and see how he is coming on with his work on the patterns. I wish he would drop everything else and push them as much as he can."

"That is what he has been doing during our loaf. We can commence casting Monday morning, and he will keep up with us. I was there this morning, before breakfast; and found the work way ahead!"

"And you were there?"

"Yes, I wanted to lay out my work for next week, and had to know how far he had advanced with the patterns. You know I feel an interest in that stove, and want to eat a biscuit baked with Illinois coal—a thing that everybody says can't be done; and on which you have staked thousands of dollars, partly at least on my suggestion."

"That is all right, Henry. We will not ask them for contributions, if we fail. They only see what is; they can't see what ought to be and, therefore, can do nothing; do you think Mr. Olff could design for me a hat rack, that we might cast, with appropriate ornaments, to set off the horns of the bucks which I killed during our hunt? I should like to surprise Mrs. F——; and with the facilities we have for plating, we ought to be able to get up a very handsome thing."

"Certainly we can, but we must be careful how we call his attention to it. He luxuriates in work of that kind. He will rather do it and live on bread and water than earn an independence on work of less artistic pretensions. I would suggest that we have the heads carefully prepared, which will take some time itself. Then, when he is through with the patterns for the coal stove, we will take the heads to him, for that is the only way he can give the work the harmony which characterizes whatever he does, and tell him what you want."

"Yes, we must wait until the heads are prepared. But then I thought he might work on it at odd hours, by way of rest, when he is tired of the big job."

"Oh yes, Mr. F——, I know how that goes and so do you. Every man that has a spark of creative ability in him is but too ready to get tired when the glamor that attends the new inspiration gives place to the drudgery of detail involved in the realization. But without that patient drudgery, the inspiration is a disembodied ghost, a nothing. The attending circumstances of conception, whether mental or physical, are pleasant and generally sought after, but the subsequent labor pains everybody seeks to shirk. It is not well to cater to this tendency when we deal with men of his kind."

"Oh yes, that stove is too near your heart! But, you are right; I know it by experience. Work of this kind is not like sawing wood, that can be stopped and recommenced at any time. We have to wait for it to come to us, and it is wrong to displace

it, when once in possession of the mind. What I was going to say—have you seen anything of Mr. H——? He has not left town without seeing a person?"

"No, I left him at my room reading when I came down. He says he is going to stay and wear off some of the bark and moss which he gathered in the woods, and that, you know, may take him some time. He will be around to call on Mrs. F——. At least, I got that impression."

"She inquired about him. It seems she got a delayed letter from some mutual acquaintance in the east, bespeaking social attention for him. He seems to be a strange fellow, not to make himself known. He comes from a good family, and has no reason to be ashamed of his own position."

"I know that, Mr. F——; and it is I who am to blame, no doubt. But you know what an utter stranger I am to society and its methods. I have known him for years intimately, and have enjoyed the hospitalities of his father's house, in Connecticut, during more than one vacation, while attending college in New England. If I had not known him as I did, he would not have been with us—I am to blame. But you know how it is out here; we live free and easy with everybody, and then his misfortune, his utter prostration after the accident, made it impossible to present him to Mrs. F—— any further than as a human being who needed your assistance. That you and she rendered, not any the less effectually because he happened to be a stranger."

"You are a very strange man, Mr. B——. Things which everybody places the greatest value upon seem nothing to you. Don't you know that a letter from Mr. H——, or his father, to my brother or myself, or to any man here from Connecticut would have been of the greatest service to you when you were in need of assistance? The mere fact that you had been a guest of their house, and that you were upon terms of intimacy with the eldest son of the family, would have opened to you the house of every Connecticut man in the city. But, pshaw! I see how it is! I admire you for it. The man of true worth will be recognized wherever he goes, and this he cannot be without self-reliance. I see how it is; it is all of a piece. You made his acquaintance at school?"

"Yes, we belonged to the same class and became rivals for its honors. Of this I knew nothing. I am his senior by five years and was his superior in a knowledge of the practical affairs of life. Much that was formal to him was replete to me with meaning, because I had experience to put into the forms. But the most important advantage I possessed over him was the fact that I spent my own money, the money which I had earned myself, while he spent the money of his father. This naturally ate up more of his time, attention and exertion. The consequence was that it required his utmost endeavor to maintain himself at the head of the class, where I found him when

I entered. Another consequence was that we would look at every subject that came up from opposite sides—if either of us knew, or imagined that he knew, an opposite side. He was a brilliant declaimer, and even then an elegant writer. It was necessary, therefore, for me to be an awkward declaimer and a rough and ready writer. To achieve distinction in the first of these accomplishments, I was assisted by my defective pronunciation; and as for the latter, I endeavored to become ready by diligent application, relying upon nature to supply the roughness at its own leisure. In either mode of utterance, however, I paid close attention to have something to say before I opened my mouth, or touched pen to paper. This soon was recognized by our associates, and in illustration of it, a member of the class pretended to have heard a lady in the audience say—one evening when we had a public discussion—on being asked to go home by her friend, when I was on the point of opening my reply—'No, wait, and let us hear 'Old Horse Sense,' what he has to say.'

"The rivalry was unconscious on my part, and although far from being so on his, as he has told me since, it united us in mutual respect, and I might say affection, for no other reason, I suppose, than that we are opposites on the theoretical side of our natures. If he were to come into the room this moment and say, 'I saw a white dog run across the street,' my mind would add—'with black spots on it!' Still, he is a thoroughly brilliant man; in physical appearance, as you have seen, of the noblest type, with mental endowments of the highest order, as far as I am able to judge; and social accomplishments that made him a general favorite when a mere student. He is a splendid specimen of American manhood, but to see him as he is, you have to meet him outside of his antithetical relation to myself, and that cannot happen when we are together."

"And are two sensible men to play bickering school boys all the days of their life, because they commenced it at school?"

"It seems so. I suppose if we had remained together, the thing would have worn itself out by the weight of its own absurdity. But we have been separated for years and, of course, on meeting we picked up the bicker where it stopped years ago. It felt so natural and besides, had all the fragrance of the olden times about it."

"You will be up to tea to-morrow evening? I think my wife expects you."

"Yes, I believe I promised her."

When I got back to my room I found Mr. H—— still there. I told him about my conversation with Mr. F—— and that he was expected to make a call on Mrs. F——. When I related our talk somewhat in detail he broke out into a roar of laughter.

"And Mr. F—— didn't know who I was all this time? Well, I thought he treated me rather coolly. His wife is related to some members of our family, in some way; and someone told me on hearing that

I was going to come out here, that they would write to Mary, so that I might have a place to go to. But, I did not think of it. The truth is, when I got here I had enough to do with you. You have dived under and stretched out in so many different directions, it is difficult, or has been difficult for me to place you. Well, but you knew who I was and you did not think it necessary to inform a man like Mr. F—— who his camp companion was to be?"

"Of course not! Didn't he tell you himself that he was my guest? Was it not sufficient for him that I had invited you, or permitted you to invite yourself? I did not make up a party to go hunting. I went out on my usual trip for recreation. Mr. F—— thought it might do him good to go with me. So did you. You are under no obligations to each other. I simply introduced you as a matter of form. I did not know that either of you needed the pedigree of the other to the tenth generation, in order to be inmates of the same camp in the woods. I knew that neither of you was a pick-pocket or sneak thief, and as for any quarrel that might arise, I was not afraid that either of you, or both together, would run me out of my own camp."

"Well, it's all right, Henry, but the joke is a good one nevertheless. But it seems to me that Mrs. F—— would have mentioned the letter. Well, I suppose she would have done so if I had been at myself while she was in camp."

"I don't believe that she ever received the letter, until after she got home. I think I understood Mr. F—— to say so."

"That accounts for it!"

"The truth is, Will, there is nothing more tiresome to a third party who is compelled to listen than when two persons recount to each other their cousins, their aunts and their uncles, and then the other set of uncles, aunts and cousins, down to the remotest degree of kindred, with their marriages, births, deaths, solvencies and insolvencies, together with their physical conditions, the maimings some may have sustained, and the pain suffered, enough to send a shudder through the whole line clean up to the speaker, who sends it thrilling into the ear of her or his gossip. Of course, the subject is everlasting, inexhaustible, new at every meeting, like the weather, the present so unheard of condition of which usually serves as a kind of preface, introduction or grace to this precious mess of intellectual hash. The third party, in the meantime, is invited with great politeness to a seat at the board and feast upon the all-sustaining air—redolent with exhalation. I did not hanker after the position of this air-crammed party, while you and Mr. F—— were dining on nothing; and I have found no complaint, from any source, that we lacked entertainment in camp."

"Now, you talk like yourself—Diogenes, without his tub—the Athenian dog without his kennel. Yourself, severed from your kindred in early youth, like a limb cut from the parent tree, you lie by the way—

side of life, a withered, dried up brush, destitute alike of the foliage, flower and fruit that constitute the graces of social existence. But what is such an object fit for? At best, its momentary flicker kindles the flame of a hearth not its own; at best, for the ditch, to rot into decomposition for future vegetation. You overlook the thread of kindly feeling that binds together the individuals into these social units, which give interest to the gossips so irksome to you, and yet it is these threads, attenuated into invisible fibers at the extremities, that render coalescence between these units possible into higher units, into civil society, and through it into the state. As the veins and arteries in the animal organism have to become imperceptible fibers before the blood can pass from one to the other, and thus unite the physical body into one whole, so these threads of kindred blood underlie the possibility of civil society and state. And this I gather from your own more or less incoherent lucubrations upon these subjects. Why then—

"Never mind the 'why then.' It is easily enough anticipated. But, the real 'why then' is, that granting what you say to be true, does that change this other truth, that the gossip in question is of no earthly interest to a third party? And you will observe, Will, that was all I maintained and all that was and is necessary to justify me in not mentioning your personal identity to Mr. F—— before we went, or after we got into camp."

"Oh, of course, the old trick! But tell me, when would it be appropriate for me to call on Mrs. F——? They have different rules about this in different places."

"I don't know. I go when I have business of mutual importance. Time cuts no figure with me. Noon or night doesn't count, so the business demands attention; and without that I don't go at all."

After Mr. H—— left, I set to work on my notes in earnest. Have spent the balance of the day and the whole evening at my desk.

October 23, 1856.

Dined with Miss Elizabeth, after working all morning on my notes, the material for which accumulated during my stay in camp. After dinner I could not resist the temptation of a long walk with my dear one; although I am pressed for time from every side. It is strange how separation from those we love draws the tie that unites us closer. This alone, if we had no other proof, tinges our emotions with a suspicion of the evanescent, indicates their physical origin, however they may be ennobled by reason.

"It is a long time, Henry, since you promised that you would assist me to learn something. I have wanted to remind you of it several times, but you are always so busy, and the time we have to be together is so short, that I forget everything else when I am with you," said Eliza, as we had seated ourselves under a black-jack tree, out in the suburbs, at some distance from any houses.

"Have you any books at home that might assist us?" I asked.

"Yes, we have Robert Burns and Scott's novels, and a book that belongs to my uncle in New York, which we brought with us by mistake. I think it is called Locke's 'Essay on Human Understanding.'"

"Yes, these are good books of their kind. Scott's books are very good if we have more time than we know what to do with—they are so interesting!"

"But, I don't find any time to read them."

"That is the trouble with me, too."

"But Robert Burns! I like him. The pieces are short, and I can read them between times. I think the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is beautiful."

"Yes, and how about 'Scots Who Have With Wallace Bled.'"

"That is grand! I like it. But it makes the cold chills run over me sometimes!"

"Then, 'Holy Willie's Prayer.' How do you like that?"

"I don't like it; I think Willie is a hypocrite! The idea of having little babes in hell."

"To gnash their gums; to weep and wail in a burning lake;

"Where damned devils roar and yell, chained to a stake."

"You don't believe that, do you? I know you don't!"

"No, dearest! I don't believe poetic language to be the same as prose, and metaphors to be thoughts, but only hints, and imperfect ways of expressing thoughts. But, the piece is excellent for what it was intended to be by the poet. He intended that you, when you read it should dislike Willie; and an expression of any kind, whether in prose or poetry, in music, painting, sculpture—for all these are but different ways of one human mind expressing itself to another—is excellent in proportion as it accomplishes the purpose in view. There is a higher excellence, an excellence that depends upon the value of the thing expressed. But that is not so readily tested; and is itself more or less dependent upon the first, for however great this second excellence may be, it depends upon the first to become effective. Now, in this way of looking at a poem, an essay, or a work of art, we distinguish between these two kinds of excellence. I mean, you do. You say the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is beautiful. You like it; but you don't like 'Holy Willie's Prayer' because Willie is a hypocrite. In other words, you don't like the poem because you don't like the character of the man portrayed; and you like the other because the happiness that springs from contentment in the humblest of circumstances is dear to your heart. Both expressions have accomplished what they were intended to accomplish and are of equal excellence; you like the one and dislike the other."

"Yes, Henry, but I don't like to dislike, to hate anything! Why should I read something that I have to dislike?"

"That is a very hard question to answer, dearest, and wholly unanswerable if we only read for our likes and dislikes. But, I suspect that the chief use of reading is to inform ourselves in regard to what human life has been in the past, in order that we may meet the present with more resources. If we look at it in that light, then we have to disregard our likes and dislikes, and simply be guided by our desire to know; and for that mill no grist comes amiss. Even 'Holy Willie' becomes important as an illustration of how we may be led away from every instinct of our nature by formalism run to seed. Your heart panting against my bosom, with the instincts of motherhood, so sweet and dear because freighted with the destiny of our race, rebels with utter horror and loathing against the everlasting conditions of that race when embodied in forms of expressions that have become obsolete, that have been forsaken by the living spirit, their soul and meaning, and jibber with fantastic gesticulations in the benighted chamber of superstition and ignorance. 'To gnash their gums, to weep and wail'—yes, sweetest, have you never seen and heard it? Even in that state you and I have been. In that more than burning lake of ignorance, helplessness, infancy; and not for any good or ill we had done, either! 'Where damned devils roar and yell, chained to a stake,' fortunately! Who has time to enumerate them all—I mean the devils. For every want is a negative, a devil, and fortunately chained to a stake, driven deep into the mother's, the father's heart. They may jerk and strain at the chain. The stake holds, and with their heart's blood the parents satiate the raving crew, rather than permit them to reach their helpless little one. It is this, the everlasting condition of our race, that was the soul of the myth at its birth—this, the natural condition, and the necessity to be redeemed thence, to be redeemed from beasthood to manhood, through the process of culture, of both the will and the intellect—this constituted the meaning of the similitude. But this meaning lives, for it is true. It lives to make faces at its own garment, the symbol, the expression, when that symbol gyrates about in the utter inane, as if it was something on its own hook—something beyond the ghost of a symbol."

"And you say the poet meant this?"

"Yes, the poet is the fellow who makes faces at the symbol, that has forgotten its own meaning, and struts about on its own hook, the shadow of nothing."

"But, did he know what the symbol meant originally?"

"Not likely. I have not come across any indications of it in his works. Then, he died young and it is not usual that we find an appreciation of such things among young people. They generally dislike the meaning of such symbols, as much as the symbols themselves; and when they can slip up on one of them, that has become utterly empty and absurd, they are tickled and make faces at it. They

don't take the trouble to see whether it ever had a meaning, much less whether that meaning is true now; but are happy, for a time, in the discovery of a nothing that pretends to be something. But the point of importance for us to notice is the distinction which we made between the form and the meaning of the two poems in the beginning. You like the one and dislike the other—that is, you like the 'Cotter' and dislike 'Holy Willie' and as this is what the poet wanted you to do, his form, the expression of his thoughts, was successful in both poems, and your like and dislike are based upon the meaning. And now we see that these two things differ so much that the form may become entirely obsolete, and the meaning remain true. This is very important if we want to avail ourselves of the thought and experience of those who have preceded us; for instead of casting aside as rubbish much that is transmitted to us, we will find that it is corroborative, if not suggestive, of the truths that have received new readings in more modern dialects.

"But, what about the other book that is a part of your collection, Mr. Locke, on the 'Human Understanding'?"

"I don't know; I can't read it; it is all Greek to me, as they say."

"Yes, that is likely. You are not accustomed to reading books of that kind. Very few ladies are; otherwise, it is very easy to understand. All he attempts to do is to show how we come to call a horse an animal; a goose a bird, a man a mammal, and the like. Then, where we pick up such ideas—as he calls them—as cause and effect, etc. That is, he endeavors to find out the origin of general terms. I read the book years ago, and remember that I felt disappointed when I got through. I thought from the title that he was going to show us how man, the human being, stands under, as it were, behind the things and objects that present themselves to our intelligence, and is thus called the understanding, the standing under of the universe—its underpinning, so to speak. But I got the impression from the answer which he gives to the question as to the origin of general ideas, that he used the words of the title in a different sense from what they conveyed, or suggested, to my mind. He regards the sensitive apparatus of considerable power—sufficient, at least, to take the pictures of objects as they pass before us, with their natural colors, shapes, etc. These pictures being brought in by the photographer, in a confused heap, as accident presents the objects before the instrument, the understanding sets to work to arrange them in pigeon holes, which it has prepared for that purpose. It arranges the blue with the blue, the gray with the gray, and so on through the various shades of color. In this operation, for the time being, it pays no attention to the shape, size, heft, taste, sound or any other characteristic or quality of the pictures, except their color. The picture is blue and therefore it is put into the pigeon

hole labelled 'blue,' and this label the understanding adopted from the pictures themselves, from noticing a great many of that color in the pile. Then it notices also that some of the pictures represent things that are alive, and others that are not. After a while it notices further that all the pictures represent objects that are either dead or alive. So it makes two large pigeon holes, each of which it subdivides into as many smaller ones as it finds necessary, to store and arrange the mass of pictures on hand. Then, taking its position at or near the door, it orders to the right, or to the left, as the case may be. If the thing represented is alive it goes to one side, if dead it goes to the other, where they are stored away, each in its appropriate pigeon hole, according to its color, size, weight, etc., just as you see the goods are arranged in a general store—the slippers with slippers, shoes with shoes, boots with boots, and the whole of them together in the boot and shoe department, on one side; the dry goods on another, the notions up and the hardware down stairs, and all under the same roof, in one store.

"Of course, if the photographer doesn't bring in pictures, there are none to store, and 'human understanding'—which he uses as synonymous with mind itself—has nothing to classify, much less to invent labels for any pigeon holes. For these it can only construct, compound, or manufacture out of the simple characteristics, qualities or quantities which it has noted on the pictures.

"Now the immense value which mankind derives from such a faculty is obvious. Just imagine the contents of the store I referred to, just now, all piled in one heap, without order or arrangement, and you go in and ask for a paper of pins! Think of the labor involved to find them. For, you see, they may be at the bottom of the heap, or on the top, on one side or the other; anywhere, nobody can tell."

"It would be hunting a needle in a haystack, sure enough!"

"Just so, and if anything, worse! Indeed, the value is so great, and at the same time so obvious, that it was a long time before the contemplation of it would permit mankind to think of anything else. The question that had bothered them, as to the origin of the things that Mr. Locke said 'were the origin of general ideas,' was forgotten in looking at one of the consequences. That is to say, Mr. Locke says, 'The things which we hear, see, feel, smell and taste are the origin of our general ideas.' Well, what of it? The question is, what is the origin of the things you hear, see, taste, smell and feel, together with the understanding that arranges or classifies what you hear, see, taste, smell and feel, and the knowing back of all this apparatus, which employs it as its implements and means for its own ends—what, in other words, is the origin, significance and meaning of the objects that present themselves to my intelligence, together with that intelligence itself? This question, which had occupied the attention of the

thinking portion of the world for some thousands of years, was forgotten for a time by the discovery of Mr. Locke that mankind had an understanding, as was satisfactorily proved by any store of any size in London town.

"I was somewhat afraid to refer to this subject, when I met you, because I did not know but that you had read some of the writers who are still in dumb amazement over this stupendous discovery; because you might have thought me but ill informed when I told you, some time ago, that I knew of no author in the English language who could be of any assistance to you in finding an answer, however imperfect, to the question you asked me. But with the explanation that I have tried to give, I hope you will not misunderstand that answer.

"I also set to work, shortly after our conversation, and translated a book out of the German language, in which an attempt is made to answer a part of the question you ask, and it is ready for your use at any time, as soon as I can have it bound for you. I would like to have it printed, too, but it costs too much, and we have to get along with it in manuscript. I have written it as well as I could on your account."

"That is so kind of you. I shall like it the better because it is not printed; I shall have your handwriting before me when I read it, and that will be so nice! It will remind me—"

"Yes! I know. But, dearest, let me tell you. The man who wrote the book which I have translated for you was in great earnest to see and express the truth, and nothing but that. He leaves you precious little time to be reminded of anything outside of the thought he unfolds; and if he catches you philandering about, with your thoughts elsewhere, he will slip away and leave you sitting there, wondering what has become of him. He is the most jealous man of the reader's attention that I have come across. The mind can't as much as bat its eye, but he is out of sight. Then, what makes things worse is the circumstance that his books are not half-written—I mean, we only have the skeleton, the dry bones, the notes of his lectures—the heads of his themes, which he elaborated down to the ready comprehension of his hearers by oral amplification in the lecture room. You will have no opportunity, therefore, while you are studying the work to think how nice it feels to press the hand that drew the characters on the paper before you. I don't say this, dearest, because I want to be cheated out of the pleasure of returning every pressure of your hand—even the imaginary ones—but by way of kindly warning, if you undertake the study.

"Another thing which we must consider is, that the work which I shall bring you is a slice, and not the whole cake. It doesn't explain how it happens that there is such a thing as 'knowing' in the universe. That question is treated in what precedes the part I have translated for you. All that this shows is,

how the knowing is realized into actual fact—what functions, faculties, powers, activities—what implements it employs to fill itself with truth, to be a true knowing, a knowing of truth. I cut this slice for you because I did not know at the time but that you had read more than what you have, and did not know but that you might entertain some misgivings as to the ability of a mere human being being able to know at all. For it has dawned upon some people that if there is nothing to the human mind but what Mr. Locke saw of it, it doesn't amount to much—to nothing, in fact, so far as a knowing of truth is concerned; and they have gone to work to persuade people of this, and to prove it by logic! Yes, in rhyme, prose and doggerel, or hybrid between the two. Now, this work doesn't dispute that hypothesis at all, but shows by simple demonstration that Mr. Locke, with all his successors, repeaters, amplifiers and magnifiers, did not see it all—did see only one small part, and mistook that for the whole, because it was all he saw! That being the case, I chose this as a beginning, because I did not know but that it might suit you best, on account of the public rumors that may have reached your ears, and filled you with discouraging reports, as to your own ability. But, it is only a slice, and not a whole cake—that is, it answers only a part of the question that I stated a little while ago, and it will take the whole system of thought, of which it forms a part, to answer the whole question. Another thing is, that the answer it gives lacks an element which it can only receive from the whole system—namely, its necessity. It is true you may not miss it, and you would miss it less, perhaps, if you had read more; for it is one of those things hardly ever thought of by authors upon such subjects. They forget to exhibit to their readers the inherent necessity of the theme treated, together with the necessity, step by step, of the explanation of its details; so that a person who is a reader of such books gradually gets into the habit of not looking for it, and therefore doesn't miss it. But you are a free-born American citizen; you are not under any obligations to believe what this man says, or that one writes, unless he can induce your free, untrammelled conviction to bear him witness."

In reading over this note, I am not satisfied with it. It is not a photograph of the scene; and I hate to garble occurrences. But what can I do? There are many things in this world, both in being and occurrences, which are of such a slight, evenness of character, that paper is too coarse, too vulgar to receive them.

We had talked, not to say fooled away the time at such a rate that we had none to spare to reach Mrs. F——'s tea table at the appointed hour. Still, we were not the only guests that were rather late, for we had already talked for some time, and were just sitting down when Mr. H—— came in. It was plain from the reception he received that he

had called yesterday, and was filling an appointment. After he was introduced to Miss Elizabeth, Mrs. F—— placed him at her right side, while Miss Robertson occupied her usual seat at the left of the hostess. I felt very much entertained with the easy manner, the graceful turns of table chat which Mr. H—— developed in the presence of the ladies. He was at once the center of attraction; which he took as a matter of course, but not with an obtrusive air. Far from that; he was insinuating, yet self-conscious, fully aware of his power to please. But the beautiful eyes opposite, to the full effects of which the hostess had subjected the guest of the evening, obviously with malice of forethought, soon told on him. Before we arose from the table, all the easy self-complacence was gone, and he hastened to Miss Elizabeth's side, a brilliant, yet more than submissive adorer. It took all Mrs. F——'s address to keep him a participant in the general conversation. She branched off into the scenes which she had witnessed in the forest, and persistently broke in on him for corroboration, correction or amplification. But with all her vigilance, she was not able to prevent him from making an egregious ass of himself, as he told me afterward, during the course of the evening.

"What do you think I have done this evening, Henry," he inquired, as we happened to meet at the window by ourselves.

"Enjoyed yourself with the ladies, I hope, as your age, accomplishments and position entitle you to."

"Yes, I have been making love to a lady whom I forced, with my impertinent attention, to state to me, with the frankness and an air of pride that spoke the overflowing fullness of her heart, that she is your betrothed. You are nice ones, you and Mrs. F——. That woman is as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. She never whispered, never hinted a syllable of the state of affairs, and allowed me to compromise myself in the eyes of a man whose respect and esteem I value above my life. Henry, let me congratulate you for the second time. The future certainly promises to reward you from every side with a liberal hand for the untiring toil of the past. Your prospects economically are flattering, but what are they to the hand and heart of a woman like Miss Robertson?"

"Why, Will, you surprise me with your talk. Don't you know that nothing is more pleasing to a lover than that the woman of his heart should be admired by all the world? As for you compromising yourself in my respect by any attention you could pay to Miss Robertson—that is utterly impossible. I know Mrs. F—— well enough to know that she would not tell you that Miss Robertson and myself are engaged. That would not be like her. She likes to create innocent complications, in order to have her fun, although she would be the last person to be instrumental in producing serious ones. I appreciated her game from the start, and the way to get even is not to give her the satisfaction of knowing

that she was successful. I will see Miss Elizabeth; and don't you say a word. If you do, you will never hear the last of it. You just go on as if you knew of nothing!"

"Pshaw! Don't you see? She has pumped Miss Robertson and knows everything!"

"It looks that way," said I, as I saw the two ladies together, sharing their triumph more by looks than by words. As we returned to our seats, Mrs. F—— asked:

"What's the matter with you, Mr. B——? Has anything happened? You are so still to-night."

"No, nothing that I know of. But, you know, I am not a conversationalist. I either talk too much or too little; and then, this is the evening of my last holiday. To-morrow school commences—I mean work."

"That is nothing to you; that is what you like. It must be something else. When will your house be finished?"

"In the course of a month, I think; although I have not been in it, or seen the builder, and don't know the exact time. The contract calls for December 1. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing; we didn't know but we might have a chance to give you a house warming—I mean, we ladies. But then, you know, we are so fickle, especially when some of us are young."

"Yes, and when the young ones are led by old coquettes, there is no telling what they may do! At least, it is not safe to make engagements with them a whole month ahead; and it will be a whole month yet before the house is finished."

"Well, well! Anything but a jealous husband! I wouldn't marry a man of a jealous disposition if he had the front of Jove and the form of Apollo!"

"Of course you wouldn't. There is a law against bigamy, in this state!"

"I mean, if I were young and unmarried—of course!"

"Don't listen to her," said Mr. F——. "If she were young and unmarried to-day she would do as she did before—take what she could get!"

"Yes, if the get was you!"

"Well, I don't know much about these things—anything from experience—but I have always felt that I would like to marry the most frivolous, inconstant woman that I could find."

"And why so, Mr. H——?" asked Miss Robertson.

"I have always liked to court ladies, ever since I was a well grown boy. This habit has grown on me so that I like it better than any other occupation. And, sometimes, when I picture to myself how it will be when I am married, I say, nothing will do for me but the most inconstant flirt in creation—one that I have to win every day, between breakfast and tea, or my occupation, the fun of my life, will be gone."

"And what do you think of that, Miss Robertson?" asked Mrs. F——.

"I would as soon think of marrying a weather-cock as to marry such a man!" was the answer.

"And you would not like to be courted by the man you love?" asked Mrs. F——.

"Why should he court me, when he devotes his whole life, every thought and exertion, day and night, to my comfort and well-being? I think the least that the woman could do would be to conduct herself in such a manner that he would feel assured of her whole affection, without any cajolery on his part; and this she will do if she loves him, without any special effort," was the answer.

"Bravo, Miss Robertson. You have learned that from my wife, if your own heart has not taught it to you!" said Mr. F——.

"A complete waterhaul, Mrs. F——! You'll have to try another cast! Not a crab, chub or minnow is squirming at your feet," said I.

"You are the most prosaic, matter-of-fact set! You are worse than wet straw to kindle into a little sprightliness, into a sparkle of fun! Yes, let Theodore come in. There will be no peace until he sees Mr. B——," she said to her servant, and a moment after my little friend came with a hop, skip and a jump into my arms.

"Can you tell me, Mr. H——, why it is that every child that comes near that man—excuse me, I meant to say Mr. B——, clings to him? Mr. H.-P—— told me the other day that he has literally stolen the affection of both of his children, a little boy and girl; and that, too, when the boy is so shy and bashful that he will hide from strangers. Can you account for it?" Mrs. F—— continued.

"Really, Mrs. F——, I can not; but I can bear witness to the fact, for I've seen it in your own family. My little brother and sister were both in love with him. I brought him a letter from both—I meant to say, sister would have written to him, too, only she is a little too old to be a child, and a little too young to be a woman. I suppose that is a peculiarity that some people have. I've seen others that attracted children, although perhaps not to the same extent," answered Mr. H——.

"Why not ask me if you wish to know, or need to be told? I think, however, you are the last person who needs instruction in that mystery," I remarked to Mrs. F——.

"But tell us, Mr. B——, because I should like to know, too," said Mr. F——.

"The mystery is, that a child's heart is without guile, because without experience. You step before it as you step before a mirror of perfect smoothness. It receives and gives back your image with veracity. You love a child truly—pretense, cajolery doesn't count—and a child will love you in return. Any man can deceive a young woman of sixteen or eighteen in regard to the state of his affections toward her, but he will never deceive her sister, two or three years older. The reason is, the young lady has been there herself, but her sister has not. I was separated from

the objects of my affection, my family, when a mere youth—cast abroad into the wide world with nothing to love. When I met a child, robed in truth, innocence and loveliness, it was to me lovely indeed. My heart grasped it, and the little one always returned my love. What mystery is there in all that, except, perhaps, that those who live in Heaven all the days of their life are apt to run around inquiring the road to Paradise."

"But don't you indulge them too much," asked Mrs. F——.

"No, pardon me. I heard my mother say that she broke my brother of a very disagreeable habit, which she had failed to do with every means in her power, and he only stayed with us two months that year," said Mr. H——.

"You cannot indulge a child," said I, "and retain its affections. But there is one thing I noticed early about children, and that was that as soon as the little one commences to toddle, if you place it near, or permit it to be about the lowest step of a stairway, it will try to climb up to the next one. No matter what inducements you may hold out to it to divert it from its purpose, it will try to reach the next step. This observation struck me as symbolical of the inherent nature of childhood. The child wants to be a boy, the boy a youth, the youth a man. I don't forget this in my contact with my little ones, and I soon reap their gratitude, in addition to their affection.

"But here we go again! You must excuse me, Mrs. F——. I promised myself to be home early to-night, and I am in a fair way of forgetting myself."

After the usual compliments, we bade "good-night" and started for home. Miss Elizabeth and I had a pleasant walk, with a good deal of amusement at the conduct of Mr. H—— and the mischief-loving propensity of Mrs. F——.

"You know what she told me, Henry?" asked Miss Elizabeth.

"No, dearest, and I could hardly guess."

"She said to me, you are a little goose! Why didn't you flirt with Mr. H——, just to find out how much Mr. B—— cares for you!"

"And what did you answer her?" I asked.

"I told her," said Miss Elizabeth, "I know Mr. B—— loves me. I was pleased with the attention Mr. H—— showed to me, because I thought it was on account of Mr. B—— and my relation to him. I supposed, of course, that you had told him of that, until I found out that you had not, and then I told him myself! 'You did,' she asked, in a tone as if I had committed some unpardonable sin against the rules of propriety! 'Yes,' said I. 'All the attentions which I desire from gentlemen are such as they see fit to pay me not as Miss Robertson, but as what I am, the betrothed of Mr. B——, the man I love. If they don't know this, they are entitled to know it, and if there is nobody else to inform them, I don't see why I should not myself, as I know the facts better than anybody else.'"

"But to a stranger! Just think child!" she exclaimed.

"All men are alike to me except Mr. B——," I told her."

I reached home in time for two whole hours of work.

October 24, 1856.

Commenced work this morning on the new patterns. Drew some money and found that Mr. F—— had directed that my wages be paid me the same as if I had not been on a loaf for two whole weeks—a handsome way of saying—"much obliged to you, Mr. B——, for the trip." Early in the day Mr. W——, the foreman, called, boiling over with thanks and expressions of obligations for the present of game I sent him—a saddle of venison, a turkey, three brace of ducks and two bunches of fish. He also expressed great pleasure at the health and good humor of Mr. F—— since his return.

"He is a new man, Mr. B——; and I tell you he needed it and so did we. It is mighty trying, sometimes, to do business with a man who is not at himself. Nothing suits, nothing pleases him, and a person gets tired without any compensation for his best work beyond the mere dollars and cents on Monday morning. We all like to have the boss's 'well done' in addition, if not expressed in so many words, at least implied in his manner of meeting us."

Also received a note from Mr. Olff, couched in very polite phrase, thanking me for a similar present—not as extensive, but more select—as I have noticed that he is not a great eater, but choice in his dishes. The canvas-backs seem to have found a weak spot.

On returning from the shop this evening, I found Mr. H—— busy reading. Had a long story to tell about his suffering at the hands of Mrs. F——, after Miss Elizabeth and myself had left last night; and how Mr. F—— himself enjoyed it.

"Yes, they roasted me well! But tell me, Henry, how is this? These people live with comfort, with the evidence of wealth and luxury about them, that you find scarcely equaled in the oldest established families in the east. Yet, if I remember rightly, they left there, not so long ago either, with comparatively speaking humble means."

"That is a mistake, Mr. H——. They were in possession of extraordinary means when they came here, only they carried them concealed, where the people at large did not see them—in their heads and hearts, instead of in their pockets and on their backs. They came with a perfect Connecticut outfit of brain and muscle, and that, transplanted into the center of the Mississippi watershed, an area, the equal of which is not to be found on the globe, when fertility and extent are considered—transplanted into it, while this area is in its virgin condition, beckoning man to its arms with all the allurements of unlimited resources to supply his every want—transplanted into this ground, at such a time, is it any wonder that the shrub, dwarfed by contiguity in its native soil,

should rear its head aloft into the sky, extend and load its branches with foilage, fruit and flower, worthy of the parent seed! There is more in this figure than mere rhetoric. You remember, Aristotle defines the vegetable as the nutritive soul, and recognizes it as the generic for the animal and human soul—that is to say, the animal is the vegetable with the addition of sensitivity, and man is both, with the addition of consciousness."

"Now, Henry, where are you going? What in the world did Aristotle know about Connecticut and its people?"

"I think, a great deal more than they know about him, and if Connecticut and its people knew as much about Aristotle as he knew about them, they would know a great deal more about themselves than they do now! But, I was going to say, that whatever we may think about the Aristotelian view, we are bound to recognize the fact that man, in his development—I speak of man generically—is almost as dependent upon his surroundings as the plant itself. You place either in a pot, with a lid on, with barely sufficient access to air to sustain life, and neither develops into generic proportions. But take them out of the pot, whether that pot was made in New England or old, in England, or on the Continent, before the angels had a land, cuts no figure—place them into the free air and sunlight of heaven, and then see! All the deprivations, the cramped condition, the niggardly supply of means, have only sharpened the appetite, encouraged the organs of digestion—acted, in fact, like a dam, to collect together a mass, a force, which, the dam removed, sweeps with irresistible power on to its destiny."

"And what is that!"

"Individually, fortune and prosperity; nationally, the founding of an empire that will make the world gaze with wonder!"

"Well, Henry, when you have relieved your mind of these generalities that coruscate about in figures and throbs, gathered from heaven, earth and what is under the earth, can you answer me the simple question which I asked, how did Mr. F—— manage to get control of the wealth which he has accumulated in the short time, not exceeding ten years, that he has been out here in the west?"

"Oh, I see; you want a specific instance. You ask me how did this stone come here! I answer, it rolled here in accordance with the law of gravitation. That is not satisfactory. You want to see the individual stone rotate before your eyes. All right! Mr. F—— is a Connecticut Yankee by birth and derivation. The appellation applied to his state—'Nutmeg State'—applies to him. He is a nutmeg Yankee—not in the scurrilous sense of ingenuity applied to knavery—but ingenuity applied to its legitimate end, of spying out, contriving, inventing superior methods and means of accomplishing the task of human industry. With this endowment he came here and located a shop, in which he makes the articles which his ingenuity contrives, at a place

which, if you take it as a center, and draw radii in every direction, possesses the peculiarity that every mile that you go away from that center, on any one of these radii, you add a mile all around that center of the most productive soil on the continent. This soil is attracting the population of the world, and that population is his customer. Now, it is a mere mathematical proposition, that you can reach a greater area in the plane of a circle from the center, with the same amount of travel, than from any other point in that area. This proposition is so simple that the common spider, that opens its business stand, spreads its web before an available opening, knows that it can reach every part of the net quicker from the center than from any other point, and therefore selects that position to await the call of any customer that may require instantaneous attention."

"Do you think they learned this out of Euclid?"

"It never occurred to me, Will, but they are great frequenters of the class rooms of our colleges, and there is no telling what they may have picked up—seeing what so many two-legged insects carry away from there. Upon the whole, however, I think it more likely that Euclid's masters received instructions from the spiders than the spiders from Euclid's disciples. I think that is the more likely derivation, for while we find the rudiments, the obscure beginnings, or what looks like them, of all the arts and sciences known to man scattered through nature, it is man alone that can collect, relate and thus organize and develop them."

"For goodness sakes, man! You are not going to leave Mr. F—— and his business hanging between heaven and earth, tangled up in that spider-web, while you are off on a trip throughout nature? I just got you back, a moment ago, out of the depths of the forest, and here you are, off again, on so slender a thread as a spider's web!"

"Well, what is there to add about Mr. F——? As an inventor he stands at the head of his class. He produces at the door of the consumer, in the center of his market; and that market extends from day to day, not by reaching more distant localities with his ware, merely, but by the increase of population in the locality where he is without competitors. Under these circumstances the handsome fortune, say of seven or eight hundred thousand dollars, which he has accumulated, can be no marvel to a business man, but will be regarded by such only as an earnest, a fair beginning of what will be done in the next ten years."

"You regard him worth that much, now?"

"Yes, at a very low estimate. That is placing his plant at a fraction above what it is placed at by public authority."

"You say, of what will be done in the next ten years—why not in the next fifteen, twenty, or thirty years? An establishment like that does not wear out in a man's lifetime!"

"No, but the conditions under which that and

every other business is conducted here now will be materially changed in the course of the next ten or fifteen years. Mr. F—— himself does not think so, but to me this is evident."

"What do you refer to?"

"Production, so far as it results from the mechanical and manufacturing industries, is to-day protected in the valley against competition from the densely populated centers of this and foreign countries by the cost of transportation. This cost is enough to provide for large pay to the labor employed and still leave a margin for profit, over and above the profit of production elsewhere. But with the increase of population the facilities for transportation will be developed, and these will reduce its cost far below what Mr. F——, or the business men now active here, estimate or think possible. Now, with increased facilities we will have cheaper transportation, with cheaper transportation decreased protection against, and therefore greater competition with outside production, and hence smaller profits.

"But this is not the only factor that enters into the problem. Already the east is attempting to use the political power of the nation to furnish it with facilities to market the products of its people. It doesn't require a very close student of a political organization like ours to see how readily it can be perverted from its lofty purpose to a mere means to make the pot boil in this or that quarter of its extensive domain. With the recent passage of the act by congress, granting a portion of the public domain to a private corporation, in order to construct a railroad, I regard the public domain disposed of. A few years, a very few at that, less than a man's lifetime, will suffice to sweep the board. Whatever may be the result of the crusade now preached by fellows who have mounted French abstractions, draped with sentimental toggery; whether they will succeed in leading the people of the United States, like the hordes of the eleventh and twelfth centuries were led, 'to their holy grave,' it is certain that the manufacturing industries of the valley must and will undergo changes, and that, too, of a radical character in the next ten years."

"Henry, this begins to be interesting, but I have to make another call to-night."

"Yes, and I must work. You keep me gassing; I will never catch up with my notes."

"By the by, I heard Mr. F—— tell his wife something about the 'possum stories in camp, and she will be after you for them."

"That is all right; if they will just give me time to get them on paper once, in something like connected shape."

It is bed time and past; I have been writing the whole evening and barely finished what has accumulated since I have returned from the woods. I wonder when I shall be able to catch up with the day.

October 25, 1856.

This morning Mr. F—— sent for me from the mounting shop.

"Come in," said he, as I entered the door. "See what Mr. W—— has done while we were out in camp! He has stolen your thunder. Just look at that!" pointing at the parlor stove, mounted with the ornaments in position and a fire lighted within. "How is that for ornamentation?" he asked.

"Very agreeable. It commences with lines, ascends into bands and ends at the top with whole surfaces; and thus verifies to us, through the eye, by its appearance, the universal observation that heat ascends, which has almost become an instinct. I did not see the trick of the artist, why he wanted this plating, but it is obvious enough now. He increases the comfort which the stove is intended to supply by compelling the eye to assist our sense of feeling in appreciating it. The stove will look almost as warm without as it feels with the fire; and that, I take it, is ornamenting a stove to some purpose!"

"And Mr. W—— tells me, and I see for myself, that there has not been a file used upon the edge of a single plate in mounting it," he remarked.

"It is not necessary to pay men in one department to make work for another. Inferior work in the pattern shop produces inferior results on the molder's floor, if it does not furnish excuses for them, and they have to be corrected by expensive manipulations in the mounting department, where the results are put to the final test—fit or no fit. It is here like it is in that large shop, where men and women are produced for the various walks in life. There, too, we have our pattern makers, and then the molders, the teachers who use the patterns. If the former fail ever so little, the latter cannot succeed, for instead of detecting the weak point in the pattern, and remedying the defect, they are likely to use it as an excuse for inferior results."

"Yes, Henry, but I think it will be some time, not in your lifetime or mine, before the pattern makers of the world, even with the help of the best of molders, will succeed in producing such a fit of the different parts of society as that is."

Turning round he asked Mr. W——:

"How many are you running a day? What is the capacity of the patterns, I mean?"

"I count on twenty a day; and they are in the sand—without duplicating the patterns for the base, top or fire box," said Mr. W——.

"Henry, but wait a moment; I think I hear Mrs. F——'s carriage. I have sent for her."

He stepped out and returned in a few moments with the lady on his arm. After she had greeted us very kindly, he called her attention to the stove and said:

"Mary, how do you like that stove? It is the new one which I have talked to you about, and of which you have the urn on your mantel piece. I want to

get your judgment of it. How do you think it will strike the taste of the ladies?"

"It is beautiful, Mr. F——," she replied, "the handsomest that I ever saw! Who designed the ornaments? But I am afraid people can't afford to pay for it, it is so expensive! But who did the ornaments?"

"You must ask Henry. He pretends that an old Dutchman did it up town. But when I heard him give an explanation of them a little while ago, as to why they are so pleasing, I was inclined to think that he himself was not far off when the idea of them was conceived."

"You do Mr. Off wrong, Mr. F——. I knew nothing about these ornaments in their design until I saw them this morning—I mean their effect as a whole, and the principle upon which it depends. Because a man can appreciate, that is no proof that he can originate," I replied.

"Well, Mr. B——, we will not quarrel about that. What I was going to say, when Mrs. F—— came in, was that you better drop everything and duplicate such parts of the patterns of this stove as Mr. W—— may want. We want to run fifty of them a day, as soon as we can, if only for a month or two. I don't think the cost will be so great as to interfere with the sale, and the season is advancing rapidly. I never dreamt of bringing it out this winter. Mr. W—— has stolen a march on us, dearest! He had it mounted while we were in the woods. How much plate have you in stock, Mr. W——?"

"I think the books show three hundred up to Saturday."

"He had it put up all by himself, dearest," Mr. F—— added.

"That was right, Mr. W——. I am under ever so many obligations to you for that. Did Mr. B—— know that you were going to have it mounted?" asked Mrs. F——.

"Yes, he knew and put me up to it, or at least we talked it over together," said Mr. W——.

"And you never mentioned it to me, Mr. B——," remarked Mr. F——.

"Of course not," I replied. "The very object was to show you that you have not worked and worried day and night for the last ten years without accomplishing something more than to make a few dollars of money. We wanted to show you that you have rigged up a machine that can do that whether you are present or absent. We wanted to prove, by actual demonstration, that one hour out of twenty-four of your time is all that is needed to keep that machine in perfect order, and that you need not devote even that on the tread mill principle on which you have been working heretofore; nay, the experiment we have made might even go further than that. It might prove that one hour of health is worth more than the whole two dozen of sickness. The head of the establishment, passing through the different departments, his eyes sparkling,

his mind steel bright, scatters courage, contentment and fealty on every side of his path. This is a lubricator of a very superior kind, quite essential when the cogs and pinions of the machine are sentient beings, and is not to be purchased at the apothecary shop. Mr. W—— stole a march on you, as you call it, but as I saw no malice in the undertaking, I did not think it necessary to inform you."

Mr. and Mrs. F—— both laughed, and the latter said:

"You see what you get, Mr. F——, a lecture in your own shop, from one of your employes. That is what comes of familiarity, of going out with them into camp!"

"Yes, Mrs. F——," I replied, "and, you might add, of inviting them to your own house, nay, to your own table!"

"Why, dearest, that is nothing to being lectured in my own chamber, and that, too, by men who say you must do this and you must do that, without a word to show how it is possible to do, or not to do, either. These men here know at least what they are talking about; nor are they satisfied with talk alone. They put their own shoulders to the wheel to relieve mine, if the burden becomes excessive. The lecture, which Mr. W—— has given to me, by deed, and Mr. B—— has expressed in words, is very welcome to me—and, gentlemen, I can only say I thank you for the pains you have taken in my interest."

"There, dearest, you only make it worse—but, of course, gentlemen, whatever pleases my husband pleases me, and I hope you will lecture him the same way every day in the year. But just look at this stove from here, where you can feel the fire! It looks like it might burn up, like the stove itself was burning."

"A thousand dollars, a thousand dollars! I would not take a thousand dollars for this, Henry!" exclaimed Mr. W——, as he entered my shop an hour or so later. "But do you know what I thought? I actually thought Mrs. F—— was in bitter earnest when she pitched into you for lecturing her husband in his own shop? And just think, he didn't send for Mr. S——, didn't even send for the 'Smart-Aleck!' Yes, and do you know, the fool told me that I had put too many of the new parlors into the sand! He told me only last Saturday that it wouldn't do; that we didn't know how the stove would take; and all that nonsense! And here comes Mr. F—— and orders fifty a day! Fifty a day, Henry, that means business! Yes, and never asked that fellow one word about it—not a word! Didn't even send for him to look at it! But he sent for his wife; somebody that has sense. He knows his people. I have never known her to be mistaken yet about a new stove. Did you hear her, how quick she found the weak-point, the cost, the expense of the thing? Did you notice that?"

"Yes, I noticed it, and it struck me favorably. It looks so much more expensive than what it is, that there ought to be a handsome margin between the two for profit. I was about to tell her that we could sell the stove for five dollars less than what she would value it at, but caught myself. That is a matter for Mr. F—— to know, and for him alone."

"Of course, but I can figure out the cost of the stove, too, within a few cents—all except the ornaments. But I don't know about them; I expect they would cost a great deal. A dollar's worth of silver doesn't go far when it comes to spreading it over a stove, and then, too, as liberally as that."

"No, indeed it doesn't," I replied, "but Mr. F—— has figured it and he is not liable to make mistakes in matters of that kind."

"But you know, too, don't you," Mr. W—— asked, "the amount of silver in those ornaments?"

"Yes—that is—no; I don't either. Let me see—oh yes, there is not a cent's worth of silver in them. They are nickel, and the cost of plating on that stove, exclusive of the labor of attaching the ornaments, doesn't exceed twenty cents, all told."

"What?"

"A little cunning and skill goes a great ways in this world, Mr. W——, when the question is to make a show, merely. As to the silver plating, I don't know. That depends largely upon the weight of the coating you put on. But for practical use, the nickel, with proper care, will serve all purposes."

"And that is nickel! And you say that all that work would not cost over a quarter of a dollar?" he asked.

"Certainly, not to exceed that. You got them out of my drawer, marked 'A'."

"Yes, that is the only one which the key you left us would unlock. That is it, one man in ten thousand couldn't tell them from silver. I'll bet the old gentleman himself takes them for silver. I know Mrs. F—— did, or she would not have said what she did!"

"That is likely. By the by, that reminds me of something. Tell me, do you think a person could get isinglass in town—I mean, sheet-mica?"

"I don't know, Henry. It seems to me that I have seen it somewhere. Why, do you want to use it?"

"Yes, you know it resists the action of fire, and in my projecting I want to make an experiment in which I need a sheet or two—or perhaps a half a dozen sheets."

"I will see whether I can get on the track of it. I am almost certain I have seen some in town, somewhere."

At noon Jochen came by with his wagon, Pat driving the colts. I promised to go home with him to-night to see the folks. In the afternoon Mr. W—— called again and brought me a dozen sheets of mica, a splendid article, as clear as glass, without a flaw in it. On asking him what they cost, he said:

"Nothing, I have orders to furnish whatever you need in your 'solder-kitchen,' as the 'Smart-Aleck' in the office calls the room where you do the plating and that kind of work. Do you know what Mr. F—— told me at noon? He said that fellow actually admires our stove. For once we have hit it. We have put up a stove that might not be a little more this and a little more that—a little broader or a little higher—a little longer for its breadth, or a little taller for its length—or might not have a little more jack-ass in it for the amount of horse, as the nigger said, when he took his master's saddle horse for a mule, the only animal he had ever seen with a saddle on!"

After I got the isinglass, I regretted that I had made the appointment with Jochen—but, of course, I could not disappoint him.

October 25, 1856.

"You see, Henry, I had to do it," Jochen commenced, as we reached East St. Louis last night. "It is too much money, too much! I don't like it, but I had to bite into the sour apple, the crab apple! It is too much money! And then, they will have it better. They will have an easy time of it; do nothing and live high. Do nothing—to pull that plaything, what is that? Nothing! Yes, nothing! That is no potato wagon, dragged with a full load through mud, axle deep! No, it is better for them."

"What is it, Jochen? Did you sell the colts?"

"Yes, sonny, I had to do it. It is too much money. And then, you see, I have them to spare. I have two more. They are sister and brother, all of them Lucy's colts—those and these; and all by the same horse, too! The old mare brings me a colt every year, and works enough about the place to feed herself besides. She is ten years old, and I have six of her colts, and will have four left when these go to town. But, two are big enough to do light work, and they need care. I have them coming on well, but one is a filly, and I don't feel like bothering with her. I want her to take Lucy's place. The old mare can't last forever, and I must have one or two on the place. I must raise my own teams."

"Well, Jochen, we can't keep everything. You know how you and I felt about that land on the bluffs. We didn't want to sell a foot of it, and now—"

"You are not going to break your promise, Henry?" he interrupted. "You don't mean to say that you are going to fool away—"

"Don't get excited, Jochen! Listen first, and then give me your opinion as to what I must do."

I then related to him the condition of affairs—what I had concluded in regard to the landing—the opinion of Mr. Pastor, of Conrad and of Mr. F——, and asked him to think it over and let me know in the morning.

"That is all very well, Henry—but—"

"We can't eat the loaf and have it afterwards, Jochen. You think it over before you say anything

about it, and in the meantime, let me know about your trade with Mr. F——. How much does he pay you for the colts?"

"Yes, how much does he pay me for the colts? You want to crowd me out of the track!"

"You know I do not, Jochen, only I want your judgment when you have looked at the matter from all sides. It is not so easy to see through as it appears, when we shut our eyes. Think and talk it over with Feeka, and then let me know what you think of it. You will do this, won't you, for me?"

"Yes, yes sonny, I will. Yes, I will! But—yes, the colts—yes, Henry—you see, he asked me what I would take for them when we came back that morning from Kroemer's. I told him that I did not want to sell them and had no price for them. He then wanted to know whether I would sell them at all. I told him that I did not know; that I had not thought about it; but that if he wanted them, and would let me train them to the harness, and the work that he wanted them to do, and to the stable and driver—he might make me an offer, and I would think it over.

"'You see, Mr. F——,' I told him, 'I don't want your money unless you get something for it. And I don't want my colts abused and spoiled, so that you cannot have any good out of them. But if I can show your man what they are, how they have been trained, what they know and how he can make them understand him, you can have good out of them!'

"And he told me that that was just what he wanted; and that he would give me so much for them, but he did not care for anybody to know how much he paid, and that if I concluded to let him have them, to come in this morning and let him know, so that he could tell me what to do. When I got home I told Feeka, and she said, 'that is a great deal of money;' and this morning early she said, 'I have thought about it, Jochen, and it is too much money for us to have in a team!' And it is, sonny, it is!

"So I went over, and his men took us to the shop, and there they fitted the colts with a pair of harness, good enough for a prince to ride behind. And then we went to another shop, and hitched to a brand new carriage, and you ought to have seen Jobe. He stepped as if the earth wasn't good enough for him—you know he is full grown and has all his sense. But, sonny, that Irishman knows something about a team. He knows that a horse is no brute if you don't make him one."

"And you think, Jochen, it is the man that makes the brute?"

"Yes, sonny, every time! But, you see, Mr. F—— don't want his wife to know that he has bought the colts. They are for her and he wants to a kind of surprise her with them, as a present for her birthday. So I drove up to the stable to-day the back way, to show the colts the place; but I will keep them until Saturday and then—but it is too much money!"

The dusk of the evening was rapidly changing into dark as we reached the gate, but my little friends were there, with a welcome sweet and fresh from the heart. As I bent down to kiss little Yetta, her arms twined about my neck, I clasped her in mine and bore her into the house. She nestled closely on my lap until we went to the table, and then she sat right by my side. Her mother welcomed me with a mother's pride and a friend's hand. To her husband she said, after the usual greeting:

"I am glad you brought them back, Jochen. It was a great deal of money, but I have felt lonesome all day because I thought they were gone."

"Yes, Feeka, but you see, I have told him that he can have them; and I only keep them for him until Friday morning."

"Did you sell the colts, father?" asked Henry.

"Yes, Henry, I sold them."

"Are you not sorry, Henry?" I asked.

"No, I couldn't drive them. I don't like horses that I can't drive," he answered.

"But I do, uncle," put in little Yetta. "Jobe and Nip just go whiz-whiz, and I like that! They ain't mine though; they belong to mother, and she told papa he might sell them."

"If they were yours, you would not sell them, would you?"

"No, uncle, I like to ride whiz, and then Jobe is a good horse; he never forgets to say thank you if you give him anything. When I give him a piece of bread he does this way, with his head. That means 'thank you'—you see, he can't talk with his mouth!"

After supper, which consisted largely of the spoils Jochen had brought home from camp, and which Feeka had prepared with true frontier simplicity, the only mode of cooking that does justice to the native flavor of such meats, we talked awhile about the incidents of our trip, for the satisfaction of Feeka and the children. But the time of the evening, the day's exertions and the comfortable seat on my lap soon diminished our audience. I laid my sweet burden, sound asleep, in her bed, kissed the lovely one "good night" and retired to my room.

"'Twas no use to be in a hurry," Jochen drawled out, by the side of my bed, as I got my eyes open, this morning, "but it is 5 o'clock, Henry, and by the time we eat a mouthful and get over there, it will be bell time."

"Yes, and I suppose that if you had not woke me up, I would have slept until noon!"

Fifteen minutes later I shook hands with Feeka, told her to kiss my little one "good-by" for me, patted Henry on the head, and told him:

"You are right, my little man, a horse that you can't drive is nothing to you!" and we were off.

"There is no use to be in such a hurry. You see, I am not loaded. I only have a few potatoes which I have picked out for Mrs. F—— and some hams, five, the last I had, unless Feeka has hid one or two. Yes, she will do that! Women will be women! And then we can't blame them. No, and I don't. 'Tis

awkward like if anybody comes and she has nothing in the house to put before them. Yes, Mr. F—— thought it would be a good way to show the colts the place and not let Mrs. F—— notice anything. I will drive in the back way and fool around to give the colts a chance. And then, you see, I have business there!"

"Yes, I see, Jochen. But you better be careful; Mrs. F—— has a pair of eyes of her own, and is in the habit of keeping them open."

"I know, sonny, I know; but then, she couldn't suspect me of anything. I don't know enough for that, sonny!"

"Well, I expect between you, Mr. F——, yourself and Pat, three to one, you may make out; but if numbers were even, I would lay the odds three to one the other way. However, what have you got to say this morning about that village, about that land question? You promised to let me know; have you thought it over?"

"Yes, Henry, yes, and didn't sleep half the night on account of it. Feeka says it can't be helped, but I have been thinking that perhaps you might lay it out and rent the lots, so that you would still be the owner of the whole tract."

"I have thought of that, too, Jochen; but then a village is different from a farm. A town or village is made up of what the people do for it. The place, the land, is little or nothing to what the people put on it. Now, if a man doesn't own the place, he puts on nothing but what he is compelled to, and that will not build up a town. Farm land is different. There he has to work, or he has nothing. He can't take a piece of prairie and at the end of the lease leave it without having improved it, increased its value. But in a village he can put up shanties to live, and sheds to do his work in, for the time being. He is not interested in the place, except to make what he can, from day to day, and move on, if he thinks he can do better somewhere else. If you make him an owner, however, of ever so small a lot, you make him a partner in the prosperity of the place with you, and in this way he is an addition to the forces that produce that prosperity. Then, everybody can't buy land to make a farm, but almost anybody can get money enough to buy a little spot in a village—and our people will not rent if they can buy."

"That's it, sonny, that's it! That is the reason it is so hard to sell land that you once own. 'Tis like parting with the colts. Yes, I don't like to, but it can't be helped. No, what you say is true. The people there must have a place to trade and truck, to have their plows sharpened and tools, shoes and clothes made and mended. If you don't give them a place, they must get one farther off, and that might not be as well for them, or you either. You will have an eye to things in your own village until it gets on its own legs like, and that will be of use to the people on your own place—no, it can't be helped!"

In crossing the street I saw Fritz and Mr. Olff

pass into the gate ahead of me. The latter had come down to look at the parlor stove, as I sent him word yesterday, by Fritz, that it was mounted. He handed me the plats of the village, which I had requested him to draw, and we went and looked at the stove together. While he was examining it from different positions and distances, I told him the effect of the ornamentation upon the persons who had seen it, and also the remark of Mrs. F——, which had struck me as worthy of note—"It looks like the stove is afire."

"It has suggested a thing to me," said I, "that I will explain to you in my shop."

When he got through, we went over and I continued:

"The ornamentation on the stove is a great success, but would it not be possible, Mr. Olff, to heighten its effect by the use of these sheets of mica, and set the stove afire in reality, as far as the eye is concerned? The people we are working for, I mean the customers of Mr. F——, are accustomed to see the fire that warms them. Now, if we were to put mica windows around the body of the stove, and render the fire visible, and thus reveal the cause of the fable you have told to the eye in these ornaments, don't you think it would heighten the effect?"

He thought for a moment—then with a peculiar gleam in his eye, he said:

"It would make them alive! There is nothing to be changed except that we can make the lower lines bolder. With the people the shop is working for that ought to be a great success."

"Could you, at leisure moments," I asked, "without interrupting your work too much, draw me a sketch of it, and of the modifications it would involve in the body of the stove, and in the present set of ornaments?"

"Come up to-morrow morning and look at it. I am at work at 5 o'clock." And he was off without even saying "good morning."

After reflection for some time upon the strange compound such a man is—how he is wrapped in the thought until utterly oblivious to everything else, helpless, at the mercy of nothing, hovering as it were, in the air, all else invisible for the time being—my eyes rested upon the roll of drawing paper which he had handed to me. On opening it I found four plats, executed with the nicety and cleanliness of perfection. On one of them he had drawn a modest but beautifully proportioned church, in the center of the block which I had indicated, as intended for the purpose. The front of the block was ornamented with shade trees, and to the right and left of the main entrance of the edifice he had drawn two magnificent weeping willows, their pendent branches and twigs almost sweeping the ground.

In the rear of this, on the block north, he had drawn the parsonage. The house fronted southeast and occupied what would be the rear or southern

end of the northwest corner lot of the block. The southern half of the latter, where he had indicated the main entrance to the premises, was divided by a broad, straight walk, skirted on the east, or to the right as you entered, by a kitchen garden, laid off in regular beds; while the west half, or left side, which formed the southern front of the house, was laid out in a flower garden—cut up into plats and geometrical figures. As you looked north, over the truck garden, the eye was arrested, at the eastern front of the house, by a grape arbor, in the form of a cross. Beyond this the tops of stables and out-houses were indicated, as occupying the northern front of the block. All this was admirable, and in accordance with what he had gathered of my intention, but when it came to the site for the academy, he had followed his own imagination entirely—on the principle that it is very easy “to cut whangs out of another’s hide,” as Jochen said, when he looked at the plats at noon—or to be liberal at another’s expense. Instead of indicating the southwest corner block of the village, as I had intended, he had quietly gone outside of the village, cut the adjoining southern eighty acres in two and placed the college building upon the western forty. This he had laid out in all manner of walks, and even a drive was not unnecessary, according to his idea; studded about with cypresses, shade trees and all the accompaniments of a regular park. It annoyed me at first, as I had intended to send this plat to Mr. Fromme. “But for this wild trick, it would have solaced the good man’s feelings not a little,” said I to myself. As it is, I must send him one without Mr. Olff’s imaginary structures and improvements.

To my utter surprise, however, when Mr. F—— happened in, and I showed him the plats, he said:

“That is the very thing, Henry, the very thing! It will call the attention of every German immigrant in the country who belongs to that persuasion to your village! The ministers will thank God for your liberality, in order to stimulate the liberality of their congregations, and if anything can move so hard-fisted a people, that will. But whether it does or not, your purpose is served. Here—you send that plat to Mr. Fromme. After that you can go to sleep. Your town will take care of itself. My word for it, Henry, you will never regret it!”

After thinking the matter over, I have concluded to adopt Mr. Olff’s suggestion and Mr. F——’s advice—but it will require a good deal of sugaring and some management to make this dose palatable to Jochen, I am thinking.

October 27, 1856.

Just got back from a jump over to my sweetheart. Took her the manuscript of my translation of the “Psychology,” of Hegel, as I had promised.

This morning I went up to Mr. Olff. Found him already chipping away on the carving for the change in the parlor stove. The sketch showed that he has adopted the Gothic window as the foundation for his figures. He opens the upper half of the body of the

stove with a circle of Gothic windows, filled with mica, through which the play of the flames will be visible. He attaches them to the body of the stove in the shape of doors, each window a separate door, so that instead of one there will be six—the whole an admirable contrivance for the purpose in view.

Had a short call from Mr. H—— this evening. He is busy making calls. Had a reception tendered him at three places on the same evening, but gave Mrs. F—— the preference, so that the rest will be adjusted to suit her convenience. He is full of social tittle-tattle and airy nothings, but enjoys it wonderfully. Now, for an evening’s work on my unfinished notes from camp.

October 28, 1856.

Sent the plat of the village to Mr. Fromme with directions in regard to terms of sale and conditions as to building. Jochen called for a moment after delivering his colts.

“It is so, Henry!” he commenced. “You don’t believe it! But it is really hard to part with them! I didn’t think it would be so hard!”

“Why, Jochen, they are not out of the world; you can go and see them every time you come to town. And then, they are in good hands.”

“That they are, sonny, that they are! You are right, and then I can see them. Yes, and welcome, too! Yes, and they know Pat and he knows them. They are not with strangers—I did not put them in the hands of strangers to abuse them.”

Have the whole evening to myself to devote to my notes.

October 29, 1856.

Mr. F—— called in at the shop and before he left asked whether I would call on Mrs. F—— during the day. I told him that nothing would give me greater pleasure, but that I had some misgivings about the propriety.

“You go; she will think hard of it if you don’t,” he replied.

So, I called between 2 and 3 this afternoon. To my surprise, I found nobody there except the members of the family, and during my stay, only a few neighbors came in to express the usual congratulation. She was in her happiest mood and sparkled with vivacity. After I had been there for some time and was thinking of leaving, she said to me:

“You have not seen my beautiful present, which I received from Mr. F——.”

“No, what is it?”

“Come, and I will show you.” She took me to the light of the window and showed me a handsome, but by no means costly brooch. As I admired the gift, she remarked:

“Yes, and the best thing of it was, I found out all about it. He had been so sly about what he was going to give me—”

Here she was interrupted by the rattle of a carriage, and before we could look, it stopped in front of the house.

"Come here, dearest," said Mr. F——. "See what carriage is that! I don't remember anybody driving such a team!"

"Yes, you don't want me to tell on you, how I caught you napping! How I found out three weeks ago what you intended to give me! This beautiful pin! But you can't hide things from me."

"Come, dear," he urged, "I don't see anybody get out! Who can it be!"

"I have never seen that turnout. Who is it, James?" she asked, turning to the servant attending the door.

"I don't know, ma'am. The driver says he has a note for Mrs. F—— and that his master sent his carriage for her, if she would be kind enough to answer the note in person," the servant said.

"There must be somebody sick," she said, as she stepped forward to receive the note. She opened it with some anxiety and read—a letter from her husband to the effect "that if convenient, I shall take a ride with my dear wife in her new carriage, her birthday present.

"From your affectionate husband."

Of course, this led to a pleasant scene between husband and wife. After the first surprise was over, she said:

"So you gave me that beautiful brooch only to hide yourself. You brought it home and hid it, and felt very cheap, or pretended to, when you found this morning that I had rifled your drawer and wore my present before you were out of bed!"

"Yes, dearest, and so you can't say that I gave it to you; nor did I. You never saw the note that came with it, in the same drawer, did you?"

"No," she answered. "I didn't think you would write a note to me!"

"Well, here it is. I don't know what there is in it!"

She opened the letter and read:

"The hand limits the gift, not the heart!"

"(Signed) B."

"And you were in the conspiracy, too," she turned to me. "You got Mr. F—— to order that brooch at the jewelry shop, just to throw me off the track! You hatched it all out at the camp!"

"Likely, Mrs. F——, but I reckon Mr. F—— can explain that to you if you don't let him wait too long for that drive."

"That is so. James, tell Pat to hitch—why, what is he doing in the seat? Why doesn't he bring the horses, or take the carriage round to the house and hitch up?"

"But he is hitched up. Don't you see the lines in his hand?" said Mr. F——.

"And those horses belong to the carriage and to me, too?"

"Of course, it wouldn't do to drive your old team to a carriage like that," said Mr. F——. After Mrs. F—— had kissed her husband once more, she asked:

"And where is the man who brought, who drove up here with the carriage?"

"He is out there yet," said I, "saying 'good-by' to his pets."

"James," she called, "go and bring him in."

James soon returned with Nick, Jochen's man, and she rewarded him with a present to remember her by. He thanked her and acquitted himself a great deal better than I had expected. And now everybody had to look at the carriage, and especially at the horses, which in their new dress, shining black harness, with silver mountings, were a sight well worth looking at.

I got back to my room in time to have a talk with Mr. H——, and then had the whole evening to myself.

October 30, 1856.

The greatest wrong that can be done to a man is to treat him as if God was only outside of him—he God-forsaken! Had a pleasant hour with Miss Elizabeth. She asked me:

"Henry, what language did you translate that book into? You know I only speak English."

"Yes, dearest, I know, and not even all of that, I expect. You know, you told me yourself that there are a good many words that are empty to you. The very purpose of the book is to see if you can not remedy that."

"But you give me more that I don't know. I have fifty empty purses, and you are not going to make me rich by giving me twenty, or a hundred more!"

"Well, I don't know. That looks a little queer. It sounds like an increase of poverty would make us rich."

"Yes, and I don't believe a word of it!"

"No? Well, suppose that you take these additional hundred empty purses from me on trust, in good faith, and I promise that I will look around for a customer. Then, we will sell one hundred and forty-nine, put the money we get for them into the one we have left. Then that one, at least, will not be empty."

"But where are you going to get your customers?"

"Now, there, that means you have no faith in my promise. Come, just see! Haven't I got the whole world to canvass in? Don't you think I will find use for a pitiful hundred and fifty—nay for a hundred and fifty thousand empty purses, or words, to hold or express all its wealth? You see, darling, we receive the meaning of words only through words, or at least, largely so, and if we want the meaning of all of them, it will naturally take all of them to express it. Now, this book is a part of a whole, that has no empty words in it; that, for this reason, has use for all the words, each in its distinct sense. This being the case, you see, of course, that it is not his fault, nor mine either, for using the whole language, instead of the part of it that you happen to be familiar with. In addition to this, you also see that it would be impossible to put the whole into a part—for the hundred and fifty purses to hold what would fill a

hundred and fifty thousand—to use your own illustration again. Remember, I did not tell you that I had translated the book into the English language that you know, but simply into the English language—straining it even here and there a little, perhaps, to get the matter into it. Because, you see, there is a difference in the capacity of different languages. Each is made only to express the results of the mental or spiritual activity of the people who use it. It is that activity that makes the language. It does not find it lying around on the street corners, but it makes the language to utter itself, to hear itself, and it doesn't make any more than it needs for this purpose. In point of fact, it can't make any more than just enough. So it happens that there are plenty of languages in the world that are too small to hold or express the mental life of the people who use the English language, or the German, or the French, or the Italian, or the Spanish; and if you undertake to express that life in one of them, you meet with great difficulties. This is even the case in regard to the languages mentioned, and the worst part of it is that the very thing most desirable to be translated from the one into the other presents the greatest difficulties from the circumstance mentioned. There is no use to translate results of mental activity out of another into our language that are identical with results produced in our own; and when we find some that are not identical, that exceed in extent or intensity anything we have, then we are brought up with a short turn, by the length of our tether—the capacity of our language to express a mental activity that did not create it.”

“You always run off from me, Henry; you have such long legs, I can't keep up with you. Where are you? Give me some example, some landmark!”

“Oh, I see. The circumstance that I refer to is this. There is not a work of value in either of the languages that I have mentioned, or in the Latin and Greek languages, besides, that has not been translated into the German. There is not a shade of thought expressed by the philosophers of Greece and Alexandria but what is reproduced and expressed in that language. Then, the world of poets is there. Homer's sweet simplicity of diction is reproduced, the close fit of the garment of the external form is not neglected. You hear the horses' hoofs pattering on the Trojan plain; the arrow whizzes through the air; Sisyphus straining, laboring up, up the hill with the weight of the mighty mass, and hear it tumble and topple a-down the steep side! There, you see the gorgeous Calderon, glittering, sparkling with all the splendor of his native Castilian sun! The Italian, too, wrapped in deepest gloom of passion's darkest hell! Then, our own Shakespeare, for whom the world was none too large for a stage, with his quibbling fools, his swaggering jacks, his cajoling, designing villains, his love-sick swains and maidens, his weird sisters, his generals, statesmen, doubting thinkers—all are there in their habiliments of spirit,

sentiment, meaning and character—not a syllable wanting, not one added! Nor is there anything in that language that has not been, or cannot be reproduced in our own, except the works of two men, and these two precisely the ones which might, perhaps, do us the greatest service—Goethe in poetry and Hegel in philosophy. The reason for this I have tried to explain to you. They stood at the head of human achievements, each in his peculiar sphere, among the nations whose languages I mention, and whose mental life springs from the same germs—germs which, of course, were modified in their development by ethnological, climatic and similar external conditions, into the diversity which they present. It is these peculiarities that act like fences to separate them, and the strongest among these is language, owing to the way in which it is made, as I have explained—not merely by the different combinations of sound, which each uses to express the same fact, emotion or thought, but by the circumstance whether they have the same facts, emotions or thoughts to express.”

“From what you say, Henry, there is no such thing as translating the works of highest excellence out of one language into another.”

“No, dearest, I do not mean to say that. It depends upon what language you are translating into. What I mean is that you cannot reproduce the form, meaning and spirit of Shakespeare in Choctaw, or Bacon's essays, or organon into Cherokee. If you try, you will fail.”

But how are the persons who use those languages ever to receive the benefit of them?”

“The way that we did, by mental growth; and that is not stimulated by word alone, much less by printed word alone. Social, industrial, commercial contact—contact of any kind transmits and stimulates. A few days ago I was sitting talking with a neighbor in his room. Directly we heard the voices of his two boys, one four, the other nine years old, calling each other names on the street, in front of the house.

“‘You are a Dutchman!’ said the elder to the younger. ‘No, I ain't. You are a Dutchman!’ replied the little one. They kept it up until the father stuck his head out of the window and interrupted them by saying: ‘What are you talking about? I am the only Dutchman in this house. You are nothing but vulgar Americans.’ A little while after this the little chap came in, and edging himself between his father's knees, looked up at him and asked, ‘Is that so papa? Are you a Dutchman?’

“Of course, he new as little and as much about the meaning of the word that he used as he knew about the vernal or lateral equinox; but he knew that he was quarreling with his brother, and felt sure that his brother did not intend to compliment him. This furnished him with a meaning sufficient for his purpose—but the father's remark confused him. Attitude, the unspoken, wholly unuttered mood, in short, the mere presence will produce its effect.”

"Yes, dearest, I believe if I were to come into a dark room and you were there, I would feel your presence without having heard your voice or seen your face."

"It would be perhaps an extreme case, and yet one that I am not prepared to call in question. It is this as it were magical effect, magical because we cannot formulate to ourselves in distinct terms either its extent or its mode of action in detail—it is this, rather than the printed word, that furnishes the first medium of translation, of spiritual activities and their results, between people who use different languages. It is this that arouses suspicion, unrest—suspicion that there is something unassimilated, and unrest until it has realized it for itself in forms transparent to it, in a language of its own creation.

"All translations prior to that are stuttering, halting, indirect. If of thought, they lack clearness of distinction, the lines are blurred; and hazy fog instead of clear sunshine fills the mental sky, with its consequence of obscured vision. If the translation be of a work of art, a poem, the form becomes grotesque, down to caricature. Take the translations of Goethe's 'Faust,' and who can see anything in them that should justify the stir which is made about this poem by public rumor? Who that has his Shakespeare, his Goldsmith, his Laurence Sterne, his Dean Swift, his Milton even, can have patience with the abortion as it is presented? Yet the original marches from heaven through the world to hell, with a wonderful, steady, unflinching step, with an air of grace and adequacy for each locality that is truly admirable. From the merest doggerel of the pit to the harpings of the seraphim on high, not a note is wanting, not a note is out of tune. It is this, the inherent excellence of the work, that causes both the rumor and the abortion, but the rumor will continue until it has reproduced for us the form adequate for the content, nor will the abortion be without its use in that behalf, if only in the way of keeping the rumor to its work."

Have the balance of the evening for my notes.

October 31, 1856.

Brought down this morning the drawings for the modification of the parlor stove; showed them to Mr. F—— and explained that they were intended to put Mrs. F——'s words into practical use, as far as possible. He was very much pleased and directed me not to duplicate the old pattern, but to push the new into shape at once.

"This will supersede everything," said he, "and it is not worth while to make stoves which we will have to discount."

Found Mr. H—— at my room on my return from the shop this evening. Seemed worried about my notes in regard to his letter.

"What do you mean, Henry, by the expression 'resources of the human race?' Does it contain anything different from the old and well-known term, 'civilization?' It is this everlasting straining after

new terms for old things that becomes tiresome if a person attempts to follow you either when writing or speaking. It is annoying to find myself disappointed regularly at the end of each paragraph. You start in with an air as if you had something to say, both new and important, and the first thing one knows, out pops some old acquaintance, dressed in unusual toggery—an old thought in unusual phrase!"

"That is bad, Will, but perhaps unavoidable. The remedy, of course, is very simple—close the book. No book is worth reading that doesn't tell us something which we don't know ourselves; it is a mill grinding no grist.

"But, the question you ask, whether the expression—'the resources of the human race'—doesn't mean the same thing as what is usually expressed by the term 'civilization,' I can't answer, for the reason that while I know what I mean by 'the resources of the race,' I don't know what is meant by the expression 'civilization,' either ancient or modern. I know that it is a habit of long standing for the different peoples scattered over the earth to call themselves civilized and their neighbors barbarians, but as this practice is reciprocal, I have not been able to formulate to myself any distinct meaning for either term. If I hear a European call the Asiatics barbarians, and then hear an Asiatic call the Europeans barbarians, I suppose that each means to express what the other is for him, and that he means to do this truthfully. Of course, you observe this mixes things considerably. On the other hand, the etymological meaning, if I were to adopt that, would be entirely inadequate to convey the meaning which I desire to express. For, I do not refer merely to the civic institution, which man has devised, but to every other device, of whatsoever kind and description, by means of which he secures to himself supremacy upon and over the earth, together with the art of using them"

"As for example?"

"First, industrial implements and skill, both in their entire scope. This, you will observe, includes the harpoon of fish bone, of the Esquimaux, and the art of wielding it; the arrow dipped into poison used by the Carib; the boomerang of the Australians, the bolas of the Central Americans, no less than the mainspring of a watch and its adjustment, or the harnessing of steam and electricity, the elemental powers of nature, by the European, together with the skill of using the things usually called scientific instruments, back of them. Next, moral skill, the art of using the institutions that render co-operation possible between man and man. And, finally, civic skill, that renders that co-operation a reality.

"Now, it may be that you would have understood this meaning as well, or better, if I had used some different expression, but I had none on hand that answered my purpose as well; and I am writing these notes, not you." Looking at the note: "Oh, I see, that is what you are reading. You see, the expression occurs in connection with a letter that I received from you. In this you reiterate your con-

fession of faith, so important to you—'that we cannot know truth'—and that all my endeavors in that direction must be futile.

"When I read this it occurred to me that you did not mean that you and I were the only unfortunates who are in this predicament, but that when you said 'we,' you meant all men—the human race. This naturally brought before my mind—as the predication related to ability and inability—what that race had done in the past and was doing now. Its achievements in the past look to me as if they were the resources of the present, and hence the expression. I found it quite convenient, as it would readily embrace both the accumulated means and the living skill to apply them as was necessary for my purpose."

"But, what have they to do with the question of the ability of man to know truth? That question does not relate to fire, whether it will burn you, or water, whether it will drown, but it maintains that our knowledge of things is relative; that it contains the relation of these things to us, and denies that we can know anything beyond that relation; for the simple reason that our sense organization is the only means through which we enter into relation with what is outside of us."

"Yes, I know, that is the opinion of men who never molded a skillet, or invented a pin. But if they had done either, they certainly would have known the nature of iron, sand, coal and a variety of things—their nature, wholly independent of the relation which they sustain to man. But I don't care to enter into a quarrel with you about the opinions of Mr. Locke, Mr. Kant, or any other man. To me the assertion that man wholly depends upon his sensuous organization to enter into relation with what is outside of him explains nothing, so far as human affairs are concerned. I know a dozen different species of animals that possess sensuous organizations superior to man—that is, they have eyes that can see farther and better, ears that can hear farther and better, noses that can smell farther and better, feelings more sensitive and palates more delicate—and yet not one of them is master over nature, but man is. If the sensuous organization is all that man has, then he is inferior to the brute, because in that respect the brute is his superior. But man makes his own eyes, he makes his own ears, his own sensuous organization, and the brute does not. Not in what man has in common with the brute, but in what he excels the brute lies his humanity. It is this that is of interest to me; and this alone that deserves the serious attention of persons who want to know something about man's affairs. I do not mean to say that man does not need his senses; nor that he is not more or less dependent on them in dealing with material nature. But what I mean is, that he, man, uses them like a thousand and one implements which he uses for the accomplishment of his purposes. But his spontaneity stands behind these implements, and modifies them at leisure. It is this spontaneity,

the knowing—it is this that deserves to be known, and any theory that limits that by the implements which it employs is 'milking the he-goat in a sieve,' for it is the inventor of its own implements. Take the aggregate of knowing, called physical science. How much of it is attributable to the sensuous organization of man? None of it, absolutely none! Man had seen and heard for thousands of years, and knew as much and as little as the beasts of the field, which have seen, and heard better than man, and possess just as much science to-day as man owes to his sensuous organization. This science man owes to his knowing, for it is only that knowing realized. He owes it to that characteristic which distinguishes him from the brute, and not to the functions and faculties which he possesses in common with the brute. He possesses these faculties, they do not possess him. He is behind them. He knows them, determines their adequacy or inadequacy for the work in hand; remedies their defects, corrects their results. Knowing them, he ascertains their relation to the world of things without, and through these the relation of the different things to each other. Nor does he stop there. He penetrates the things themselves, through their relation to others, and never rests until he knows the thing in its relation to him, in its relation to other things, and out of either of these relations, the thing in and by itself. It is only at this point that he becomes its master; and all this I have to know with absolute certainty, as regards iron, sand, fuel and every other raw material and implement which I employ in producing a skillet.

"Look here! You see this handful of acorns?"

"Yes, what of them? I see some of them are split in two?"

"Yes, and you will observe that all the rest except one or two are pecked."

"Well, what of them?"

"I gathered them the other day while in camp. I noticed that whenever I happened to pass an old black walnut near the lake, below camp, I was jeered at and scolded by a redheaded woodpecker. I also noticed that he seemed to have some special business on the north side of that tree; and found upon examination that he was using the deep crevices in the rough bark on that side for bins to store these nuts in for future use. But in order to put them beyond the reach of the squirrel, or similar poacher, he did not put the nut in as he picked it off the tree, but split it in two and stored each half in a separate crevice so deep and narrow that his bill alone could reach it. Now the peculiarity of the operation is this. Each nut, as you see, is split with the natural cleavage; that is to say, the two stuffed leaves of which the kernel consists are simply separated, but, as you also see, there is no seam in the hull of the acorn, as there is in the hickory, and other nuts, to indicate this condition of the kernel within, and thus guide the bird in his work of splitting the nut. The hull is ruptured with a ragged edge, but

invariably with the seam of the kernel, and you observe these which I picked up beneath his work-bench, the limb where he performed the operation, pecked, every one, right over that seam! Split as many as you please, and you invariably find that he saw where to strike. Now how does he find that out? There is not the slightest indication to our eye, on the outside of that hull, and you may try a hundred nuts before you will hit the proper spot. Nay, even this powerful lens, as you can satisfy yourself, reveals nothing to guide us, yet he sees where to strike. We don't. Still the whole race of woodpeckers, all endowed with this wonderful eyesight, has never produced one Keppler. They are hoarders too and hoard with skill, but where is the woodpecker polity that turns the hoard of a thousand years, nay, of the whole past of our race, into the productive power of to-day?

"It is this fact that we want an account of, and every theory concerning man's capability that fails to account for this fact is worthless. They point to the sensuous organization as the source of our ideas, of our knowing. I ask why has not the woodpecker ideas? He has a sensuous organization superior to mine. Do not two springs of equal discharge produce two streams of equal size? Yet here we have this little thread, the woodpecker brooklet, barely visible for a step or two, and then utterly lost in the sand. There we see the mountain stream glittering, sparkling, blazing in the sun. With irresistible force, surmounting every obstacle, every obstruction; swirling in deep eddies here, lashing itself into foam, into prismatic colors there, increasing in magnitude, in power, on it sweeps, beautifying, fructifying the field of industry far and wide—on, on to the limitless ocean futurity. You say, these two results flow from the same source. Ah, but man has an emotional nature. He has a heart to feel; so has the insect, bird and beast! Do you want to see conjugal fidelity? Go to the goose, the dove, the panther even! Parental affections? Anywhere in sentient nature, and you cannot go amiss! I have seen a common ox mourn his mate for days, weeks and months, as sincerely as ever bereaved wife or husband; and yet that mate had been nothing to him but his yoke-mate in slavery.

"No, in sensation and emotion our kinship is co-extensive with sentient nature. But, whenever you plead this fact as proof that we are limited like it, by these functions and faculties—and that is the outcome of the Kantian theory, no matter in what technique of phrase it is expressed—then you overlook the one thing that distinguishes man from sensitive nature, and that is, the knowing, the self-determination, the source and origin of all that is distinctively human upon the face of the earth. For, all this, the State, the church, civil society, the family—all this, the whole world of mediation, with all its constitutions, laws, ordinances; its decrees, edicts, obligations, rights and duties; its implements and skill, in a word, the whole resources of the race are

the products of this self-determination of thought, this knowing, this spontaneity. Leave this out of your account, and this world is a riddle utterly unsolvable. But it is this fact, this world that I have to reckon with; it holds the power. It is my fate. It is the thing for me to know! That other world, outside of this, it is no great matter, because mere matter—I know how to meet it."

"But, when you attribute that world you are speaking of to human origin, are you not contradicting the greatest authorities in the world—in both church and State?"

"It may look so to you; nay, in one sense, and that is the ordinary sense in which language is used, I do so distinctly. Of course, it is obvious with theories concerning human capability such as we have been talking about, that this world must be regarded as some excrescence, some fortuitous outgrowth of circumstances and conditions, destitute alike of the elements of necessity and rationality; either this, or as the gift of some superhuman power that, in the plenitude of its self-efficiency, has time to meddle with our affairs. Either of these opinions is necessary to account for the thing, as the phrase goes, for it is here and of considerable size at that. It was natural that the latter view should be held by those who were in immediate contact with that world, and who wielded its powers and enjoyed its prerogatives. It was no less natural that those who were not thus situated, and who were well persuaded of the theories in question, should adopt the former view—especially, as they could see nothing but restriction, limitations and interference with their natural emotions and impulses.

"But tell me, what excuse have either you or I to adopt either, to entertain either the one or the other of these opinions? For a people like our forefathers, living in the enjoyment of their primitive lordship over brutes, and who were lifted out of that condition by external means, as the phrase indicates, who received the higher from without—the higher, even the world that we are speaking of—received it, that is, did not create it from within. Was their attitude of wonder and admiration anything strange under the circumstances? The higher came to them from without, in truth and fact. The barbarian of the forests of Europe, your ancestor and mine, was not the man to be cajoled, deceived in such a matter. Sword in hand, he had swept the power of a world from the face of the earth; was he the man to kneel down and worship the dead carcass, the consequence of his own prowess? But the power which he broke proved to be only the outer hull, already dead, adhering but loosely to the inner shell. It is this nut that contained the germ of the future. It is this that comes to his descendant from without. It is this that he worships—opens his heart wide to receive, for more than a thousand years—until it has become not merely his but him, and he has become it. Then he arises from his knees, gesticulates, struts and cuts capers generally. Jumps

into the air high—high enough to crack his heels together three distinct times before he touches the ground—in proof that he can fly, or nearly so. 'School is out, now for it boys!'

"But what is all that to you and me—except to know the source of the noise, the clatter, the uproar! What have we to do, either with God-made kings or God-made priests? We have neither the one nor the other, in that external sense—in our world! Why should we deny the ability of man to produce from within in order to prove either that he can or cannot receive from without, when he in actual fact and truth does both receive and produce; when a year does scarcely pass but a new state is born before our eyes, out of the heads and hearts of our people, and churches beget churches in broad day light, until it is a mere question of years, in the opinion of some, when each man will have his own?"

"Is this world divine for me? Has it authority for me in the nature of things, as well as in fact? Are these men creating it from day to day God-inspired, or are they possessed of the Devil—that is to say, if such expressions are scarecrows to you, do these men work in the perennial, the everlasting, or are they occupied with the evanescent, of which the moment spans both the beginning and the end?"

"Good-night, Henry. Write out what we have talked to-night; I will read it over to-morrow and ask you some questions about it—good night."

November 1, 1856.

Had a visit at the shop from Mrs. F——. She was in high glee, sparkled like a gem-light pouring from within and radiating from without. Had to illustrate the suggestion derived from her conversation, the other day. I did so by placing a light in an empty barrel, covering it up and then placing a piece of mica before the bung-hole.

Found Mr. H—— at my room laboring over my note of last night. He kept on reading while I prepared and ate my supper. I had not quite finished, however, when he remarked:

"Henry, you have the greatest way of lugging in expressions with meanings in their ordinary use entirely foreign to your thought, that is enough to confuse and aggravate the most patient listener or reader. Why not stick to your own? You certainly are not in want of language to express a new thought in a new phrase!"

"No, usually not—if the thought is new. But, when it is as old as the self consciousness of the race itself, it can do no harm to remind the listener, or reader, of the fact by wiping the dust and grime of centuries from the inscriptions in which it has been handed down to us. The truth is, when I am out looking for the abiding, I am naturally a little careful not to overlook the treasure I am in search of on account of the unsightly appearance of the casket. That casket has an outside to it which necessarily partakes of the nature of the outside as such—change and evanescence. But it has also an inner, and if

we have the knack to reach that, we are as good as in sight of the treasure itself. This knack, you will observe, has been almost lost to public use on account of that wonderful discovery made by our ancestors that I referred to last night—that God is within.

"By the by, Will, would you like for me to read you a few paragraphs bearing on this subject? I found them this morning in my scrap book, but I do not remember where I picked them up. As near as I can make any sense out of them, they seem to be an etching, a picture in outline, on a very small scale, of the mental and spiritual condition of the epoch in man's history that we stumbled on."

"Do you refer to the emancipation of the civilized world from the superstitions, the priest and king-craft of the dark ages?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Perhaps you wrote them yourself."

"You have no right to say so, but, let us hear!"

"Well, we'll see. 'It is true he (referring to our ancestor, of whom we were talking) had mumbled over, century after century, 'God is everywhere,' but mumbled only. 'Everywhere' meant to him the outside, whence he received the message—not the within, too. But no sooner has he made the discovery than he jumps clean over to that end of the see-saw, and leaves his old tutor, poor man, with but little eyesight left, to hold down his end of the plank the best way he may. As for himself, he is ready to take his oath that he and his God are identical, by birth, he, the individual! The old tutor in the meantime is horrified; has heard of such a thing some thousands of years ago, it is true, but, bless you, never of this ancestor, of ours, the barbarian, his pupil. Recalls this, recalls that—has become, in fact, a narrative old man, as Homer has it. But for this assumption, it is utterly preposterous! The child has gone clean daft. It never occurs to him that the pupil has perhaps ceased to be a barbarian. How could it? Does he not remember? Of all articles of faith this surely is the surest—that he is tutor, in exclusive possession of the Divine; while that—the barbarian, his pupil—is not in possession. Nay, listen to the Godless wretch! See! He even attempts to hoist us upon this end of the plank—plank of our own sawing at that—high in mid air, for a gazing stock, a public spectacle, and our clothes and things in the condition they are! Come, ye little ones! Come, oh come, for yours is the kingdom of stupidity. All these pretty things I have in the box here; just come and look in. But you must hold down that plank! You see those three big, graceless fellows on that end are trying to keep you from seeing these pretty sights!" says the old tutor.

"And graceless enough they are! See that burly fellow, with huge chest, resting on the extreme end of the plank! No danger that the little ones, however numerous, will ever move it one inch. There it is on the solid earth, clean down, and there it will

stay. Let the tutor, on his end up there, in mid air, take note. Then, see the next fellow by his side, with that keenly pointed, slender wand in his hand! Listen, as he dissects the personal appearance of the old venerable, pointing with that wand straight at each feature, as he passes them in review. Just hear him!

"Permit me, my hearers, first, to call your attention to the salient points of our subject; next, we will glance at the theory, for the explanation of the phenomena, hitherto prevailing; and, in conclusion, we will give the explanation furnished by the latest researches of modern science.

"In pursuance of this method of our discourse, be pleased to look at that nose, most salient of salient features! You note its outline, neither Grecian, Roman nor Semitic; but combining them into one eclectic whole, at once extraordinary in size, color and proportion! It is 'sui generis,' comparable to no nose of ancient or modern times, of Asiatic, African, American or European origin. Its only prototype in nature is found in the vegetable kingdom, in the family of—the species of—familarly known to you all as the sugar beet. Observe this huge specimen in my hand, peeled for the occasion, but not with a knife—for that would have removed those beautiful protuberances and destroyed the resemblance. The cuticle, I mean the outer skin, was removed for the purpose of approximating the color of the original, the only characteristic unapproachable by nature. You will be pleased to note that the specimen in my hand is bifurcated—that is to say, forked at the lower or smaller extremity, or end; thus illustrating by these gradual taperings, and gracefully divergent, that is, curving rootlets, the eyebrows of the original, from which the mighty tuberous, I might say, tuberculous mass beneath is suspended, as from two arches, drawn flat to a degree, by the ponderous weight sustained.

"The next salient feature of our subject becomes such by the want of saliency; I refer to the eyes. Little is there left of these organs to speak of, except the place, reasoning from analogy, they must have occupied; the slight depression on either side of the nose, you observe, now almost obliterated by the enormous development of cheek! You will pardon me if I add from report—as ocular inspection is denied us—that it is alleged that these organs are still there, but in a remarkably perverted because inverted condition. They are said to be attached to the eye-lids, the pupil thus in the rear, and directed rearwards instead of in front and directed forward. The reason for this peculiar formation is said to be that our subject, conscious of his deserts, has been expecting for some centuries past to be booted, that is, kicked out of existence; and that this has caused him to direct his attention exclusively to that part of his physical anatomy where the impact of the force applied in such cases usually takes place; and that this constant use of the organs of observation, the

eyes, in one direction has resulted in the abnormal development in question. They also report that the organs, however, still retain some mobility; that by strained exertion they can be brought to squint out of the corners, or through the fringe of hair that encircles the upper lids—thus proving that the eye-balls must be attached to the lower and not the upper lids—if report is true.

"But this, my hearers, I am by no means prepared to vouch for. All we know of this, or any other subject, is what we see before us, and here we have nothing but these two slight depressions, mere lines, you observe, as of demarkation between the flattened arches, already identified as the prolongation of the nether extremities of the inverted vegetable—that is to say—sugar beet turned upside down—and these two extensive planes, the cheeks, swelling into gently rounded hillocks, blazing like two full moons with the reflected light of the central luminary, the nose. I say reflected light, upon the authority of a spectroscopic analysis entirely trustworthy. Indeed, the naked eye, if at all practiced in careful observation, will detect a peculiar coppery tinge, not to be accounted for upon any other hypothesis—which, indeed, has ceased to be such, in view of the recent searching investigation given the subject, and the results reached, as I have indicated. The subject presented difficulties of great intricacy. The proximity of some and the remoteness of other parts of the reflecting surfaces from the source of light were causes of great perplexity. But why enlarge upon the mere historic phase of the investigation! Suffice it to say, the results as stated are scientific results and therefore reliable. More to the purpose would it be could I give the areal extent of these surfaces; with meets and bounds determined by astronomical observation; but here we have to look to the future. An undertaking of this magnitude has hitherto proven wholly beyond the means of private scientific inquiry. Happily for our present purpose, we receive some assistance in this emergency from another salient feature, or, a pair of them, the ears; and the gap that connects them, the mouth. If we call upon the scientific imagination, and reason from analogy, we cannot avoid reaching a strong probability that those planes are not absolutely illimitable. We cannot avoid the conclusion that they are bounded to the right and to the left by those ears; and, however enormous those organs may be themselves, in *hoc loco*, the known laws of sight will readily enable you, my hearers, to estimate what belongs to the distance and what to the thing. The former will give you the size of cheek and the latter the size, form and proportion of the ears. To assist you as I may in arriving at an approximate estimate, I will state that the authorities differ in regard to the size of these latter organs. Those who estimate them at the lowest figure place them at one hundred thousand times the size of the

ears of the common jackass; while those who place them highest do not venture beyond five hundred thousand times that size—the ear of the jackass serving as the unit of comparison in both estimates. My own deliberate opinion, and the one I have adopted in practical use, is that if you regard these two as extremes, and assume a middle term between them, you cannot be far out of the way. Nor is it of vital consequence. A foot or two, more or less of ear, or a mile or two, more or less, of cheek, one way or the other, is of no consequence when we deal with the magnitude of the size in question.

“In addition to these boundaries to the right and left, ascertained with more or less hypothetical certainty, we are forced, by the same process of reasoning to regard that gap connecting the right with the left ear, and originally the mouth, as the extreme nether limit; for the territory below that line, as you observe, is occupied by that beautifully rounded hill of flesh, the chin, supported, or approached from below, by mighty rolls of fat, encircling what must be the neck, although the closest inspection alone can distinguish it from a butcher's block, hung around with rolls of sausages of huge dimensions.

“But here, my hearers, our inspection meets with an obstacle which I feel it my duty to warn you, at the outset, patience alone can overcome. Just as I have omitted directing your attention to the forehead, for no other reason than that the art tonsorial had obliterated the vestigia of demarkation, and the question whether that feature actually existed in our subject was of too small importance to cause us to enter upon a merely speculative inquiry, so here the art sartorial has rendered our progress in the further survey of our subject more or less difficult. On the other hand, however, we are not permitted to doubt the existence of the feature we are approaching, for it obliterates everything below the chin and above the knees; but, because of that enormous napkin which he wears, reaching from chin to shoe in front, and from the nape of the neck to the heels in the rear, it is because of this that our inspection must await opportunity, await the services of a friendly breeze to lift this screen from before the object. The tops of telegraph poles, with the cross piece, painted upon these napkins, are obviously intended to divert attention from the peculiar bulge, which causes each flap to present the appearance as if it were suspended from more than one point of support. If we permit the eye to follow the line of gravity from the top downwards, you will observe that the garment varies from that line at an angle of a fraction more than one hundred and twenty degrees—the theodolite gives $120^{\circ} 3' 40''$ as the actual mathematical value of the angle—down to within a foot or two of the median line, horizontally speaking. Throughout this whole distance it presents the appearance of one side of the roof of a house, with an extremely low stoop, but at this point it assumes a new line of descent, which, if produced in either direction, would

pass through the center of the earth beneath, and the zenith above, and which may, therefore, be regarded, for practical purposes, as perpendicular. What is true of the front applies with equal accuracy to the rear view of our subject; with the single modification, as you observe, my hearers, that the apex of the bulge falls as much below as in the front view it falls above the median line—or perhaps a trifle more. In addition to this, there seems to be also a slight decrease of the angle at which the screen descends as it approaches the apex, so that the plane of descent is divided into two, the angles of whose inclination are of unequal value. This gives to the side view of our subject that remarkable resemblance to a dwelling house, as we find them in a southern latitude, with a roomy porch in front, and rear roof extended so as to bring what is usually called the “outhouse” under the same protection. Indeed, he calls it sometimes the “Earthly Tabernacle of the Holy Spirit”—apparently mindful of the resemblance.

“Ah! See the effect of that puff of wind, thanks to our brother, who has brought the subject into a position where the elemental forces of nature can assist the public eye to an unobstructed view! Where surmise ends fact appears! That bulge in front is the paunch, the one in the rear the buttocks—standing in the relation of cause and effect. You gaze in dumb amazement, barely able to realize for yourselves the extent of the phenomenon. Yet there stands the fact, and in it we have nothing but a beautiful illustration of the law of nature, uniform in its operation throughout the organic world, that whatever organ is used most, that organ will attract most nutriment to itself from the general stock provided by and for all the members of the organism of which they form the parts. As a consequence of this liberal supply of nutriment, the organ develops into abnormal proportion, and this the more readily as the access of nutriment which it absorbs over and above the normal supply is withdrawn from the adjacent or neighboring organs, which in consequence are starved and thus dwarfed. Thus it happens, my hearers, that the paunch before us, to mere external observation, occupies the entire space usually allotted to the organs of respiration, circulation and auxiliary digestion, called the chest, and causes those organs to exist, if at all—a question to be determined only by a careful autopsy—wholly in an obscured condition. On the other hand, or more properly speaking, from the rear view, the buttocks standing in the relation of effect to the paunch as cause, in that they have to void the mass of excrementitious matter accumulated by the latter, share with it both the extraordinary activity and, in consequence, the extraordinary development. Thus we observe those slight, wart like protuberances, barely recognizable, as the rudimentary remains of the organs of locomotion. Constant activity in the one, and utter disuse of the other, readily explain the marvel before us. Nay, so persistent is this law in its operation that even

the slightest use, or a mere pretense of such, will still preserve the member from absolute obscurity. This, you observe, is illustrated by the arms and hands of our subject. The mere handling of that key, with which he fumbles about, now and then, in dumb show, pretending that he is going to lock or unlock something in the sky, as if modern science had not taken possession of that area to the utmost confines of the orbit of Uranus—has preserved them, although in sadly dwarfed, unrecognizable shape.

"Such, my hearers, are the salient features presented by the subject before us. Let us now, in accordance with the methods of our discourse, cast a glance at the theory heretofore offered in explanation. In that theory this phenomenon is called the Earthly Tabernacle of the Holy Spirit! Built up and raised to the proportion, dimensions and the general appearance which we observe chiefly by fasting, flagellation and maceration of the flesh. The accumulation of adipose matter is explained by the term fat, being subsumed under the generic term flesh, and as the god delighted greatly in the sight of human flesh being flagellated, macerated and starved, he blessed those pastimes by making them the source of more flesh, so that they who furnished him with this pleasing sight might have more flesh to flagellate and macerate. Thus it happened that the more they starved themselves the fatter they grew, in compensation for starving themselves! They starved, he blessed and they grew fat. It is true, a difference of opinion arose in regard to the value of the starving, etc. Some regarded the whole as the pure grace of God, and pointed in triumph to the light emitted by the countenance as direct proof of the presence and grace of the spirit within; but the majority handled their auxiliary appliances only with more zeal. For more than a thousand years this theory proved highly satisfactory, and there was nothing left to explain. Nay, even to this day, viewed from a high standpoint, there can be no objection urged to it. It is self-consistent; explains the phenomenon by referring it to an adequate cause, and assigns a sufficient motive for the action of that cause.

"In the process of time, however, it was noticed that a peculiar, offensive smell pervaded the atmosphere round about, in the vicinity of these earthly tabernacles—for distances varying with the size of the establishment. This led to discussion, pro and con, as to the source of the stench; but the matter was dropped for a time by those who were most subjected to the nuisance as immediate neighbors forsaking their houses and homes and seeking refuge in foreign lands. Still, the matter could not be hushed up altogether, for the public nose is itself a wondrous organ; once aroused by some definite scent, it invariably keeps poking about until it finds the source. While this has been the case, with more or less persistence, through every age of the world, how could it fail to lead to results in this enlightened

day, when that member is in the firm grasp of and is guided by the sturdy hand of modern science? This brings us to the concluding topic of our theme, the research and conclusion arrived at by modern investigation.

"Its first impetus was derived, as stated, from the pervading odor; and its first fruitful conclusion was that this was in direct proportion in offensiveness and intensity to the size of the establishment. This conclusion was based upon a series of observations, continued from century to century, the field of which embraced the entire surface of the world. The detailed account of them, properly classified as regards locality, time when made, degree of intensity observed, etc., etc., and tabulated with scientific precision and accuracy, fills the immense appendix that accompanies the preliminary report of the committee, which consists of members of the institute in charge of the investigation. From a recent perusal of some of the volumes, and the number of them on the shelves of the various repositories, I am compelled to the opinion that if ever actual universality can be claimed for any conclusion of science, based purely upon observation, it surely appertains to this. It is true, a pretended discovery was made, or was pretended to have been made, recently that some of the volumes contained nothing but blank leaves, and were placed on the shelves merely to swell the number of volumes in the final count; but the trick was readily detected, by reference to the archives of the institute, where the true number, 9,645,306 volume folios, was fortunately preserved. This number, you will please observe, my hearers, refers to the appendix of the preliminary, not the final report; nor does it include the number by which it will be necessarily augmented, perhaps doubled, in consequence of the trick, the attempt to discredit the entire investigation referred to—its exposure and refutation. Suffice it to say, that no one can devote even one lifetime to the perusal of these volumes but what he will agree with me that if they do not establish, by actual observation, the universality—called in question by one Hume—of a conclusion based upon observation, then it never will be established.

"Fortunately for the human family, a truth never stands isolated, like some barren rock, or pillar of salt, on a desolate plain, but is always related laterally—that is, both vertically and horizontally, to other bodies of truth, which, by mutual radiation and reflection, illumine each other, until the whole group is radiant with that light that compels conviction. Nor was this universal characteristic wanting in the present instance.

"The conclusion reached, you will remember, was that the stench in offensiveness and intensity stood in a direct ratio to the size of the establishment; and no sooner was this momentous truth firmly grasped by the scientific mind than, with that electrical clearness and irresistible force of which it alone is capable, it leaped at one bound to the re-

mote and farther conclusion that this ratio could not be invariable, as observation proved it to be, unless the source of the stench was within the establishment. Of course, my hearers, this looks simple enough now—like the egg of Columbus—pardon me, my friend, I observe from your facial expression that the mentioning of this historic relic seems somewhat nauseating to you. But, the truth is, nature presents nothing unclean for science! The egg mentioned was necessarily nicked in the experiment in hand by the great navigator. What was the consequence? Access of atmospheric air to the cellular tissue of the egg; and this, the insulation having been removed, exposed that tissue to the direct effect of the chemical forces, always on the alert for an opportunity to destroy the organic. Now, what could be more natural than that the egg became first addled and then in the process of time, decomposed; and I introduced it here not to make my discourse offensive to you, my friend, but quite the reverse—to temper its odor gradually to your olfactory nerves, or your olfactory nerves to its odor. It was to accustom you gradually to the climax of the conceivable stench. For what, I ask, is the stench of a putrified egg, even as old as the one in question? Yes, I might say, what is the stench of a hundred millions of such eggs, a hundred million times older than the one mentioned, when compared with the odor that met the investigators as they approached the mountain of filth, of excrementitious matter, heaped up within those establishments? The merest attar of roses, my friend, the merest attar of roses! We, who are enjoying the beautiful results of the arduous labor of science, have at best but a faint idea of the toil involved in obtaining for us so simple a boon as one poor flash of sulphurated hydrogen. What wonder that we should turn up our noses at it!

“But I must hasten on with my theme. From the enormous accumulation of excrementitious matter confronting them, the investigators looked for the source. When they beheld this, with the adjacent buttocks, they at once recognized in them monuments of immense activity, of a derivative character. From this they reached the primary seat of that activity, the paunch, in its wondrous ramification. Still ascending, they observed its upper margin crowned with rows of fat, climbing wave-like to reach the promontory of flesh, the chin. Above this they found the entrepot to the establishment, the gap or mouth; and so on across the plains of cheek to the ears, and thence to the very apex, the naked fact, the bald pate of the subject. In summing up their conclusion, the report says:

“It is the opinion of your committee from the hasty investigation we have been able to give to the subject, up to the present time, that the original title, ‘The Earthly Tabernacle of the Holy Spirit,’ requires some modification, in order to harmonize the expression with the facts established by science. The appellative ‘earthly’ in the original should be

modified into ‘earthly or earthen,’ as more modern and not liable to the charge of ambiguity. Next, the expression, ‘The Holy,’ should be either omitted or amplified into ‘alcoholic.’ This would also render the use of the word ‘tabernacle’ excessively figurative; more so, indeed, than science can permit in the statement of its conclusions. We therefore recommend the employment of the following formula, ‘An Earthen Jug of Alcoholic Spirits,’ as the proper expression for the phenomenon, when it is desired to call attention to its leading characteristic, such as the luminous nose, the accumulation of adipose matter, and the like, in the production of which alcohol has been found to be a leading auxiliary agent. But your committee does not desire to be understood as recommending this expression for general or indiscriminate use, as an adequate or exhaustive designation. It is only for the subsidiary purpose indicated that the recommendation is made.

“In the investigation of the theory upon which the explanation of the phenomenon has hitherto rested, it became apparent that the entire structure is based on the assumption of an article called ‘grace’ as the efficient cause in the production of the phenomenon. The circumstances, alleged by some as being contributory, have been proved by experiments, crucial in their nature (see appendix), to be adverse, and their efficiency, therefore, is purely hypothetical. From a careful review of these experiments, your committee would state, by way of parenthesis, that they cannot recommend starvation and torture as practical methods, where the object to be attained is to store up adipose matter in a vital organism, or even where the well-being of that organism is the object in view. The results of these experiments can leave no doubt upon the scientific mind that the assumption of the article called ‘grace’ as the efficient cause is the sole foundation for the theory in question; and your committee recommend a modification in the spelling of this term by the insertion of the vowel ‘e’ before the ‘a,’ and by inserting the consonant ‘s’ after the latter vowel in the original, so that ‘grace’ may read ‘grease.’ This recommendation rests upon the fact that astronomy has failed to find in space, geography on the surface of the earth, geology in the structure of the earth, chemistry in the sixty-two elements that constitute the aggregates of air, fire, earth and water, an article anyway analagous in its operation, or alleged appearance, to the thing called ‘grace.’ Nor have the cognate branches of science been more successful in the organic sphere, all of which abundantly appears from reports given in the appendix. Indeed, science in its entire scope, both natural and, if the expression may be allowed, unnatural, with all the resources at its command, has utterly failed to identify this alleged cause. But the recommendation of your committee does not rest upon this negative conclusion, however great the presumption in its fa-

vor. Happily for science, it is no longer in a condition to rest its conclusion upon mere negative results. But, as in the present instance, where the existence, or the nonexistence, of an alleged cause is called in question, it fortifies its negative evidence with the irresistible force of affirmative fact by producing the effect to be accounted for from causes wholly within its resources and control, and thus renders the alleged cause not merely hypothetical and doubtful, as to its existence, but wholly superfluous. In the matter in question, analysis has demonstrated that the effect to be accounted for is the accumulation of grease in an organic body. Science, in accordance with its well-known principle, that like produces like, attributes this effect to its appropriate, efficient and exclusive cause—grease!

"The abnormal enlargement of ears, and want of cranial development in the subject, so admirably treated in the physiological report, is happily accounted for by the extraordinary demands made upon these organs when employed in eaves-dropping in every quarter of the world at once and a consequent absorption by them of the cranial development to which they are attached.

"In conclusion, your committee would recommend the reference of the results obtained to the Technological Department, with a view of determining how far the important industry of soap manufacturing might look to this source for supplies of raw material in the future; and, in order to bar all claims of priority, they especially reserve to themselves the right of recommending in their final report the adoption of the expression, 'Soap Grease Factory,' as the appropriate and exhaustive designation, to the exclusion of every other, when the phenomenon is referred to in its entirety."

When I had finished, after musing for some time, Mr. H—— remarked: "Well, and what objection have you to the report, what amendment to suggest that it should not be received unanimously?"

"None in the world! But I read it only as a specimen, to call your attention to the actual state of affairs, to the debate, the see-saw in progress, with a view to asking you the question—what chance is there under the circumstances for any continuity of interpretation of forms of expression? Tower of Babel, confusion of tongues! Bless you, man, what is that to the chasm between thought and no thought? Between Greece, Grace and Grease? Between Greece, Alexandria and the European forest primeval? Between Apollo, with the Muses nine, and Thor, with his hammer? You interpret only the known, and the process by which the latter becomes adequate to receive has many stages, and at each it is firmly convinced, must be so, that it is already adequate. In addition to this, the past expression itself ceases to be adequate. In the presence of growth and development, the literal becomes symbolic, prophetic only; true as germ, but untrue as realized, as adequately expressed truth."

"Don't, Henry! Don't jump off to a new difficulty. Do let us come to a clear understanding of the first, before we look forward. As I gather from your disjointed talk, quotations and readings, you mean to say that a great truth realized by human thought, two thousand or more years ago, suffered in its transmission from age to age, and from peoples to peoples, such injuries as to its external form that its own authors would not recognize it; and that it requires rediscovery, re-expression, before it can be of service to the age in which we live."

"Yes, and you might add that every generation must rediscover, revivify for itself, the results of all its predecessors, and that is the root of the difficulty and of the misunderstandings that grow around the subject. Nay, if we were to take this into consideration perhaps we might want to move an amendment to the report of the committee to which we listened a moment ago, especially as regards that proposed reference of the results obtained to the Department of Technology."

"Why, on what account?"

"Prematurity! It might be regarded a little premature for such a reference. If it is true that each generation has to rediscover the intellectual achievements of its predecessors, in order to revivify them for itself, it seems to me that would imply that man, to-day even, is born a barbarian, just as he was a thousand years ago; and in that case he would know as little, and as much, naturally about the world into which he is born as he did then; and he might need all the appliances, not perhaps in the same form, that he ever did. But as you say, I expect we might gather some such conclusion as you mention from what I said, although if you think it over again, you might find even more than that; you might also find the reason for it, which I am not always in the habit of nominating as something that needs to have attention called to. I simply take it for granted that it is the reason for and of what is that we are after.

"I did not try to intimate that the thought of our race, as developed two thousand years ago in Greece and Alexandria, had suffered obscurity in its transmission to a barbaric people, our ancestors; not merely through the inability of that people, in their original condition, to receive it, but also through the situation in which those who brought it to them were placed; that this situation led to a perversion of the results of that thought, not as a matter of design, not of malice of forethought, but by the facts of the day, as they compelled recognition. They came as teachers to a barbaric people. They adopted methods and employed means dictated by the purpose to be accomplished, together with the circumstances under which that purpose had to be accomplished. These means and methods were transmitted from generation to generation and, in process of time, surpassed in importance the end the accomplishment of which gave them existence. In the meantime, that end, the transmission of the highest

results of human thought to a barbaric people, had not been left altogether behind. In proportion as the teacher laid more and more stress upon his means and methods, the people outgrew them, until debate ensued. In this debate it appears that the teacher himself has forgotten the thing he was sent to teach—except in so far as it formed part and portion of the means and methods, the mere externalities in question. But all forms are necessarily obscured if the spirit that created has abandoned them. They are food for powder—food for the insatiable appetite of that spirit itself. Because—”

“No, Henry, don't. I will grant that form as such is hull! Just follow the thought you were developing.”

“Well; that being the case, the pupil has an easy time of it in maintaining his side of the question, but, in the meantime, what is that debate to you or me? A last year's bird's nest! What concern have we with the question whether the means and methods employed to transmit the highest results of human thought to a barbaric people were true or not? That people has ceased to be barbaric—as is witnessed by the fact of the existence of the debate. We need not listen to what the debate has to say!

“What were and are the results of thought that were transmitted, that have wrought this change? That have changed that people from a barbaric horde into the nations that to-day hold in their hand the sceptre of power over the earth? Was this change wrought by virtue of, or despite the thought transmitted? These are the questions, it seems to me, that are of interest, for they alone will give us an insight into the inside of the world that concerns you and me—the world that wields that power.”

“You everlastingly return to the same point. Nothing seems worthy of consideration but that.”

“Nothing but that! As the first at hand. You see, that world endowed me with rights and prerogatives while still in my mother's womb; and, as I entered the light of day, it received me right royally, as a person—as a being of consequence! It had prepared for my advent. All things necessary for my existence were at hand, and over me, helpless, but one remove from the inane, it stood majestically, sword in hand, denouncing death and destruction to all and each that should dare with intent or purpose to interfere with my being. Thus it helped me to infancy, through infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood—assisting, guiding, guarding my every step. And now, with manhood's early prime, it places that sword in my hand. From the assisted, guided, guarded, I am called to assist, to guide and to guard; and how can I find time for other inquiries until this so wondrously strange existence, that claims me as its own, is transparent, is known to me?”

“Well, you have succeeded in enticing me back again into your Circe's Garden. But—”

“You don't mean to insinuate that my room is Circe's Garden? Have you forgotten your Homer?”

“Forgotten my Homer? And where does Homer come in?”

“When he describes Circe's Garden! But, I see. You have not forgotten, you merely have never read your Homer!”

“But, Henry, I did not want to lose the thread of our talk. You seem bent on jumping off at every side path from the main road. At every bush, tree or old stump you have to stop, and with the slightest opportunity you switch around it and are off in the woods. We started with the simple question, why you should use old expressions for new thought! You answer, we ought not if the thought is new. You then start off to illustrate how the expression of thought becomes obsolete, and the thought itself, the meaning of the expression, lost, by citing the conflict of that thought first with barbarism and then with science; and while doing this, you always keep your eye fixed upon the one question you have at heart—the explanation of the world created by man, as you call it. Now, why not give me the thought itself that your illustration seems to assume has existed, show its identity with the thought you express, and the whole question is resolved.”

“But, whose fault is it, Will, that I don't—yours or mine? The steadiest of teams can be spoiled by a driver that doesn't know 'ge' from 'haw!' Who asks these questions that refer merely to subsidiary or collateral matters? I'm not reading to you a dialogue by Plato, in which the speaker has a certain set of dummies to talk to, who cannot give an answer, or put a question, except such as will suit the purposes of the author! It is you who makes me talk, not I you. I am the instrument you play on. If the time, movement or melody of the tune doesn't suit you, please mend your fingering!”

“Well, I don't know but that there is something in what you say; and I think we had better drop the subject for this evening, with the understanding that I will think the matter over and be prepared to ask my questions with some degree of system when we meet again. I begin to be interested in the matter, and should like to get your sincere opinions—whatever they may be.”

“All I have, Will, are at your service—but one thing you must always remember, and that is, that we are talking about these matters!”

“What do you mean by that? Of course, we are talking about them. But, what's the difference, whether we are talking or writing about them, so we understand each other?”

“No difference that I can see. But, there might be a difference if we could let these matters themselves talk. In that case, you see, there would be less danger of misapprehension, no middle man, as it were—we would look the matter itself in the eye and listen to what it had to say for itself.”

“That would be an excellent contrivance, if we could make sticks and stones talk! But, I am afraid that with all the inventive genius of the age, it will

be some time before the patent office will have to pass upon a device of that kind."

"I think it likely, although perhaps not for the reason that you do. You seem to think it too difficult, while I regard it as too insignificant. The sticks and stones could only tell us what they are, and man has contrived to find that out, but we were not talking about sticks and stones, we were talking about the thought of the human race, and to it speech is not an accomplishment to be acquired; it is bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh—doesn't exist without it. When I said let these matters themselves talk, I did not say make them talk, as you seem to have understood. There is no necessity for that. Human thought is not without speech. The thing wanted is listeners. The matter that I wanted to call your attention to was that in reflecting upon the subject in order to prepare or arrange your question, you might not overlook this point, as it will make all the difference in the world in the outcome. You see, if we talk about human thought, we have all the world before us; nothing comes amiss; we can go with becoming dignity from heaven through the world to hell—as the poet has it—or, with a hop, skip and a jump, from hell through the world to heaven. On the other hand, if we have to listen to human thought, give voice to its speech, our caprice is gone, our smartness amounts to nothing, for the time being; it has the floor, as they say in parliamentary language. We are listeners until it is done, no interrupting the speaker, as it were."

"But, who cares for such a speaker? Who wants to listen under such rules of procedure?"

"Who cares for such a speaker? Most assuredly, human thought doesn't. Who wants to listen? Nobody that I know of. Under such rules of procedure? I did not prescribe them. I only read them. There they are, and such is the cunning contrivance of the auditorium that it enforces obedience to these rules, automatically. Infringe them even in thought, ever so slightly, and you hear nothing but gibberish."

"Well, Henry, let us drop the matter for to-night. You know—but no, I have not told you—I'm going to stay with you. I mean I have concluded to remain in St. Louis, and we shall have abundant opportunity to pursue these matters further. In the meantime, how would you like to listen to a wise man from the east? I understand Mr. Alcott, of Concord, will be here to lecture or deliver conversations, and I should like for you to meet him. He is an original, and is looked up to by such men as Mr. Emerson. I have heard him and don't know what to make of him. Will you go if I make the arrangements?"

"Certainly, if he talks at night. But, Will, I am glad you are going to stay with us. It will remind me sometimes of the days when I lived in a world of froth and fiction, and thought it a heaven on earth, wholly oblivious of the fact that it was created out of mist. But have you made any practical engagements?"

"Yes, and no! I have a position, yes, more than one offered to me, but am undecided which to accept, or whether to accept any. I sometimes feel that I ought to devote the next years to come to study exclusively, especially when I talk with you and see with what empty stuff I have filled my mind and and wasted my time."

"Are the positions offered in your profession?"

"Both in and out. I can go into a banking house or take an important position on the press. What do you think is best? Take either, or ought I to devote my whole time to study? But, of course, you will advise the latter course."

"No. My advice is, stick to your profession. Life viewed from its practical side resembles the crossing of a ditch with a running jump. To stop, after you have made the run, will lose you the impetus gained. Every day's exertion, in a practical vocation, renders its task easier for the day that follows, both by skill gained and habit acquired. Then, as to study. Nothing will assist you more in filling the empty stuff, as you call it, which you have accumulated with meaning than a vocation in life earnestly, cheerfully followed. It furnishes at once a content for the forms we acquire in youth, and also the measure by which we can judge of the value of these forms, especially a vocation so nearly akin to the general, to life in its totality, as the press. Of course, what is true of every function of civil society is true of this; the higher it stands, the more general its scope, the baser it becomes in its perversion; and the more injurious to individual character. This, however, is not inherent in the function, but in the abuse of it. To guard against that, you have manhood. Your danger, as I take it, is glitter, but without it there would be no light, and a desire for the one, if intense enough, will inevitably result in the other. The applause of the groundlings alone will soon satiate, and to command that of the gods, become a necessity. In addition to this, there is room here. Virgin forests abound in every direction, where you can carve your name in the finest of trees, and see the letters become bolder and bolder from year to year; you need not use a barn door, or the door of some other outhouse, for that purpose, as some have to do, in the crowded centers. Considered from any side, I think, your resolution is a wise one; only go to work to-morrow morning, don't wait until next day."

"I will do it, Henry; and to-morrow evening I shall call and we shall go to hear Mr. Alcott."

November 2, 1856.

Lost all the evening listening to Mr. Alcott. No, it was not a clear loss, for the man is clean—in the sense that he avoids the mud. "A remarkable case of reversion," said I, on the way to my room, to the eager questions of Mr. H——.

"What do you mean, is he not original?"

"Yes, if the re-appearance of Ammonius Saccas,

that is, Ammonius the sack carrier, the peddler, as we would say now, can be called original."

"But, who is Ammonius Saccas?"

"An Egyptian, founder of the Neoplatonic philosophy, who lived in the second and third century of our era, died in the year 243. He loafed around Alexandria, like the great Grecian assumption hunter, Socrates, had loafed about Athens, some five or six hundred years before, and talked with people that had nothing else to do but gas and listen to others gassing. It was a favorite way of communication between man and man, almost the only way at the time, for, while they had a written language, it was only written; they had no printing press to render the printed word accessible to all. It is appropriate that Mr. A—— should revive, or attempt to revive, this infantile method, because of the matter he has to communicate! This itself is as old as the method and as capable of meeting the wants of the day."

"And you mean to say that Mr. Alcott is not original, in both thought and action?" Mr. H—— asked, as we entered my room.

"He is simply odd in both, and original in neither. Egyptian mummy wrappage is not a new invention, and the walking of the streets of Boston or Concord, habited in such toggerly, may attract attention, but is hardly calculated to set a new fashion. The thing of interest is the appearance of the man, when and where he lived, and whence he came. If you reflect upon that, it will indicate how utterly the spirit, the meaning has been lost, out of the forms employed to transmit it. Remember this man is no idle visionary, nor a frivolous notoriety hunter. He is simply a sincere and earnest man, who has found the solutions of life's mysteries, propounded to him in the sacred places, unsatisfactory; and is striving to find and utter what his soul craves. He was told, as we were, that God made the world, in the first six days of the year one, according to Moses; that, in doing so, He meant well, but that somehow the things did not run exactly to suit Him, and He sent His only Son to straighten matters out. That His Son found a hard job of it, and had finally to submit to an ignominious death, in order to accomplish His mission, and that even then, it amounted only to a saving of a very small per cent of the investment. Now, this answer was no answer to him, any more than it is to you or to me; and he has burrowed 'round until he hit upon some fraction of the works of Iamblichus, or even Plotinus, perhaps. The latter was a pupil of Ammonius Saccas, and the former a disciple of Plotinus; and from them he has picked up a part of the philosophical idea concerning the universe, as it was subsequently developed into much more concrete form by Proclus. Thus, in attempting to deal with the question—how is multiplicity, the multiplicity of objects that present themselves to our intelligence, derived from unity—the subject of his discourse to-night—he adopts the theory of

emanation, which we find in these authors—that is to say, in Plotinus, as opposed to the theory of evolution, held by others, who state from what they suppose to be the diametrically opposite pole."

"How is that?"

"The emanationists commence with the One, which they call God, but wholly inscrutable, wholly unknown and unknowable. They proceed, however, to describe, and every description ends with 'but He is more than this.' From this unsayable, unknowable, they predicate, conceptively, of course, that is, by figures of speech or imagination, as the very term 'emanate' shows—a resultant, an effect, very nearly identical with the One, not quite, but very nearly so—as you heard to-night. From this second, a third is derived, in the same way, and of the same character—that is, a little lower, not quite up to the excellence of its cause, the second, and so down, from God-head to atom."

"The opposite theory, or what takes itself for such, also starts with unity, and evolves thence the multiplicity. They call it matter, however, and are quite certain that their first is the very opposite of the first of the emanationists. With them the wholly formless eventuates in a cell, the cell in a bunch of cells, and so on up to man."

"But, what is the difficulty of the view presented by Mr. Alcott?"

"There is no difficulty about it except when you commence to think of it; and then it amounts to nothing, as you can see for yourself. They start with the One, unknowable, inscrutable. Of course, consistently they ought to stop right there, for what can be deduced from the unknown? But, they proceed to regard it as the cause of a second, a little, a very little, less than the first. It is important to make the difference as small as possible, or the student might gag at it, and the theorist would not have an opportunity to get in his graduation, observable in the multiplicity presented for explanation. You see, in deference to the old assumption, that like begets like, the two, first and second, ought to resemble each other like two peas from the same pod; indeed, the more they are alike the better—as we heard to-night. The difficulty, however, is they differ by the full diameter of the universe—are as unlike as difference and identity themselves. For, we are told that one is self-existent, primordial being, and the other is created, derived being; their resemblance, therefore, is like the resemblance between independence and dependence; the resemblance that differs by all the difference there is. With one bound we whiz down from God-head, the uncreated and self-existent, to atom, the derived, the created; and our beautiful fabric of gods, demi-gods, angels, men, down to mud, vanishes in thin air—and that is what we got for our evening's time. For, Mr. Alcott has not even read the man whose opinions he tries to peddle about; that is to say, he has not mastered the thought of the period in its entirety.

He has picked up the weak side, the conceptive forms by which those thinkers endeavor to bridge over the chasm between unity and multiplicity, for which Plotinus, for example, uses among others the image of a spring, the source of rivers, itself undiminished—in all their crudities and is utterly lost in the mazes of their fancies. Had he applied himself and swept the deck, as we say in steamboat phrase, got to the bottom of the thought of the school he has stumbled on, seized that thought in its matured forms, as expressed in Proclus, he would have recognized the shaft where the fathers of Christian theology dug the gold for their forms of 'God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.' But, instead of that, he revels in the miraculous theology of Iamblichus, as we see it in the life of Pythagoras by that author."

"But what about the other theory, evolution. It doesn't present any difficulty, does it?"

"Oh, no! It only begets something from nothing! That's all. Matter, the formless, eventuates in mind, absolute forms, of course, by degrees; like the other arrives from absolute form at the formless. Both are theories in an eminent degree. They account for a circle by drawing a straight line. Whence this water? From the river. Whence the river? From the spring, away up yonder! You see, it is the nature of water to run down hill; now, away up yonder there is a spring, and out of that the water boils, and then runs down hill all the way until it passes your door. How long has it been running down hill? Oh, nobody can tell. Always! Always, that is a long time! I wonder why it has not got all down by this time?"

"We live in Asia, and see a mighty stream boiling out of the earth. We follow down its course, and the farther we go the less it becomes, until it is utterly lost in the sand. But, our neighbors live in Europe. They too see a river born, only it is a mere brooklet. But, following down its course, they observe it is increased by additions from without. The farther it flows the larger it grows, until the brook becomes a stream, and the stream a mighty river, with the commerce of nations on its bosom.

"Both see the mighty stream of things of Heraclitus, and each applies to it the images which he has picked up from his surroundings. But, do they answer the question? The stream runs down hill, but why has it not got there by this time? How does it happen that it keeps on running?"

"Ah, I see. The water, some while running down and some after it gets down is etherealized, arises in the form of vapor, and is lost in air. In this form it envelopes the globe, and, by what we call the meteorological process, it, from time to time, that is constantly, now here, now there, changes back again into water. Of course, I see now why it keeps on running down hill, because I see how it gets up there, and this too answers the first question, whence the water. I see it, as a factor, result, consequence, or whatever name I apply to it, of a process, an integral

of a whole, of a circular activity, in which it is both cause and effect, ground and consequence, end and means! It was in this sense that the thinkers of Alexandria—not its miracle mongers, who thought, because they heard their masters teach that the Divine is within man, that therefore they must endow their masters with all the fabulous performances which the imagination is so fond of attributing to the Divine—stood by the stream of events and change, as seen by Heraclitus. They used the picture of the stream, of emanation, of radiation even, for the transition from unity to multiplicity, it is true, but they were far from stopping there. They were masters of the thought that had preceded them, from the One, the being of Parmenides, to the One, of self-conscious thought—the thought that thinks itself, of Aristotle. To them the stream of events was not the squirt from a box-elder instrument, in the hands of a big boy, but a section of the self-dependent, self-sustaining process of the universe. All the dialectic of Plato is at their command, and with significance such as even Plato himself never saw in it. They were in possession of every element of the idea, its resolution from ideality into reality, and from reality back into ideality; what they did not have was its logical form—the form through which it alone seizes and compels conviction. If Mr. Alcott had penetrated to this thought, he would not be peddling emanation theories with Pythagorean dietary notions, and cut up shines, such as are reported of him, as a member of society and a citizen of the State. I do not mean to say that he is reported even as a bad man—but as one who does not see his place in the institutional world of man, and denies that there is one for him—he, such an extraordinary reversion! He would have seen—"

"What? I am curious to know. Don't stop."

"No, I only wanted to find a note which I penciled down some years ago, when I studied these authors! Oh, here it is. Shall I read it?"

"By all means, if it is pertinent to the subject."

"You can judge of that, after you hear it. It says; 'Philo, the Jew, was born twenty years before Christ, and outlived the latter. He was distinguished for his knowledge of the Platonic philosophy, and his method of interpreting the Old Testament, that is, the sacred book of the Jews, by allegorizing the text as a vehicle for Platonic thought. This method was subsequently followed by the fathers of the church, in regard to the life and thoughts of Christ, as recorded in the New Testament. Instead of Platonic, however, they drew the thought from Neoplatonic sources, chiefly from Plotinus and Proclus. They precipitated events into thought, and thus made the latter typical of human life, the thought they obtained as stated, and fitted the events to it. It was in this way that the one obtained reality, and the other significance, commensurate with the highest development of the race. The process up to that time had been for thought to create its own events,

through the life of specially chosen disciples. But now the life of all human life as such became the content, and the thought of the race its exposition and guidance. The one life of Gallilee, in its birth, renunciation, death and ascension, at first typifies and then becomes the process of the universe: First, in its self-determination, diremption, negation, signifying the birth, the eternally begot Son; secondly, the negation of this negation, the renunciation and death of this Son; third, the absolute affirmation—the ascension into spiritual existence of the Son.

"This viewed as the life and being of the Son of Man, the second Adam; Adam Kadmon—that is, man as such—man generically, and we have human life in its significance as a factor of the process.

"This life begins in an off nature, the unconscious, the external, the spacial, the side by side, the outside of itself, the other as such, the negative of spirit. Its function in the process is to invert this, to negate this negation. From unconscious to transform it into conscious, and thence through self-consciousness into spiritual being, into pure knowing; to turn the external into the internal, the spacial into ideality, the negative of spirit back into spirit. Hence, the doctrine of total depravity, that man is not by nature as he should be; of redemption through Christ, of a triune god—all these are mere correlation of the philosophical idea, which the fathers of the church derived from the Neoplatonic philosophy, and interpreted into the New Testament Scriptures, as Philo interpreted Platonic ideas into the Old."

"Who says this? From whom are you reading?"

"Who says this, in so many words? Nobody, that I know of—in thought and fact every history of human thought, if it deserves the name, will furnish you the data, from which you will have to say it. From whom am I reading? From myself; from memoranda which I made when I was studying the development of thought in the world. It was my habit to drive down stakes, here and there, into the ground, in order not to lose myself in the subterranean workings of this mole, whose hills are visible enough on the surface, for they constitute what are called the events of history, but whose workings are not quite so readily followed."

"And you think Mr. Alcott would have seen this?"

"How could he have helped but see it? And not only this, but he would have seen that the world as then existing—the world into which the idea was born—the Roman despotism, was doomed. Nay, beyond that, he must have seen how this idea created could not help but create its own world out of and upon the ruins which it caused, and the barbarism which it found; its own world into which, he, Mr. Alcott was born—a world called by those who furnished the ground plan 'The Kingdom of Heaven,' by way of contrasting it with what then was the Roman world. Had he possessed himself of the whole thought, instead of the defective expressions

of one phase of it, he would have recognized in the triplicity of function established by the constitution of his own world, the executive, legislative and judicial, quite a recognizable feature of the idea, even if only in an external way, and in the instrument itself something else than 'a league with the devil and a covenant with hell'. Just imagine a Caligula in the audience, how he would have shouted 'and damnation' in redundant emendation of the phrase! And yet we could not have blamed the big boy with the squirt gun; he was the embodiment of squirt gun theories, and what else is the idea to him but damnation, utter and dire damnation! He would also have seen—I mean Mr. Alcott, not Mr. Caligula—in civil society something more than a mere fortuitous agglomerate created by 'an innate tendency to truck,' as Adam Smith has it—he would have seen a rational organization, through which the individual becomes generalized, through his own act and deed—his single insignificance into the significance, his poverty into the resources, his caprice into the freedom of the race. He would have seen each work for all and all work for each, without riding antediluvian, communistic abstractions!"

"How do you make that out?"

"I mold my skillet. In doing this I am taskmaster and employer of the tailor who cuts and sews my garments, the spinner and weaver who furnishes the cloth, the collector and producer of the fiber, the raw material that enters the cloth. I also employ the shoemaker who makes my foot gear, the tanner and finisher who furnishes the leather, and the producer of the hide, of the tan bark, lime, hen guano, oil, tallow, lampblack, used in converting it into leather. The farmer sows, plants and harvests for me—whether in Asia, Africa, Europe, Illinois, or Missouri; whether he raises corn, wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, beans, peas, pumpkins, water or muskmelons; or cotton, sugar, coffee or tea; lemons, oranges, pine or other apples, pears or plums. The common carrier transports, the huckster peddles, the banker makes exchange, the builder builds, the butcher butchers, the baker bakes, the cook cooks for me—of course, just for the present, I do this latter myself.

"Then, I have another set of employes, busy inventorying for me what there is to be found upon, within, under and above the earth. And another set to weigh and measure what is found. Still another set to look into earth, air, fire and water, to see what they are made of. Then, the artists to show what they were intended to be."

"Stop, man! If all these are your employes, how do you manage to keep them to their task?"

"In the simplest way in the world—even by attending to my own well. For, while I am taskmaster for all of these, for productive industry as a whole, I am such only in so far as they are taskmasters for me; now, if I fail to attend to my own task well, they will not buy my ware, and I stand discharged.

both as employe and employer. But, as long as I do, as long as I produce not what I want, but am governed by the common, the general purpose, I have them. They take my ware, they employ me, and, in turn, I step into the market and pass sentence by choosing or rejecting as suits my wants, am employer in my own person. In this way, and for this reason, the thing is self-sustaining, a rational whole, in which each member is both end and means; and every unit is permeated by the common purpose—self-perpetuation.

"Now, how could a man, with a mind not occupied with squirt-gun theories, or, 'innate' nonsense, look at such an existence, when it is in actual being—when he himself lives, moves and has his being in, through and by virtue of it, without recognizing in it a realization of the idea; the idea which human thought has found, as underlying, or creating every organic existence, and the universe first of all? You will observe how busy the thing is throughout! Each unit attending to its own affairs, and the whole to nobody else's. Then, the completeness of the thing—no overseer, no outside interference, automatic accuracy throughout."

"But, what about that big fellow, with the sword, the Government?"

"Don't you see the legend he keeps pointing out with that sword—'Here you reap what you sow!' That is it. That is the bodily presence of the common purpose. Yonder, it is present in each unit only—they are all actuated by this purpose, and in that sense it is the general purpose. Each seeks to perpetuate himself, but himself only! Now, this common purpose, as such, as common, as the purpose of the community, realized into independent actuality, is the Government—your fellow with the sword, pointing to that legend, 'Here you reap what you sow!' All of it, no less, no more.

"You observe, this helps wonderfully. It guarantees to me the result of my endeavor, and clears the way between me and my purpose of perpetuating myself by my endeavor. You also observe that he, the big fellow, has no purpose of his own to carry into effect, is only the purpose of the community; and that is the reason I said, no outside interference, no overseer, but guard only. The embodiment of the purpose of the community, he always says 'We,' in mediating the individual with the general purpose. It is a chain, the one—many, made of many links—not the string on which pearls are strung, that requires the heart of the jewel to be pierced. Take away the links and there is no continuity left!"

"Good-night, Henry. We will tackle this again; I must to the office now. You know I am harnessed, and not roaming at large. I will be over to-morrow afternoon, to study for an hour or two. Good-night."

November 3, 1856.

Rented out the two last floors of my house, this morning, to a person recommended by Mr. O. D.

F——, a widow of remarkable business tact and energy of character. She was left with three small children, comparatively destitute, by the untimely death of her husband, who lost his life by the explosion of the boilers of a steamboat, on which he was employed at the time as mate. She has managed to maintain herself and little ones by letting furnished rooms to gentlemen; and the oldest children, two boys, are already beginning to assist her, so that her "darkest days are over"—as she expressed it, with a cheerfulness that is infectious.

Received a letter from Mr. Fromme. He is delighted with the plat of the village, especially with the sites for seminary, church and parsonage. Have sent him the power of attorney, with blank forms of deeds, so that the business will not get tangled; and the people will not be delayed in their building operations. It is remarkable with what avidity man seems inclined to trust his fellow, the moment he has the slightest foundation to put that trust upon. The parson reports that there are three houses being built in the village upon lots which the persons building them have no title to, nor even the promise of one. The contingencies of life and death even are lost sight of, or ignored, so that they may enjoy the luxury of placing unlimited confidence in a fellow being.

Mr. H—— called and seemed to have prepared himself to put me through a course of sprouts.

"From your notes, Henry, I gather that you think the ancients had discovered the true solution of the riddle of the universe, in assigning self-conscious intelligence as the final cause of the aggregate of objects that present themselves to our minds for explanation. You call this the philosophical idea, and maintain that it was recognized by the Neoplatonists of Alexandria, and thence filtered, or carried into the forms of Christian theology, by the fathers of the church. That, partly through the church, and partly through the various forms of communication between the east and the west, it took possession of Europe, and created what is ordinarily called the Christian civilization, which in its power dominates the earth to-day. Now, I infer from this that you also hold that we cannot understand that civilization unless we possess ourselves of the idea that gave it existence, and the question that has suggested itself to my mind is, how can we do that?"

"When we want to possess ourselves of the mathematical idea, where do we go?"

"To Euclid, and from him through Descartes down to our own day."

"Certainly. And how about the idea of art—where do we go for that?"

"To Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Aristophanes, for poetry; to Phidias and his school, for sculpture, and to the Ionians, Corinthians, etc., for architecture."

"Yes; and where do we get the logic taught in our colleges?"

"From Aristotle, of course."

"There is nothing remarkable ~~then~~ in the circumstance that we should have to go to the same quarter for the philosophical idea, which is nothing more than the consciousness of all of these various forms of intelligence—is there?"

"No, nothing remarkable. But my question is, has that been done, and if so, by whom?"

"It has been done, but as far as I know, by no English writing man or woman. Understand, I do not claim to be an authority on the subject, I only mean that if there are books of this kind, in our language, they have escaped my inquiry. Understand further, that I am speaking of the philosophical idea as such, expressed in its own form, the form of thought as such, and not of that idea in the conceptive forms, which the intelligence of the day finds inadequate, and is and has been calling in question, during the last one or two hundred years. For some twelve to fifteen hundred years these forms were all that the intelligence of our ancestors demanded, but in the sixteenth century a question arose—"

"By whom, and what was the nature of it?"

"By one of the men you mentioned just now, as having elaborated the mathematical idea, Descartes, to whom we owe analytic geometry. Up to his time the thought of our ancestors was satisfied with these conceptive forms, and busily engaged to support a preconceived opinion. Hand me that scrap book there, please. I think there is description in there of the method in vogue up to that time, that cannot be improved upon. Ah, there it is—"

"The main point is, that all the talkers, the Greeks who have become Christians, no less than the Islamites (Mohammedans) in founding their principles did not follow the nature of things, or derive anything from that source, but only kept in view what the nature of things ought to be, in order to support their assertions, or, at least, not to contradict them; then afterwards they claimed the facts were thus and so, and supported this with reasons and principles, however irrelevant they might be. They only asserted what supported their opinions, no matter how remotely, even if derived through a hundred consequences. This was the method followed by the learned, and then they asserted that they arrived at their results purely through investigation regardless of preconceived opinions."

"From whom did you copy that?"

"From Moses Maimonides, a Jew, who lived in the twelfth century in Egypt. He describes the method in vogue, which proved satisfactory up to the time of Descartes—although there had been some heat lightning upon the mental horizon, now and then, more or less significant. But, Descartes demanded certitude; and this the conceptive forms cannot give. He sweeps the mind clean of every content, and

then places himself at the door, and demands the authority of whatever presents itself for entrance—"

"No entrance here except upon presentation of certificate satisfactory to the undersigned"—is the motto on the lintel. And, you will observe, how universally that motto has been adopted by the thinking portion of mankind. Certitude—the principle that has validity for me, must approve itself before the tribunal of my conviction. This is the attitude.

"As a sample of the certitude demanded, he says 'Cogito ergo sum'—I think, therefore I am. I can abstract from everything but not from the abstractor. I can abstract, but I must be before I can. He keeps this as a sample, as a standard of comparison. 'Everything to which I accord validity must be as certain to me as this,' says he.

"He does not proceed to convert this certitude into truth through the activity of thought, that is—as might be expected; but proceeds, sample in hand, so to speak, to examine the pile of rubbish out of doors, to see what, if any of it, can be entertained under the conditions announced. Here he comes across a piece from the eleventh century, known as the ontological evidence, or proof of the existence of God, gotten up originally by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury—to the effect that 'The human mind contains the conception of the greatest.' This conception vouches for the existence of its object by its size; for if the object did not exist, the conception would not be the greatest, as the mere conception of an object is less than the conception and the object. This, in his judgment, passes muster, and he adopts it as true.

"But the attitude he has assumed is the thing—not what he sees in that attitude. It is this attitude that is assumed by the spirit of the age, and Mr. Descartes' seeing is reviewed from that attitude. It, the spirit of the age, proceeds to say—'We have the conception of the greatest. Is it true? Does it correspond with its object?' That is the question. You say, it must be true: first, because we have it. Agreed, in the sense that we find it in that lumber garret, usually called consciousness. So did the ancient Egyptians, and applied it to a cat—that was the greatest for them. Second, it is true because it is the greatest, and if you take away something, it is not.

"You assert then that the conception, as such, will be lessened or augmented by the existence or non-existence of the object; but how can that be, unless they are identical, the very thing to be proven. You cannot lessen or augment one genius by the existence or non-existence of another. Here is the conception. There is the object. For the conception to be true, it must have an object to correspond with; and for the object to be true, it must correspond with a conception. The conception does not become less, or greater, by the existence or the non-existence of the object, but it becomes true or false; and the object does not diminish or swell up

in size for the want of this correspondence—but is nugatory.

"Again, we have the concept greatest, perfect, highest and the like; we have, but are they necessary ones? And this question is not answered by saying we find them in our consciousness—as was supposed by the first laborers in the field, who applied themselves to inventory our possessions of that kind, such as Locke and Kant. Nothing short of a final analysis of human knowing is demanded, to answer this question."

"But, how could that determine whether the given concept is a necessary one?"

"In the same way, I imagine that Mr. F—— determines what material, implements, skill and labor are necessary to accomplish his purpose—the making and marketing of stoves; or, in the same way that the builder of a steam engine determines the various parts of the machine, and the relations which they sustain to each other, in order to realize the purpose to be accomplished by the machine.

"You've been in our shop. You have seen that we make hundreds of stoves every week. Now, suppose the pieces of plate, out of which these stoves are finally put together, were all thrown into a pile, indiscriminately, just as they come from the foundry—do you think all the work done, up to that stage, would be lost?"

"No. I don't think so."

"But, what could we do with that pile of plate?"

"You would set men to work to sort it out, I suppose."

"What do you mean by sorting out?"

"Put like with like."

"Precisely. We would set men to work who could distinguish the various pieces that go to make up the stove, the one from the other, and tell them to put each kind into a pile by itself. This you observe would be analyzing the confused heap into its constituent parts—into as many piles as there are pieces in the stove, and the eye of the moulder, the man whose business it is to put the stoves together out of these pieces, could tell at a glance whether all the pieces which he needs for the stove, that are necessary for his purpose, were there or not. He would know this, because he knows the purpose that each piece subserves in producing the final result—the stove. He would see what is wanting, what is necessary, because he sees the final purpose. It is by this knowledge, and by it alone, that he determines whether the piece in his hand or under his eye is necessary or not. Now, I apprehend that when we speak of a conception, or generally, of a determination of the mind, and want to find out whether it is a necessary one or not, we have to proceed very much in the same way that the moulder does. We find the object in question, ordinarily, in the confused heap called human knowing. This ought, first of all, to be analyzed into its constituent elements. Nor has that cunning fellow that I referred to, the

spirit of the age, been unmindful of this. Mr. Descartes had no sooner placed himself in that attitude, than various persons were set to work to sort out that heap into something like order; because, you see, it became important, as none of this lumber could obtain credence, entertainment, without credentials, to do something by way of supplying these. Of course, these people were guided in their work by mere resemblance, mere external likeness, as you expressed it—putting like with like."

"But, what evidence, what guarantee did they furnish that they had sorted out the whole heap?"

"Their word!"

"And, did the different parties agree, as to the number of piles into which they sorted the mass?"

"No, some had more and some had fewer in number—as it happened that one saw differences which the other overlooked."

"But, what benefit could your wonderfully cunning fellow, the spirit of the age, derive from such work? How did this tend to bring order out of confusion?"

"Well, I suppose that is his business, chiefly. But, you observe, the instructions which he gave were more or less indefinite. Indeed, he himself had none to give. All he had was what he received from Mr. Descartes, and that was a mere attitude—the attitude that the creditable must show itself to be such to him; that it can have no value, nor the slightest pretense of authority for, or power over him, until it has complied with this condition. 'For,' said he—'Are we not all born free and equal?' That is the conclusion he, not Mr. Descartes, drew from this attitude. Now, because this or that proves itself creditable to Mr. Descartes, or to Mr. Anybody Else, that cuts no figure; it must do so to me; for I too, am a man. Because Mr. Descartes finds it creditable that the conception is increased or diminished by the existence or non-existence of its object, it doesn't follow that it is creditable to me. My conception of a dollar—he used a hundred in his argument, but one will do as well—is as perfect whether I have a dollar or not. The conception as such is not affected by the presence or the absence of the dollar, in or from my pocket-book—as is abundantly illustrated by the fellow who sells me a dollar's worth of garden truck. He has the conception in his mind, and I have the dollar in my pocket. If he finds that the money which I offer him corresponds with the conception, he takes it. If it doesn't, he holds fast to his conception, and it is no trade."

"But, how is he going to get out of this attitude? He stands there perfectly empty handed, has thrown everything out of doors, not a utensil, not an implement left. How is he going to keep house, with all his spiritual furniture, church, state, civil society, family, all gone?"

"Yes, and not merely in thought, as with Mr. Descartes, for the sake of argument, we might say—but in fact, in bitter, earnest, bloody fact; for, however absurd this fellow, this spirit of the age,

may appear, or seem to conduct himself, there is nothing frivolous about him. He is always in earnest, does nothing for the sake of argument merely—but, as to his attitude, and how he is going to get out of it—my impression is, that he has not got out of it, and is not going to get out of it, in the sense that he will abandon it. That is one of his peculiarities; he never takes anything back. 'We are all born free and equal'—let come what may! Is not that your conviction?"

"Of course, it is. But, when you say that the spirit of the age had thrown everything out of doors in fact, did you refer to the French Revolution, the beginning of which was characterized by Goethe on the field of Valmy as the beginning of a new era?"

"Yes, and you observe the poet's date. Descartes assumed his attitude 1644, the field of Valmy was fought 1792—only one hundred and fifty years between the thought and the fact. How loose or rotten the soil must have been, in which the old mole worked, to reach such a distance in so short a time! One hundred and fifty and fifteen hundred!—For fifteen hundred years the spirit of the age has mumbled to himself—as our friend has it—'God is everywhere'—and labored to build his world accordingly; when lo, it occurs to him that authority supreme rests within! Yes, in that hitherto despised, there and there alone—and takes measures to demonstrate that such is the fact—demonstrates it, to the satisfaction of one man, at least, the poet at Valmy! By the by, have you noticed the circumstance which the poet gives, that led him to see the conclusion? Please hand me the 28th volume of his works there, and I will read it to you; it is well worth noticing—here it is.

"Thus the day had passed; the French stood immovable—Kellerman, too, had assumed a more eligible position; our people had been withdrawn out of the range of fire, and everything looked as if nothing had happened. The greatest consternation spread through the army. Even this very morning nobody thought of anything but that the French, every man of them, as they stood there, would be literally devoured; yes, the confidence in such an army, and in the Duke of Brunswick, had even enticed me to take part in this dangerous expedition; but now everybody looked askance with eyes averted, not at his neighbor, and if it happened it was only to swear and curse, at this or that. We had, as night approached, accidentally formed a circle, in the centre of which not even the usual fire could be lighted; most of us were silent, a few spoke, and yet all wanted deliberation and judgment. Finally they called upon me, what I thought of it—for, I had usually enlivened the company with short sayings. This time I remarked: 'From here and to-day commences a new epoch in world history, and you can say that you were present.'

"During these hours, when nobody had anything to eat, I reclaimed a bite of bread from the loaf,

which I had acquired this morning. There was also left of the wine, so freely spent yesterday, the contents of a small whiskey flask, and so I had to renounce entirely the role of the welcome miracle-worker, which I had played so bravely around the fire on that occasion.'

"Yes, a bite of bread with a mouthful of wine, and that for the poet exclusively; not a crumb, not a drop for that outfit there in harness! Enough, you see, to open the eyes of any poet—especially if he were even then attached to Faust. But, this is not answering your question—I mean, the main one—how is he going to get out of this attitude?"

"Henry, let us reserve that for tomorrow. I must be off for the office; good-night. I will be up earlier to-morrow."

November 8, 1856.

Received a painful injury, a burn, last Friday, while pouring off, and have not been able to note down anything on account of the pain, until this morning. A ladle burned through; that is to say, the lining of clay which protects the iron pot, called a ladle, from the molten metal had an undetected defect, and permitted the latter to come into contact with the former. This occurred at the moment when the molder, carrying it, was passing me in the gangway, and a stream of liquid metal struck me on the left leg, a little below the knee. I was protected by heavy woolen trousers, worn especially to guard against such accidents; still a mass of the metal, not more than a spoonful, however, found its way into my shoe. How this occurred it is difficult to say; but, no doubt, the instantaneous jerk, or leap, by which I sought to avert the greater danger of standing in a pool of molten iron, exposed me in some way to the injury received. It struck me on the instep, on the left side forward of the ankle, and has caused a deep burn, some three inches long up and down by fully an inch and a half wide. Mr. F—— came over with me to my room, where Fritz and Jake brought me, and sent home for one of his servants to wait on me. The pain was savage, and prevented sleep up to Saturday noon. At ten o'clock that morning Mrs. F—— came down to see me with her husband, and before they left, Jochen came.

"It is a luxury to stumble, or even to fall, when kind hands spread bolsters of down to receive us"—I remarked, in reply to words of sympathy from Mrs. F——.

"Yes, and it is all that I can do, Mr. B——, to restrain my impatience when I see you in this room. But I will not scold you. You are suffering enough. Shall I send you our doctor?"—she replied.

"No. He can do nothing but what has been done. If I did not know this, he might be of service, but I know it, and the worst is over. Opiates I cannot use; my system rebels against them, and I have remedies to withdraw my attention from the pain, independent of opiates, as soon as it is no longer overpowering in its effects. It may be that I shall

need him in a day or two, when the wound will permit a judgment as to the extent of the injury to the organs of motion. This I cannot determine at present with accuracy, nor can he; but, my impression is that they have escaped, and if that proves to be correct, there is nothing in it but a little care and patience. Of course, I shall be confined to my room for some days, but then I have my mind here with me, and therefore no lack of work."

"And therefore, independent of friends to care for you!" she replied.

"Yes, if necessary! But such care is so welcome, so sweet, so dear, even to the man who has become such, from a youth in utter isolation, in utter destitution of even one hand to clasp in his—without one eye to reflect back his own heart's yearning—who now cannot be pinched without a dozen friends crying 'ouch!' 'You hear that!' I added, as a step on the stairway announced a new comer. It was Mr. Olff. As he entered he greeted the lady in a courtly manner, which contrasted so strongly with the awkwardness of Jochen; then he inquired, in his monosyllabic way, about the extent of the injury. I explained to him the location and external character of the wound. He lifted the lint dressing from the toes and moved the big one up and down several times. He watched the effect and asked—'Are you restraining yourself, or is there no increased pain when I move the toe?' I told him that the injury was too far on one side to involve the leaders of that member, but that the two last toes could not be moved without causing great pain. 'I will come back in the morning!' he said, and bowed himself out of the room, but reappeared, a moment later, and asked whether I would accept his company during the night. I thanked and told him that I supposed Mrs. F—— and Mr. H.-P—— would decide that."

After consultation it was agreed, to my satisfaction, that Jochen would stay with me by himself. This settled, Mrs. F—— asked, "Have you sent word yet to Miss Elizabeth?"

"No, I have not. I had nobody to send, and I dared not to write, because the pain was so great that I feared it would express itself and alarm her unnecessarily. But if—well, never mind, I will send."

"No, you will not. Why don't you finish the sentence? You wanted to say that if I would be so kind as to bring her, you would be happy! But I can do that without being asked; and will, just to make you feel ashamed of your room!"

"That is right, dearest, you make him feel ashamed of the only thing he has good reason to be proud of, his ability to be content with the humblest of means"—remarked Mr. F——.

"You hit it, Mr. F——; Diogenes, when he entertained Alexander of Macedon, could be certain that it was not the fine house and furniture his visitor came to see and enjoy, but purely and exclusively him; he was the party visited, and that was more than Alexander could say to himself in his throne room

as "Conqueror of the World." Each, you see, had conquered the world in his own way, the one affirmatively, the other negatively—the one by putting it into his pocket, so to speak, and the other by turning his pocket inside out. To the one it was the all; to the other, the nothing! It was a happy thought to bring them together, and not without meaning, if we had the knack to see it. Stand out of my light, oh world! Don't obtrude between me and the eternal radiance—that is all. Were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes—surely! Could I not render that world transparent, see that radiance through it, I would want to push it to one side!

"You just stop preaching until I get back, Mr. B——; I will not be gone long"—said Mrs. F——, and a few minutes later her carriage rattled out of hearing. I rode with it for some distance until Mr. F—— recalled me with the question—"Henry, have you entered that land yet for Mr. Witte, at your landing?"

"No, I have not thought of it; it slipped my mind entirely—that is strange, and the matter is of importance, too."

"Well, never mind, I have attended to it for you. I was at the office, some days ago, and saw that you had forgotten it, and entered the half-section in your name. I also picked up what there was left, any odd pieces in the prairie, in the neighborhood of your settlement. How much good land is there in the bottom, between the river and the bluff, I mean; is it cut up with sloughs, or is there only the one you have bridged?"

"I don't know, Mr. F——, but Jochen, there, can tell you all about it. He has hunted there, when he worked for Mr. Pheyety, and he knows more about bottom land than anybody else—he is my authority on that, as Mr. Witte is on bluff, and Mr. Kulle on prairie land. They don't pretend to know much, but I notice that what falls in their way, the world, as far as they have to deal with it, they know thoroughly."

"How is it, Mr. H.-P——? I mean the bottom for a mile or two above and below the landing?"

"You mean the whole bottom for that distance, clean back to the bluff?"

"Yes, say for two miles north and south of the road."

"That is more ground than I have been over. I have been up and down the slough for some four or five miles, and for that distance it keeps almost in sight of the road that we drive to Mr. Pheyety's; but I have been over very little of the ground between it and the river. I think it is about the same as you see on either side of the road to the river."

"And how does that look to you. Don't you think it is good farming land?"—asked Mr. F——.

"There is none better anywhere. It costs something to get it in order, but when it is cleared and free from stumps, I wouldn't give one acre of it for five of any prairie that I ever saw—I mean for raising

everything. I don't know about wheat. If they can cut that with horses, then it may be different, but bottom-land like that is good enough for me."

"Would it be possible for you to go down there, by the first of next week, and look it over for me and Henry? Things have suggested themselves to me that I want to talk to Mr. B—— about, as soon as he gets on his feet again, and I should like to know the character of that land."

"I can't go until Henry can spare me—or until I can take him home with me. As soon as I can do that, I am ready," said Jochen.

"But we can take care of Henry!" replied Mr. F——.

"Yes, I know. But that isn't me. I can't leave him as long as he can't help himself. No, I can't," he said, and left the room to get some water.

"What a strange compound of stubbornness, common sense, and kindly affection that man is, when he is with you. I suppose there is not a human being on earth that can do anything with him but yourself," remarked Mr. F——.

"You think him perfectly pliable to me?"

"Yes, he would do anything for you!"

"Anything but surrender his conviction, and that is as open to you as it is to me. But he has a shrewd way of guarding the road to it. He may adopt my judgment in preference to his own, in doubtful cases; but that is only on condition that he has found it superior on actual trial had. Within his horizon he is clear-sighted, deals honestly with the facts, and is apt to test the eye that he is going to trust beyond that horizon, upon objects within it, in order to reach the measure of confidence it deserves from him. I do not mean that he does this consciously. He does it like he eats his meals, not because he has figured out that it would be best for him to do so, but because his nature craves food. I am very much obliged to you, however, for entering that land for me. I don't see, I can't understand how I came to forget all about it. I would not have missed it for treble its value; it would have hurt Conrad's feelings so, to think that I could forget a matter that concerned him personally."

"But, Henry, are you not talking too much? How does your foot? Doesn't the pain worry you?"

"Not when I am talking, when my mind is occupied with something else, and don't keep quarreling with nature while she is repairing the injury. The more I talk, the better for me, unless I could go to sleep, and somehow, I begin to feel a little drowsy, owing to the fact, no doubt, that your kindness and the sympathy of you all have diverted my attention."

He took hold of my right hand, passed his left gently over my forehead, and I dozed away into a deep sleep—at least I supposed so, for he faded away, and was replaced by the presence of my beloved. My hand rested in hers, my temples throbbed to her touch, and her eyes bathed my heart with the radi-

ance of purest affection. I lay as if in a trance. Still, I saw the deep, still eyes of Jochen bent on me from the foot of my cot, and the blithe form of Mrs. F—— gliding noiselessly about my chamber, as if occupied with cares for my comfort.

"You have had a good rest, my darling"—whispered Elizabeth—as her lips met mine. "Could you sleep some more?" I closed my eyes to shield the vision, not deeming it real; but when her heart throbbed against my bosom, and her tears bathed my cheek, I awoke to the reality of my dream. I clasped my beloved close, close to my heart, and time with its phantoms vanished.

"Do you think, Mr. H.-P——, that we three could move him on his cot, into the next room?" asked Mrs. F——, in a loud whisper.

"Yes," was the answer, "if he don't go to sleep again." This recalled me to the surroundings, and I asked, "How long have I slept, dearest?"

"Some six hours. It is five o'clock," she answered.

"Yes, and I think you have been playing 'possum for the last half hour," said Mrs. F——. "But come, Mr. H.-P——, you take hold of the head of the cot; Miss Elizabeth and myself can carry this end. It is getting late, and I want to see him comfortable before I go home."

With this they carried me bodily into the next room. This was furnished with reckless extravagance. I do not know how she managed it, but every convenience was at hand. A magnificent double bed stood in a recess, or alcove, and by its retired position, and luxurious furniture, invited to repose. A bureau, with writing apparatus, table, wash-stand, toilet articles, chairs—in short, everything that the most petite weakling of luxury could desire stood ready at my service. Jochen, after placing my cot in the position that I indicated, walked up and down the room a time or two, then stopped and said:

"Henry, Mr. Witte and the Mr. Pastor were here, but I did not want to disturb you. They are down stairs; may I call them up?"

"Yes, Jochen, I would like to see them."

When he left the room, Mrs. F—— remarked, "Now, Mr. B——, we have been with you nearly the whole day, and it is time for us to go. You feel comfortable, don't you?"

"Yes, I thank you! But when will you be back?" Let me see—you say "we." Yes, that is so, and I will be here alone!"

"No, Mr. H.-P—— will be with you, and at six o'clock Mr. H.——, too, will be back! He was here three times this afternoon! You will have more company than enough!"

"Yes! But both of you will be gone! Let me see, will you be so kind as to send for your husband? Please tell him I should like to see him, at once. We must manage to persuade one of you, at least, to stay with me."

"What are you dreaming about, Mr. B——; aren't you awake yet?"

"Partly; as much so as I ever expect to be in my life. What I mean to say is, that by six o'clock I propose to get married to Miss Elizabeth Robertson, if she has no objections. I should like to send for her father, but he lives too far away; but I have his consent and blessing"

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mrs. F——, while Miss Elizabeth hid her face in my bosom.

"Yes, in bitter earnest."

Here we were interrupted by the steps of the gentlemen coming upstairs. As they approached the door, the two ladies withdrew to the adjoining room.

After kindly greetings, and words of sympathy, I explained to my friends my situation, and in conclusion requested the minister to perform the necessary service. He consented, with the remark: "You are right, my son, and God will bless your resolution. It is in hours of affliction that He sends us relief in the sympathy of those we love."

"Yes, Henry, yes; you can never do a wiser thing. For a man to live alone is not to live at all. We

are made that way, Henry, and He who made us knew best," said Conrad Witte, pressing my hand with a friendly grasp and with a tear in his eye.

While still talking, Mr. H.-P. came in with Mr. F——, and I explained to them what the conversation was about. This set Jochen wild.

"Narren tant, Sonny! You get well first, and then you will have a wedding. Yes, at my house; Feeka has everything ready for it. Yes, it is all right; you must be married at my house. You can't cheat us that way; Feeka will never let you do that!"

"Well, Jochen, we shall not cheat you out of the wedding. We shall have it as soon as my foot gets well enough to dance. But in the meantime—see, is that Mr. H——?"

Jochen opened the door and Mr. H—— came in. After greeting the persons present, he fondled and wept over me like a woman. When he became composed I told him my purpose, and requested Mr. F—— to bring in the ladies from the next room. He returned with them, one on each arm. I arose to a sitting posture in my bed and the pastor performed the ceremony.

THE END.

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